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DIARY, REMINISCENCES, AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, F.S.A.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY

THOMAS SADLER, PH.D.

26633

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. III.

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"His life,
Sweet to himself, was exercised in good
That shall survive his name and memory.'

The Excursion, Book V.

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REMINISCENCES

OF

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

CHAPTER I.

1832.

Rem. January 28th.*—A dinner at Stephen's. This party was chiefly remarkable for my seeing Senior, the Oxford Professor of Political Economy, and Henry Taylor, then under Stephen in the Colonial Office. Taylor is known as literary executor of Southey, and author of several esteemed dramas, especially "Philip van Artevelde." He married Lord Monteagle's daughter. He is now one of my most respected acquaintance. His manners are shy, and he is more a man of letters than of the world. He published a book called "The Statesman," which some thought presumptuous in a junior clerk in a Government office. Amyot told me that Henry Taylor proposed to the committee of the Athenæum to open the club-house as a hospital in the time of the cholera!

Senior.

Henry Taylor.

* Written in 1853.

CHAP. I.
1832.

February 9th.—On my way to Hampstead I read an account of the celebration of Goethe's *Goldener Jubeltag*, being the 7th of November, 1825, fifty years after his entrance into Weimar in the service of the Duke. The narrative is interesting even to pathos.

Carlyle.

February 12th.—Carlyle breakfasted with me, and I had an interesting morning with him. He is a deep-thinking German scholar, a character, and a singular compound. His voice and manner, and even the style of his conversation, are those of a religious zealot, and he keeps up that character in his declamations against the anti-religious. And yet, if not the god of his idolatry, at least he has a priest and prophet of his church in Goethe, of whose profound wisdom he speaks like an enthusiast. But for him, Carlyle says, he should not now be alive. He owes everything to him! But in strange union with such idolatry is his admiration of Buonaparte. Another object of his eulogy is—Cobbett, whom he praises for his humanity and love of the poor! Singular, and even whimsical, combinations of love and reverence these.

March 3rd.—I had received an invitation to dine with Fonblanque, and Romilly being of the party, I agreed to walk with him from University College, where we had been at a meeting of the Council. We were

J. S. Mill.

joined by John Mill, certainly a young man of great talent. He is deeply read in French politics, and spoke judiciously enough about them, bating his, to me, unmeaning praise of Robespierre for his incomparable talents as a speaker—being an irresistible orator—and the respect he avowed for the virtues of Mirabeau.

Romilly, too, talked interestingly on the same subject. Mirabeau was the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, as well as of the Genevan Dumont.

Lamb.

March 8th.—I walked to Enfield, and found the Lambs in excellent state,—not in high health, but, what is far better, quiet and cheerful. Miss Isola* being there, I could not sleep in the house; but I had a comfortable bed at the inn, and I had a very pleasant evening at whist. Lamb was very chatty, and altogether as I could wish.

Wordsworth's alarm at Reform.

March 24th.—Yesterday I had a melancholy letter from Wordsworth. He gives a sad account of his sister, and talks of leaving the country on account of the impending ruin to be apprehended from the Reform Bill!

Duke of Sussex at Kensington.

I dined with Amyot. Ayrton and Ellis (of the Museum) there. An agreeable dinner. In the evening, John Collier joining us, we all drove to Kensington Palace, where the Duke of Sussex gave his second conversazione this season, and where I was more amused than I expected. There were opened some eight or ten rooms, generally small, and all filled with books. No gilding or other finery of a Court, but the air of a gentleman's house,—unostentatious, comfortable, and elegant. There were probably several hundred persons there. The only man I looked for was Schlegel, with whom I had a short chat. He spoke with love of Goethe, and with esteem of Flaxman, but not of his lectures,

Schlegel.

* Granddaughter of Isola, a language-master at Cambridge. She was a kind of adopted daughter of Charles Lamb, who left the residue of his property to her after Mary Lamb's death. She is now the respected wife of Moxon.—H. C. R, 1852.

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and regretted that they should have been accompanied by such bad stone drawings. I had a talk with the Bishop of Chichester (Maltby). He spoke of Phillpotts' late speech on the Irish Education question as a very able one. I saw also Rammohun Roy and Talleyrand —the other stars—and Sir Robert Peel, and many eminent men of science, noblemen, and Members of Parliament. We came away between eleven and twelve.

S. NAYLOR, JUNR., TO H. C. R.

Oxford, March 24th, 1832.

Completion of Goethe's Faust.

*Goethe's "Faust" is finished!** Madame Goethe has listened to it, as delivered by the mellow tones of the mighty poet himself, and says it is "extraordinarily fine, and full of the glow of youth." I will not offer you any alloy with this metal from the mine.

Goethe.

April 2nd.—I read a canto of Dante early. My nephew called, and brought the news of Goethe's death. Though at his age the event could not be far off, the departure of the mightiest spirit that has lived for many centuries awakens most serious thought. I had lying by me three letters for Weimar and Jena, and resolved not to alter them, but put them in the post to-day. They were addressed to Madame Goethe, Voigt, and Knebel.

Coleridge against the Reform Bill.

April 12th.—Saw Coleridge in bed. He looked beautifully—his eye remarkably brilliant—and he talked as

* The actual writing of "Faust" began in 1773 or 1774, though it had already been for some time in Goethe's mind. The second part was not completed till the summer of 1831. This great work occupied its author, from time to time, through a period of fifty-seven years.

eloquently as ever. His declamation was against the Bill. He took strong ground, resting on the deplorable state to which a country is reduced when a measure of vital importance is acceded to merely from the danger of resistance to the popular opinion.

April 14th.—Quayle, the nephew, Mr. Gunn, who came unexpectedly, and W. Pattisson, breakfasted with me. We had heard the news. The Reform Bill carried by nine: seven were votes by proxy; therefore of these only two a real majority. But even of the majority, many must be of the class who avow themselves enemies to the Bill, and declare they mean to vote against many of its chief provisions. And yet the *Morning Chronicle* calls this a triumph! This is being grateful for small favours.

Reform Bill carried.

*Rem.**—Early in April an occupation was found me, which lasted about a year, and which flattered me with the notion that I was not altogether useless. I received an application from William J. Fox, then editor of the *Monthly Repository*, now M.P. for Oldham in Lancashire, to furnish him with a paper on Goethe. I was flattered by the application, though accompanied by the intimation that the editor could not afford to pay. I gladly undertook the task, and made the offer, readily accepted on his part, to furnish a catalogue *raisonné* of all Goethe's works. A few of the more celebrated of the works are characterized at some length; but as these papers are in print, I need not write of them here.† About the time

Goethe. Catalogue Raisonné.

* Written in 1853.

† These Papers appeared in nine numbers of the *Monthly Repository*, beginning in May, 1832, and ending in April, 1833.

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they were finished, Mrs. Austin was engaged in compiling a translation of several pamphlets, under a title I suggested to her, of "Characteristics of Goethe." This also I reviewed in the *Monthly Repository*.* After the completion of these papers, I was applied to by Bellenden Ker to supply an article of biography for the Lives to be published by the Useful Knowledge Society; and I, in consequence, wrote the article "Goethe," in Vol. IV., an abridgment of the *Monthly Repository* articles. It was followed by a like paper on Schiller. I may find no better opportunity for stating that all the anecdotes inserted in the notes to the Goethe papers have a reference to myself, I being the friend who supplied them.

PROFESSOR F. S. VOIGT TO H. C. R. (Translation.)

Jena, 19th April, 1832.

Dear Robinson,

. . . . . Goethe's death has especially filled my thoughts for some weeks. I visited him for the last time in the past year in his garden (where you and I saw him together three years ago), and as I left him, and returned through the meadow-land, I watched him for a long time going up and down his terrace in his dressing-gown,—an old shrunken man, in good spirits indeed, but with a body bowed down by years; and I thought how many an English lady, who perhaps has pictured him as an Apollo or a Jupiter, would be shocked at this sight. I cannot refrain, my dear friend, from giving you a passage from a letter of his, dated

Last sight of Goethe.

* *Monthly Repository*, March, 1834.

January 9th, 1831. A short time previously he had been very ill, and I had congratulated him on his recovery. Thereupon he wrote to me about my literary work (an edition of Cuvier's "*Règne Animal*"), and about his own desire to take part in the controversy between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire; and then he closed, as follows, his long letter: "With your dear wife, my worthy countrywoman, retain your kindly feelings towards a friend, who rejoices in himself that it was permitted him for this time to turn his back to the wild ferryman."

Goethe's funeral.

On the quiet, though public, ceremony of his funeral, I shall write nothing. You will, doubtless, read of it *in extenso* in the newspapers, which on this occasion have given a very faithful account. All was in the highest degree solemn. At the lying in state he was in a half-sitting position. In the last hours of his life, when he was no longer able to speak, he composedly formed letters in the air. His physician says he could twice distinctly recognize the letter W, which I interpret to be "Weimar."

Music in the air.

When I was at Frankfort in 1834, Charlotte Serviere told me, with apparent faith, that Madame [a blank in the MS.], a woman of great intelligence, was in Goethe's house at the time of his death, and that she and others heard sweet music in the air. No one could find out whence it came. In the eyes of the religious Goethe was no saint, but rather a Belial, or corrupt spirit, who was rendered most dangerous by his combination of genius and learning with demoniacal influence.

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1832.

Lyell's lecture on Geology.

May 4th.—I continued at home till it was time to go to the King's College, where Lyell delivered his introductory lecture on Geology, of which I understood scarcely anything,—but I liked what I did understand. Before he himself made the observation, he had led me to the conclusion that the science teaches no *beginning*. There is, as far as anything can be inferred, a constant succession of operations by fire and water. He took care to limit this remark to inorganic matter, asserting that there are proofs of a beginning of organic substances. He decorously and boldly maintained the propriety of pursuing the study without any reference to the Scriptures; and dexterously obviated the objection to the doctrine of the eternity of the world being hostile to the idea of a God, by remarking that the idea of a world which carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction is not that of the work of an all-wise and powerful Being. And geology suggests as little the idea of an end as of a beginning to the world.

Landor.

May 13th.—Paynter* breakfasted with me. He was scarcely gone before Landor called. He arrived from Florence yesterday. A long and interesting chat on English politics. He had nothing to communicate on foreign matters. When he left me, I went to the Athenæum. It seemed the universal opinion—and yet I cannot believe it—that the Duke will, as Prime Minister, continue the very measure which he protested against in such strong terms but a few days ago. This I am

* A barrister on H. C. R.'s circuit, and afterwards a police magistrate. He was of an ancient Cornish family. He was a valued friend of H. C. R. They saw a great deal of each other, and were frequent correspondents.

unwilling to credit. The Ministry are not yet declared, and the King has postponed till Thursday the answer to the address of the Commons, and also of the City of London. To-morrow something will be known.

May 14th.—I went to the Athenæum, and read in the *Standard* an elaborate justification of the Duke, assuming that he was about to pass the Bill. Now I believe in the fact. Late at night I was told of the conversations in the House of Commons, from which it appears by no means improbable that the old Ministry will return to place. [N.B.—Paynter coming in at this moment confirms this, as the representative of the *Times*.]

The Ministerial crisis.

May 15th.—Going to Jaffray's, I found them in high spirits on account of the declaration in Parliament this evening that the King had sent for Lord Grey, which leads every one to consider the return of the Whigs as certain.

June 4th.—This evening the Parliamentary Reform Bill passed the Lords, and was the same evening taken to the Commons! "Is the deed done, my lord?" said I to Bishop Phillpotts. He said, "Yes;" and with great good-humour talked on the subject. He even praised the speech of Lord Grey this night as a very good one.

Reform Bill passed the Lords.

June 7th.—This day will form an epoch in the history of England. *The Royal Assent was given to the Reform Bill!*

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H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

2, *Plowden Buildings, July 13th*, 1832.

My dear Friend,

. . . . Thinking of old age, and writing to you, I am, by a natural association of ideas, reminded of the great poet lately dead in Germany. As one of his great admirers, I wished but for one quality in addition to his marvellous powers,—that he had as uniformly directed those powers in behalf of the best interests of mankind, as you have done. Deeply interested in your welfare, and fully aware that your continued health and activity of mind are the concern, not only of your private friends and family, but also of the country, and of the literature of our language, I have no other desire than that you may retain your powers as he did his. Goethe began his study of Oriental literature and wrote his "West-Eastern Divan" in his sixty-fourth year! He died in his eighty-third, in the full possession, not of his imaginative powers, but of his powers of thought; and he interested himself in all the current literature of Europe to the last. He was very animated in the discussion of some points of natural history the evening before his death, and died with a book in his hand. His last words were an expression of his enjoyment of the sunshine, and the return of Spring. When Ludwig Tieck was in England, some eight years ago (he is incomparably the greatest living poet in Germany), I read to him the two sonnets, "On Twilight," and "On Sir George Beaumont's Picture." He exclaimed, "*Das ist ein Englischer Goethe!*"—(That is an English Goethe).

On Goethe.

Tieck on Wordsworth.

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July 23rd.—I walked to Enfield to see Charles Lamb. I had a delightful walk, reading Goethe's "Winckelmann," and reached Lamb at the lucky moment before tea. Miss Isola was there. After tea, Lamb and I took a pleasant walk together. He was in excellent health and in tolerable spirits, and was to-night quite eloquent in praise of Miss Isola. He says she is the most sensible girl and best female talker he knows.

Lamb.

July 24th.—I read Goethe in bed. I was, however, summoned to breakfast at eight, and after breakfast read some Italian with Miss Isola, whom Lamb is teaching Italian without knowing the language himself.

Miss Isola.

September 24th.—I went with Landor to Flaxman's. Landor was most extravagant in his praise,—would rather have one of Flaxman's drawings than the whole of the group of Niobe. Indeed, "most of those figures, all but three, are worthless," and Winckelmann he abuses for praising this sculpture, and Goethe, he says, must be an ignoramus for praising Winckelmann.

Landor on Flaxman.

September 28th.—Landor breakfasted with me, and also Worsley, who came to supply Hare's place. After an agreeable chat, we drove down to Edmonton, and walked over the fields to Enfield, where Charles Lamb and his sister were ready dressed to receive us. We had scarcely an hour to chat with them; but it was enough to make both Landor and Worsley express themselves delighted with the person of Mary Lamb; and pleased with the conversation of Charles Lamb, though I thought him by no means at his ease, and Miss Lamb was quite silent. Nothing in the con-

Landor and the Lambs.

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versation recollectable. Lamb gave Landor White's "Falstaff's Letters."* Emma Isola just showed herself. Landor was pleased with her, and has since written verses on her.

Lady Blessington.

Between nine and ten, I went by Landor's desire to Lady Blessington's, to whom he had named me. She is a charming and very remarkable person; and though I am by no means certain that I have formed a lasting acquaintance, yet my two interviews have left a delightful impression.

Lady Blessington is much more handsome than Countess Egloffstein, but their countenance, manners, and particularly the tone of voice, belong to the same class. Her dress rich, and her library most splendid. Her book about Lord Byron (now publishing by driblets in the *New Monthly Magazine*), and her other writings, give her in addition the character of a *bel esprit*. Landor, too, says, that she was to Lord Blessington the most devoted wife he ever knew. He says also, that she was by far the most beautiful woman he ever saw, and was so deemed at the Court of George IV. She is now, Landor says, about thirty, but I should have thought her older. She is a great talker, but her talk is rather narrative than declamatory, and very pleasant. She and Landor were both intimate with Dr. Parr, but they had neither of them any *mot* of the Doctor to relate to

* One of the earliest of Lamb's friends was his schoolfellow James White. He was the author of a small volume, entitled "Original Letters of Sir John Falstaff and his Companions." These letters are ingenious imitations of the style and tone of thought of the Shakespearian knight and his friends. The book was published in 1795. Lamb reviewed it in the *Examiner* after White's death.

match several that I told them of him; indeed, in the way of *bons mots*, I heard only one in the evening worth copying. I should have said, there were with Lady Blessington her sister, a Countess Saint Marceau, and a handsome Frenchman, of stately person, who speaks English well—Count d'Orsay. He related of Madame de Staël, whose character was discussed, that one day, being on a sofa with Madame Récamier, one who placed himself between them exclaimed, "Me voilà entre la beauté et l'esprit!" she replied, "That is the first time I was ever complimented for beauty!" Madame Récamier was thought the handsomest woman in Paris, but was by no means famed for *esprit*.

D'Orsay.

Nearly the whole of the conversation was about Lord Byron, to whose name, perhaps, Lady Blessington's will be attached when her beauty survives only in Sir Thomas Lawrence's painting, and in engravings. She, however, is by no means an extravagant admirer of Lord Byron. She went so far as to say that she thinks Leigh Hunt gave, in the main, a fair account of him. Not that she knows Leigh Hunt.

Byron.

The best thing left by Lord Byron with Lady Blessington, is a copy of a letter written by him in the name of Fletcher, giving an account of his own death and of his abuse of his friends: humour and irony mingled with unusual grace. She says Lord Byron was aware that Medwin meant to print what he said, and purposely *hummed* him.

September 29th.—I walked out with Landor, in search of a conveyance to Highgate. We came eastward, took soup at Groom's, and then hired a cab, which took us to

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With Landor to Coleridge.

Coleridge's. We sat not much more than an hour with him. He was horribly bent, and looked seventy years of age; nor did he talk with his usual force, though quite in his usual style. A great part of his conversation was a repetition of what I had heard him say before—an abuse of the Ministry for taking away his pension. He spoke of having devoted himself, not to the writing for the people, which the public could reward, but for the nation, of which the King is the representative. The stay was too short to allow of our entering upon literary matters. He spoke of Oriental poetry with contempt, and he showed his memory by alluding to Landor's juvenile poems. Landor and he seemed to like each other. Landor spoke in his dashing way, which Coleridge could understand.

Fatal accident to W. Pattisson and his bride.

October 2nd.—A day of great trouble. I shall not soon, I trust, suffer such another. By the post arrived a letter from Jacob Pattisson. His brother and the bride had been drowned in the Lac de Gaube, near Cauterets, in the Pyrenees. This sad news had arrived through a Mr. Alexander, a gentleman accidentally on the spot.

*Rem.**—William Pattisson, the eldest son of my old friend, having been called to the Bar,† married the sister of a partner in Esdaile's bank, a Miss Thomas. Before the marriage, he informed me that his future wife wished that their marriage excursion should be to the Pyrenees, and he asked me for an itinerary. I lent him my journal. He showed it to the courier who attended them, and said that he had resolved to follow

The Pattissons.

* Written in 1853. † *See* Vol. II., p. 295.

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Story of the accident.

in the course pursued in that book, in a reversed order, beginning where I ended, at Pau. His intentions, however, were awfully frustrated. He and his lady proceeded through the South of France to Pau, and slept for the last time at Cauterets. On arriving at the Lac de Gaube, they saw a broad boat lying by the shore; the fisherman who usually rowed the boat had died a few nights before, and there was no one to take the oars.

Pattisson and his bride stepped in. They had no servant with them. He rowed into the middle of the lake. Then some spectators on the shore saw him standing up, and a shriek was heard, and he fell back into the water. His wife, rushing towards him, fell over also. About the middle of the day, an English barrister, a Mr. Alexander, coming down the mountain, on the opposite side, saw something white on the water, and sent his guide to see what it was, while he was taking his luncheon. The guide came back saying that an English *mi lor* and *mi ladi* were drowned.

Alexander went to the shore, and was there when Mrs. Pattisson's body floated to the bank. He gave directions to some peasants to prepare a sort of raft, on which it was taken to the hotel. There he learned who the deceased were. He gave directions to have the body embalmed, and sent the fatal news to England. The distracted father spared neither trouble nor cost to obtain the other body, which, however, was not recovered till several weeks afterwards, when it rose to the surface. A monument is erected on the spot whence they embarked, and a marble mural bas-relief in Witham

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Church. My friend and his son Jacob came up to London when the fatal news arrived. I accompanied Mr. Pattisson on his return to Witham, and when the bodies arrived, I attended the funeral. The whole town manifested their sympathy with the unhappy family of survivors.

Lawrence's picture of the two brothers.

October 8th.—Looking over Lawrence's Life. The criticism on the picture of William and Jacob Pattisson does not appear to me unjust. The heads are exquisite, but the composition I always thought bad. There were amusing anecdotes accompanying the taking of the portrait, one of which I have been reminded of this morning. Jacob being restless, Mrs. Pattisson said, "I fear, Mr. Lawrence, Jacob is the worst sitter you ever had."—"Oh no, ma'am, I have had a worse."—"Ay, you mean the King," said the boy (Lawrence had been speaking of George III. as a bad sitter).—"Oh no," said Lawrence, "it was a Newfoundland dog!" The boy was not a little affronted.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

Frankfort, October 20th, 1832.

Landor on Schlegel.

. . . . . At Bonn I met Mr. William Schlegel. He resembles a little pot-bellied pony tricked out with stars, buckles, and ribands, looking askance from his ring and halter in the market, for an apple from one, a morsel of bread from another, a fig of ginger from a third, and a pat from everybody. Among other novelties, he remarked that Niebuhr was totally unfit for a historian, and that the battle of Toulouse was gained by the French; a pretty clear

indication that he himself will never rise into the place which (he tells us) Niebuhr ought not to occupy. He must surely be an admirable poet who can flounder in this way on matters of fact. The next morning I saw the honest Arndt, who settled the bile this coxcomb of the bazaar had excited. To-day I passed before the house of your friend Goethe—the house where he was born. I lifted off my hat and bowed before it.

Lady Blessington and Jekyll.

December 28th.—I called on the Countess of Blessington. Old Jekyll was with her. He recognized me, and I stayed in consequence a considerable time. I am invited generally to go in the evening, which I shall sometimes do, but not soon or frequently. The conversation was various and anecdotic, and several matters were related worth recollecting, but I made other calls afterwards, so that all have escaped me. Lady Blessington spoke of Lord Byron's poem on Rogers, which is announced. It will kill Rogers, she says. It begins,—

> "With nose and chin that make a knocker,
> With wrinkles that defy old Cocker."

Byron's sarcastic poem on Rogers.

And his whole person is most malignantly portrayed. It concludes with a sneer. It being asked by what he is known,—

> "Why, he made a pretty poem."

Lady Blessington says Lord Byron spared no one,—mother, wife, or friend. It was enough to raise his bile to praise any one in his presence. He would instantly fall abusing the friend that left him. Lady Blessington read a most ludicrously absurd letter from an American,

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giving an account of a Byron monument to be formed of brass and flint, and covered with great names. Lady Blessington was solicited to contribute an *Andenken*, and was promised that her name should have a prominent place.

CHAPTER II.

1833.

Miss Kelly's Dramatic Recollections.

January 31st.—I had a pleasant few hours in the Strand Theatre. Miss Kelly gave a performance by herself of dramatic recollections and imitations. She looked old and almost plain, and her singing was unpleasant, but some parts of the performance were very agreeable indeed. I am sure that the prologue and a great part of the text were written by Charles Lamb. Other parts, especially a song, I believe to be by Hood. What I particularly enjoyed were the anecdotes of John Kemble, and his kindness to her when a child. Her eulogy of him was affecting. Her admiring praise of Mrs. Jordan was also delightful. Less cordial and satisfactory her mention of Mrs. Siddons. She related that when, as Constance, Mrs. Siddons wept over her, her collar was wet with Mrs. Siddons' tears. The comic scenes were better, I thought, than the sentimental. I liked particularly an old woman, a Mrs. Parthian, who had lost her memory, and spoke of *Gentleman* Smith, whom she had known in her youth. "His name was Adam Smith. He wrote some pretty songs on political economy, and people used to whisper about his addresses having been rejected—I forget by whom; but it was

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some one at Drury Lane." This I thought like one of Lamb's jokes; as well as another, in which the keeper of a caravan of wild beasts asks for orders, as being of the profession. She condescends to notice Miss Kelly as the best in her line, but makes a comparison of her "beasteses" with actors in favour of her own. Is not this Lamb's?*

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

February 5th, 1833.

Wordsworth on the Reform Bill.

. . . . . I am come to that time of life when I must be prepared to part with or precede my dearest friends; and God's will be done. . . . . You mistake in supposing me an anti-Reformer; *that* I never was, but an anti-Bill-man, heart and soul. It is a fixed judgment of my mind, that an unbridled democracy is the worst of all tyrannies. Our constitution had provided a check for the democracy in the regal prerogative, influence, and power, and in the House of Lords, acting directly through its own body, indirectly by the influence of individual peers, over a certain portion of the House of Commons. The old system provided, in practice, a check both without and within. The extension of the nomination boroughs has nearly destroyed the internal check. The House of Lords have been trampled upon by the way in which the Bill has been carried; and they are brought to that point that the peers will prove useless as an external

* It is afterwards mentioned that Reynolds, and not Lamb, was the author of the text of "Miss Kelly's Recollections."

check, while the regal power and influence have become, or soon will, a mere shadow.

Words-worth's por-trait by Pickersgill.

In passing through Soho Square, it may amuse you to call in upon Mr. Pickersgill, the portrait painter, where he will be gratified to introduce you to the face of an old friend. Take Charles and Mary Lamb there also.

Hudson Gurney's account of himself.

February 24th.—At the Athenæum, where I had an interesting conversation with Hudson Gurney. He talks freely of himself, and I am not betraying confidence in writing down the following minutes. His mother was a Barclay, and his grandfather a grandson of the famous author. By him he was brought up a Quaker, and his first opinions or feelings were High Tory. His grandfather, though a Quaker, had inspired him with a great hatred of the Presbyterians. His favourite pursuit, rivalled only by a love of leaping over five-barred gates, was heraldry; and his first hatred of the French Revolution was probably more stimulated by the decree abolishing liveries and arms than anything else. His great delight in London, when a boy, was looking at the carriages going to the levée or drawing-room. But he never saw the people within; he looked only at the panels. However, about the year 1794–5, when at Norwich, he had for about sixteen months an interlude of Jacobinism and infidelity, inspired by the violent men of the day. From Jacobinism he was driven by observing what tyrants, without exception, all the heroes of the Liberty party were. He was cured of his infidelity by Butler's "Analogy." He had

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read before a great deal of metaphysics. Butler showed him how far he could go. He has made, he says, no advances ever since. He then forswore all metaphysics, and has kept his oath; but he still has a great love for everything in the shape of an *experience*. He concurred with me in the praise of John Woolman, of whose writings he says he has thought of publishing an edition, with notes; "but now," he added, "my mind is gone." In spite of his early religious education, he never liked the "Pilgrim's Progress," disliking allegory.

Society of Antiquaries.

*March 7th (Rem.)**—At the Society of Antiquaries this evening, Lord Aberdeen President, an incident occurred which greatly interested me at the moment, and which is worth being related in detail, if anything be which concerns myself. A few weeks before this time, John Gage, the Director of the Society, calling on me, I incidentally remarked to him that I found he had, in a late paper in the *Archæologia*, adopted the vulgar error that the Latin *Missa*, and all the cognate words, *Mass*, *Messe*, &c., were derived from the concluding words of the mass dismissing the congregation—*Ite, missa est;* I pointed out the absurdity of deriving a very important word from an insignificant part of a formal instrument; the essence of the sacrament being the bread and wine, as he had himself acknowledged to be the fact. And I interested him by informing him how I first came to perceive this, by being told in Germany that *Kirmess*, a parish festival, was an abridgment of *Kirchmess*, or church feast, being the feast day of the

H. C. R. on etymology of Mass.

* Written in 1853.

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patron saint. It flashed upon my mind at once that *Messe* must mean feast; and I cited Michaelmas as proving it, being the feast of St. Michael, Christmas the feast of Christ, &c. From this moment I had but to seek for formal evidence to prove what was manifest. Mr. Director on this begged me to throw the matter of this new etymology into a paper, which, he said, the Society would be glad of. And this evening it was read. There is no doubt it was flippant in style, and it was read very badly; but it gave offence, not because it was dull or obscure, but because it was said to be irreverent. Lord Bexley and the Bishop of Bath and Wells were there. Perhaps the evil was aggravated by there being an audible laugh at the closing words of the paper, "*Ite, missa est.*"*

Hermann and Dorothea.

March 10th.—I went on reading "Hermann and Dorothea," which I have just finished. I hold it to be one of the most delightful of all Goethe's works. Not one of his philosophical works, which the exclusives exclusively admire, but one of the most perfectly moral as well as beautiful. It realizes every requisite of a work of genius. I shed tears over it repeatedly, but they were mere tears of tenderness at the perfect beauty of the characters and sentiments. Incident there is none.

* The paper, which had really no value whatever, as actually read, appears now to more advantage in the "Archæologia," Vol. XXVI. p. 242. All the evidence was collected after the paper was read; and the collateral remarks on the German origin of Italian words, taken from the great Italian scholar of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (Muratori), and the incidental proofs cited, render the paper amusing as well as instructive. Scarcely a page is now what it originally was.—H. C. R.

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April 9th.—I reached the Lambs at tea-time. I found them unusually well in health, but not comfortable. They seem dissatisfied in their lodgings; but they have sold all their furniture, and so seem obliged to remain as they are. I spent the evening playing whist; and after Lamb and his sister went to bed, I read in his album (Holcroft's "Travels" pasted with extracts in MS. and clippings out of newspapers, &c.).

Lamb on literary facility.

Lamb says that he can write acrostics and album verses, and such things, at request, with a facility that approaches that of the Italian *Improvisatori;* but that he has great difficulty in composing a poem or piece of prose which he himself wishes should be excellent. The things that cost nothing are worth nothing. He says he should be happy had he some literary task. Hayward has sent him his "Faust." He thinks it well done, but he thinks nothing of the original. How inferior to Marlowe's play! One scene of that is worth the whole! What has Margaret to do with Faust? Marlowe, after the original story, makes Faust possess Helen of Greece!

Death of Miss Flaxman.

April 16th.—Mr. Denman called with the news that Miss Flaxman died this morning about three o'clock. I was not surprised by the intelligence. Life had lost all its charms for her, and her constitution was entirely broken. An easy death was all her friends could wish for her, and that she seems to have been blessed with. She was an excellent person, and I sincerely regret her loss.

April 25th.—I did not rise till it was time to dress to go to Miss Flaxman's funeral. It is worthy of notice

that, in consequence of the mortality of the season through influenza, it was with great difficulty that a mourning-coach could be procured. The burial took place in St. Giles's Churchyard. It was a ceremony I felt to be a comfort in the respect shown to the very relics of humanity.

On the burial service.

May 14th.—Went with Mrs. Aders to the Exhibition. Only three or four pictures which I wish to recollect. A monk confessing to another monk. A marvellous expression, singular contrast of feeling, in spite of similarity of dress and a like emaciation. The fingers of both skinny and cramped, all agitation and compression, but still most dissimilar. One of the most striking pictures I ever saw. This is by Wilkie. He has also a portrait of the Duke of Sussex—a good likeness. No man comes near Wilkie this year, though both Uwins and Eastlake have fine pictures. Uwins tells very clearly the tale of a nun taking the veil, and Eastlake has a beautiful group of trembling Greeks on the sea-shore—Turks hastening to massacre them, an English boat advancing to their rescue. There are some delightful landscapes by Callcott.

Royal Academy.

May 30th.—I went with Mrs. Aders to Pickersgill's, to see his portrait of Wordsworth. It is in every respect a fine picture, except that the artist has made the disease in Wordsworth's eyes too apparent. The picture wants an oculist. In the evening, being unsettled, I went to Drury Lane Theatre at half-price. An opera—"La Sonnambula." I saw Malibran. Her acting in the scene in which, after a sleep-walking (which was very disagreeable), she awakes and sees her lover or

Pickersgill's portrait of Wordsworth.

Malibran.

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husband, was exquisite. Her love and joy were expressed by admirable pantomime. Such artless fondness I never saw on the stage.

Marquis of Westminster's picture gallery.

May 31st.—I accompanied Mrs. Jaffray to the Marquis of Westminster's to see his pictures. The pleasure of seeing them was rather enhanced than diminished by my better acquaintance with the great masterpieces in Italy. There are some delightful specimens of Claude here, which are equal to any on the Continent. There are also capital Rembrandts and Rubenses. It is true there are but few of the great Italian masters, yet Guido's "Fortune" (a duplicate) is one of the most beautiful pictures I know. Westall was with George Young there, and I could hear him giving the preference in colouring to Sir Joshua's Mrs. Siddons over every picture in the room. "The Blue Boy" of Gainsborough is a delicious painting. Wilkie was in the room—a thorough Scotchman in his appearance.

Account of a first railway journey.

June 9th.—(Liverpool.) At twelve I got upon an omnibus, and was driven up a steep hill to the place where the steam-carriages start. We travelled in the second class of carriages. There were five carriages linked together, in each of which were placed open seats for the traveller, four and four facing each other; but not all were full; and, besides, there was a close carriage, and also a machine for luggage. The fare was four shillings for the thirty-one miles. Everything went on so rapidly, that I had scarcely the power of observation. The road begins at an excavation through rock, and is to a certain extent insulated from the adjacent country. It is occasionally placed on bridges, and frequently inter-

From Liverpool to Manchester.

sected by ordinary roads. Not quite a perfect level is preserved. On setting off there is a slight jolt, arising from the chain catching each carriage, but, once in motion, we proceeded as smoothly as possible. For a minute or two the pace is gentle, and is constantly varying. The machine produces little smoke or steam. First in order is the tall chimney; then the boiler, a barrel-like vessel; then an oblong reservoir of water; then a vehicle for coals; and then comes, of a length infinitely extendible, the train of carriages. If all the seats had been filled, our train would have carried about 150 passengers; but a gentleman assured me at Chester that he went with a thousand persons to Newton fair. There must have been two engines then. I have heard since that two thousand persons and more went to and from the fair that day. But two thousand only, at three shillings each way, would have produced £600! But, after all, the expense is so great, that it is considered uncertain whether the establishment will ultimately remunerate the proprietors. Yet I have heard that it already yields the shareholders a dividend of nine per cent. And Bills have passed for making railroads between London and Birmingham, and Birmingham and Liverpool. What a change will it produce in the intercourse! One conveyance will take between 100 and 200 passengers, and the journey will be made in a forenoon! Of the rapidity of the journey I had better experience on my return; but I may say now, that, stoppages included, it may certainly be made at the rate of twenty miles an hour!

I should have observed before that the most remark-

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able movements of the journey are those in which trains pass one another. The rapidity is such that there is no recognizing the features of a traveller. On several occasions, the noise of the passing engine was like the whizzing of a rocket. Guards are stationed in the road, holding flags, to give notice to the drivers when to stop. Near Newton, I noticed an inscription recording the memorable death of Huskisson.

June 14th.—(Ambleside.) I reached the Salutation Inn by a quarter after five in capital spirits, took tea in the common room, and then strolled up to Rydal Mount, where I met with a cordial reception from my kind friends; but Miss Wordsworth I did not see. I spent a few hours very delightfully; enjoyed the improved walk in Mr. Wordsworth's garden, from which the views are admirable; and had most agreeable conversation, with no other drawback than Miss Wordsworth's absence from the state of her health.

Rydal Mount.

June 27th.—Went to Southey's, where I passed a very agreeable evening—a compensation for the bad weather of the forenoon. I had a cordial reception from the Laureate, and found the whole family very amiable. There was a large party—that is, for the country.

Southey.

With Southey I had a long and amicable chat on all kinds of subjects. On politics, he was, if anything, rather more violent than Wordsworth. He spoke with indignation of the old Tory branch of the administration, such as Lord Palmerston, &c., and declared Stanley * to be the most dangerous man amongst them. On

* The present Lord Derby.

the whole, I could not greatly differ from him; his greatest fault being that, like almost all, he is *one-sided.*

Keswick. Southey.

June 28th.—Went to Southey's, and had a long and agreeable desultory chat with him. He read me copious additions to "The Devil's Walk," only too earnest. His articles in the *Quarterly Review* would make twelve such volumes as the two of moral and political essays already published. We went over many interesting subjects of discussion.

I am now looking over Miss Wordsworth's Scotch journal. She travelled with her brother and Coleridge. Had she but filled her volume with their conversation, rather than minute description!

Coleridge.

One saying of Coleridge is recorded. Seeing a steam-engine at work, Miss Wordsworth remarked that it was impossible not to think it had feeling—a huge beam moved slowly up and down. Coleridge said it was like a giant with one idea.

Southey

June 30th.—Spent an agreeable evening again with Southey. We read German, and had the same sort of political and moral conversation as before. Southey is a most amiable man, and everything I see in him pleases me. Speaking of the possibility of punning with a very earnest and even solemn feeling, he mentioned a pious man of the name of Hern, who, leaving a numerous family unprovided for, said in his last moments: "God, that won't suffer a *sparrow* to fall to the ground unheeded, will take care of the *Herns.*"

and Brougham.

July 4th.—Southey read me a curious correspondence between himself and Brougham, soon after the latter

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became Chancellor. Brougham (who, by-the-by, signed "H. Brougham") begged Southey to give him his opinion on the sort of patronage which, usefully and safely, might be given by the Government to literature. Southey's answer was very good—cutting, with all the forms of courtesy. Alluding to the new order, which was given at the time to some distinguished men of science, Southey wrote: "Should the Guelphic order be made use of as an encouragement to men of letters, I, for my part, should choose to remain a Ghibelline." This was repeated, as a good joke, by Sidney Smith to a friend of Southey's. Brougham probably, therefore, took the letter in good part. He is, in fact, a good-natured man. He did not reply to Southey's letter.

Lord Egremont and Southey.

July 7th.—Lord Egremont, having lately set about making *a preserve* of the mountains, a petition was sent to him by the inhabitants, alleging (among other objections) that this would produce a race of poachers. Southey told me that he added to his name—"who never carries a gun; and who thinks that this is not a time when it is expedient to stretch feudal privileges; especially in countries where they have never been exercised."

Game preserving.

H. C. R. TO MISS WORDSWORTH.

October 16th, 1833.

. . . . . Bath is sanctified to my feelings. In one of the most delicious spots imaginable, fronting the glen, at the upper end of which is the uncongenial and ostentatious Prior Park, where Pope's Allen lived, but out of sight of the deforming ornament, is Whit-

H. C. R.'s mother's grave.

comb Churchyard. And there, more than forty years ago, were deposited the remains of my dearest, earliest, and, to my affections, latest of kindred—my mother, an admirable woman, whose image is as fresh now to me as it was when I took leave of her in January, 1793.

H. C. R. TO MASQUERIER.

Plowden Buildings, 19th October, 1833.

I heard applied to you, the other day, by an invalid (George Young), very coarse words of abuse, which I ought, perhaps, to have resented. He said you were *insolent* or *impudent* in your *health*, I forget which. I overlooked the affront. The poor are the natural enemies of the rich; we must therefore pardon the aged and the diseased if they vent their ill-will on us hearty young fellows. I, too, am swaggering with health —some portion of it picked up in that blessed land

The invalid on the healthy.

> Where all, whom hunger spares, of age decay.

I was absent more than four months. It would fill up my paper were I to enumerate all the famous places I saw. Therefore, take my account in the form of a school lesson in geography. My journey was bounded by Peel Castle, in the Isle of Man, to the west, by Inverness to the north, and Aberdeen to the east.

You cannot accuse me of hurrying this time through the country. I did not meet with a single unpleasant incident on the journey, and had a vast deal of enjoyment. First, I spent several weeks in Westmoreland and Cumberland. And Wordsworth accompanied me to Man, Staffa, and Iona. I copy you a sonnet, which

Tour with Wordsworth.

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even you and your Scotch wife (on account of the subject) will feel the beauty of.* It is, I think, the most perfect sonnet in the language. Every word is as a gem, from the *pathetic light* in the first, to the *soft Parthenope* in the last, line. It is composed with that deep feeling and perfection of style united that bespeak the master.

East of Scotland.

After seeing Staffa, and the Caledonian Canal, and wearying myself on the east coast of Scotland—a frightful country—I went down the Deeside to Braemar, an interesting country. And from Perth made a pedestrian tour through the Perth Highlands.† I stayed nine

Edinburgh.

days at Edinburgh. In variety of interesting objects, I know no place equal to it—not even Naples, though there is an intensity of feeling raised by the Italian cities, which the cold climate of Auld Reekie at once represses. There was no great feat in transporting the holy house from Palestine to Loretto; but it would be something to clap Edinburgh on the shore of the Adriatic or Mediterranean, per Bacco! professors and all, with their political economy and all other economies. The poor Italian would stand no chance with so acute and prudent a people.

The south of Scotland has also its beauties. Wordsworth's poems, "Yarrow Unvisited and Visited," made me quite long to see that district. Accordingly, after

* "On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott for Naples."

† A guide told me of the Marquis of Breadalbane's castle, that it was to have been built on a height, but an old woman remonstrated with the laird against the folly of choosing so cold and dreary a spot, where her own peat hut was. Being asked where, then, it should be, she answered, "Build where you hear the thrushes sing." The advice was taken.—H. C. R.

visiting a hospitable laird on the Tweed, I went over the mountain on a cygnet chase :—

"The swan on *still* Saint Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow."

But, alas!. there were no swans to be seen. Wordsworth says, they ought to have been there. But I did recognise the lines,

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
Gliding the dark hills under?"

Scotch antinomianism.

I ought not to omit saying that, when at Edinburgh, I witnessed a manifestation of the spirit. I never heard antinomianism so outrageously and mischievously preached. It was in effect and tendency an exhortation not to be deluded by the folly of supposing that God liked any one the better for being moral. "So you think (do you?) that you can get God's peace by wrapping yourself up in the filthy rags of your own righteousness, do you? Eh!" This was a fellow named Carlyle, and he was interrupted by a maniac, who screamed out, "*There'll be burnings!*" and he stamped with his feet, and put himself into the attitude of the fighting gladiator. And this lasted for a quarter of an hour!

Mrs. Collier's death.

21*st.*—I must close this letter in a tone very different from its commencement. I have sustained another loss. Dear Mrs. Collier died yesterday. I was not unprepared for the event. She died, as Mary Flaxman died, without any suffering whatever. She was one of the most amiable and estimable women I ever knew. Her crowning virtue was, that she lived for others; therefore all others loved her. Towards me she was all kindness: I owe years of comfort to her care. Her

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last years were the happiest of her life. She was perfectly satisfied with her children. Only the day before her death, Mary said, "I hope my mother will live long to plague me; I cannot do enough for her. No one ever had such a mother." Mrs. Collier had often said to me, "My children are too good." These are consolations under affliction.

Isle of Man.

July 14th.—(Isle of Man.) At Bala-sala we called on Mr. and Mrs. Cookson,* esteemed friends of the Wordsworths (*vide* "Yarrow Revisited," p. 205). I had seen Mrs. Cookson at Kendal formerly: there is something very prepossessing in her person and manners. At Bala-sala are the remains of an ancient abbey (Rushen Abbey), a stream, and many trees,—a contrast to the nakedness of the adjacent country. Here we lounged more than an hour.† We arrived at dusk at Castletown, the legal capital of the island; but it is a poor little village in a bay, much less beautiful than Douglas.

Mona Statutes.

. . . . . Turned over a book of the Mona Statutes,

* Parents of the executor of both Wordsworth and H. C. R.

† And as the poet thought of his friend, and looked on the scene

"Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,
In ruin beautiful,"

the Sonnet, No. XX., of Poems connected with a tour in the summer of 1833 was suggested,—

"And when I note
The old tower's brow yellowed as with the beams
Of *sunset ever there*, albeit streams
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,
I thank the silent monitor, and say,
'Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day!'"

H. C. R. had pleasure in recollecting that he was present at the conception of this sonnet, for on the spot Wordsworth likened the colour on the "old tower" to perpetual sunshine.

which much amused me,—the style original. Some expressions are worth recording. It is ordered that persons *outlawed* shall not be *inlawed* without the King's permission, whose title at one time was, "The Honourable Sir Thomas Stanley, Knight, Lord and King of Man." The isle is divided into "sheddings" (German, *Scheidungen*—boundaries or separations). The judges are called "deemsters," that is, doomsters, or pronouncers of judgment. The title of the King is "our *doughtful* Lord." The place of proclaiming the law is the "Tinwald." "Tin" is said to mean "proclamation," and "wald" "fenced round." This, too, is German; so that the Manx language seems to have some Teutonic affinities.

MRS. CLARKSON TO H. C. R.

October 23rd, 1833.

Coleridge at Cambridge.

Miss Hutchinson tells me that Coleridge was at Cambridge at the late assemblage of *wise men*, and, though not able to rise till the afternoon, he had a crowded levée at his bedside.

Mrs. Clarkson on Wilberforce.

Before I left home I had been reading over heaps of old letters. Dear Dorothy Wordsworth's contain the history of the family, and of her exertions. What a heart and what a head they discover! What puffs we hear of women, and even of men, who have made books and done charities, and all that, but whose doings and thinkings and feelings are not to be compared with hers! Yet one man deserves all the incense which his memory has received—good Mr. Wilberforce!

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Julius Hare.

October 24th.—Chatted at the Athenæum with Hare, who is returned from Rome. He preached a sermon that made a noise there, on the text, "What went ye out for to see?" which was thought absurd by many. It was an attack on the numerous visitors there for their idle conduct. He laughed at the anecdote I related to him from Mrs. D——, who overheard a couple of bloods going out of the church. "What did *you* come for?"—"Oh, damme, I came for snipe-shooting!"

December 2nd.—(Cambridge.) My Italian friend, Mayer (to whom I have been showing some of the *videnda* of Cambridge), had an opportunity to-day of seeing what was to him more interesting, perhaps, than the College prayers at Trinity Chapel, at which Handel's music was performed. This was a row occasioned by an assault on the anatomical theatre. A body for dissection had been brought in,—and the mob have not yet learned, even here at a University, to respect anatomy. They were driven out of the field by the gownsmen, who would not suffer any superstition but their own; for an Oxford Don and a Cambridge Soph alike adopt the motto, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, and are not apt to let devotion to intellectual pursuits interfere with exercises of a more robust description. The spirit of our undergraduates must have seemed to Mayer quite as natural, if not as laudable, as their piety, supposing the latter to be genuine,—and far better if it be conventional.

Anatomical riot.

1834.

Breakfast with Rogers.

Stuart Rose.

January 6th.—Breakfasted with Rogers and his sister by invitation. With them was Stuart Rose, a deaf and rheumatic man, who looks prematurely old. He talks low, so I should not have guessed him to be a man of note. Rogers was very civil to me. He is famous for being a good talker. I can record nothing, perhaps, that deserves notice ; but still his conversation was pleasant to recollect. His most solid remark was on literary women. How strange it is, that while we men are modestly content to amuse by our writings, women must be didactic! Miss Baillie writes plays to illustrate the passions, Miss Martineau teaches political economy by tales, Mrs. Marcet sets up for a general instructor, not only in her dialogues but in fairy stories, and Miss Edgeworth is a schoolmistress in her tales. We talked chiefly of literary and public men. Rogers praised Lord Liverpool for his liberality, which he learned, late in life, of Canning and Huskisson. When young, he was the butt of his companions. At Christ's College, Cambridge, there being a party at some gownsman's (I believe Canning), he broke in, "I am come to take tea with you."—"No, you are going to the pump!" And the threat was carried out. Yet he who suffered such indignity became Prime Minister. Rogers made inquiries about Wordsworth with obvious interest. He related an anecdote I never heard of—that Wordsworth had an accident which drove entirely out of his head a fine poem, of which Mrs. Wordsworth unluckily at the same time lost the copy.

Lord Liverpool.

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H. C. R. TO MR. BENECKE.

January 26th, 1834.

I have read your work* with mixed feelings of satisfaction and uneasiness, but in which the agreeable largely predominate. I have never attempted to conceal from you that my mind is very unsettled on the great points of religion, and that I am still what the Quakers call a seeker. I was very ill-educated, or rather I had no regular instruction, but heard what are called orthodox notions preached in my childhood, when I, like other children, believed all that I heard uncontradicted. But before I was twenty years old, I met with anti-religious books, and had nothing to oppose to sceptical arguments. I sprang at once from one extreme to another, and from believing everything I believed nothing. My German studies afterwards made me sensible of the shallowness of the whole class of writers whom I before respected—and one good effect they wrought on me; they made me conscious of my own ignorance, and inclined me to a favourable study of religious doctrines. After this, your conversation awakened my mind to this very important and salutary doubt. It occurred to me that it might possibly be, that certain notions which I had rejected as absolute falsehoods were rather ill-stated, erroneously stated, and misunderstood truths, than falsehoods. Or rather, that possibly there might be most important truths hidden, as it were, behind these misrepresentations. Now this impression has been greatly advanced and improved by your book,

History of H. C. R.'s religious opinions.

* Probably "Der Brief Pauli an die Römer erläutert von Wilhelm Benecke." Heidelberg, 1831.

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and I am in consequence most anxious to pursue this inquiry,—in which I flatter myself that you will kindly give me your aid,—and for that purpose I mean, if you will permit it, to come over and take up my residence for the summer in Heidelberg.

I will, however, advert to one or two of the main points, both in the history of my own mind, and of your book. Having originally heard the popular doctrines concerning the fall of man—the sin of Adam—justification by faith—and the eternal damnation of all mankind except a few believers, merely on account of their belief, stated in the most gross way, the moment the inherent absurdity of such notions was made palpable to my mind, I rejected them without hesitation. Now it has been a great consolation to me, the finding in your work such a statement of the real import of the doctrines of the gospel as is entirely free from all those rational objections by which I was so strongly influenced in my youth, and the effect of which still remains. Your views concerning the fall of man *may be* true; the popular doctrine *must be* false. Your view concerning the ultimate purpose of the scheme of redemption is worthy the purest conceptions of the Divine nature. The popular doctrine of heaven and hell is Manicheism, with this worst of additions, that the evil spirit is more powerful than the good spirit; for only a few are to be saved, after all. Not less satisfactory to me is your explanation of the nature of faith—as expressive of a purification of the heart (*Reinigung der Gesinnung*). The vulgar notion really represents the Supreme Being as actuated by feelings not very different from the

Points of Calvinism incredible.

Benecke's views not so.

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pique and resentment of vain people, who punish those who disbelieve what they say. In a word, there is no one topic which as treated by you is repugnant to my feelings and wishes.

Atonement.

The one doctrine which forms at present an insurmountable stumbling-block is that of the atonement—the *doctrine* of justification through the merits of Jesus Christ. Now, I am not without hopes that I shall hereafter receive from you explanations as reasonable as on other points; and that I shall find here, too, that though you talk with the vulgar, you do not think with them. But do not mistake my object in writing this. I do not ask you to write me a book. And it is not in a letter that such a subject can be treated; but whenever I take my residence for a time near you, I shall request your aid in not merely this matter, but generally in the study of the great Christian scheme in all its bearings, about which I have been talking—and talking very idly, and sometimes very lightly—all my life, without ever studying it as I ought. I am anxious, as I said before, to remove this reproach from me; for, whether true or false, it is sheer folly on my part to have given it so little attention, or rather to have attended to it in so desultory a way. I ought to add that I find no impediment in the common notion of the Divine nature of Jesus Christ, as I am conscious of being both Soul and Body and yet *One*. I can see nothing incredible even in the notion of the Divine and human nature of the Redeemer, as he is called; but in what does that redemption consist? That is the great difficulty. Here, again, the vulgar doctrine expressed in such phrases as

Christian scheme.

Divinity of Christ.

Doctrine of redemption.

"the precious blood" of Christ—his infinite sufferings—the atoning sacrifice—&c., &c.—these, like the doctrines which you have so well explained, excite nothing but disgust for the present. My wish and hope are, that you may be able to throw light on these also.

April 4th.—Dined at Gooden's, where I met among others Dr. Lindley, the Secretary of the Horticultural Society. He surprised me by saying he knew Goethe only as a botanist, in which character he thought most highly of him, he being the author of the New System of Botany; and that this is now the opinion of the most eminent botanists both in France and England. I rejoice at this unexpected intelligence.

Goethe's Botany.

July 7th.—Went to Miss Denman, with whom I had a long chat on business. She wishes that Mr. Flaxman's remaining works should be preserved together,—a reasonable and honourable object of anxiety.

Miss Denman.

July 9th.—In the evening at the Athenæum, where I found everybody agitated by the news of the day. The Ministry is broken up. I am far from thinking it certain that the Tories will come in. It may end in the re-establishment of the Ministry as before the Reform Bill passed. The Irish Church Bill is the rock on which the weak administration has split. In fact, the Ministry want courage to give up the Irish Church, and they are at the same time against the Irish Repealers. Between the two parties, they strive in vain to steer a middle and safe course.

Politics.

July 10th.—I accompanied Miss Mackenzie, with Lady Charlotte Proby, to Wilkie's, where we saw the

Wilkie.

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very interesting beginning of a painting, "Columbus showing his Plans to Two Monks." Only the philosopher's head and the figure of an interesting youth were finished. It is a very promising beginning. But Wilkie is more interesting than his picture. A mild and sickly man, with an expression rather of kindness than of elevation of character; his grey little eyes are not without an expression of slyness.

Death of Coleridge.

July 25th.—Heard with sorrow of the death of a great man—COLERIDGE! Mrs. Aders brought the intelligence. He died with great composure, and fully sensible of his condition. Wordsworth declared to me (in 1812) that the powers of Coleridge's mind were greater than those of any man he ever knew. His genius he thought to be great, but his talents still greater. And it was in the union of so much genius with so much talent that Coleridge surpassed all the men of Wordsworth's acquaintance.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

[*No date, but on the outside is written "Summer,* 1834"].

My Friend! my Friend!

What a dismal gap has been made within a little time, in the forest of intellect, among the plants of highest growth! Byron and Scott put the fashionable world in deep mourning. The crape, however, was soon thrown aside, and people took their coffee, and drew their card, and looked as anxiously as ever at what was turning up. These deaths were only the patterings of rain before the storm. Goethe, your mighty friend, dropped into the grave. Another, next

On the deaths of Goethe and Coleridge.

to him in power, goes after him—the dear, good Coleridge. Little did I think, when we shook hands at parting, that our hands should never join again.

Southey is suffering from a calamity worse than death, befallen one dearer to him than himself. How is Wordsworth? It appears as if the world were cracking all about me, and leaving me no object on which to fix my eyes.

VISIT TO HEIDELBERG.

Left home *August 1st.*—Returned *November 10th.*

Arndt.

On my way I stopped at Bonn (August 3rd), and spent an hour with Arndt. I had seen this distinguished patriot and popular writer only once before—at Stockholm, twenty-seven years ago—yet he recognised me at once. I found him in affliction; he had recently lost a fine boy, by drowning, through the unskilfulness of a servant. When he had disburdened himself of this sorrow, he talked with great animation on the public concerns of the day. Arndt was a violent hater of Buonaparte, and fled from his proscription. When the restoration was complete, he became obnoxious to the sovereigns he had so warmly served (not for their own sakes, but for the people), and was not suffered to lecture at Bonn, where he was a professor, though his salary was allowed him. Under these circumstances, I talked of all countries but Prussia; but he seemed to have forgotten the injustice done him by the Government. He was greatly altered in his political feelings, and chiefly through the effect of one speculative opinion—and that is, the great influence

Arndt's Liberalism.

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1834.

Influence of national character on national destiny and government.

of national character and race. It seemed to break in upon all the ordinary rules of justice. According to it, nations are doomed to a certain course by a sort of fatality superior to the influence of opinions or moral causes. He loved the Prussian character, and spoke slightingly of the Poles—I suppose under the influence of this fixed opinion. He considered the Poles incapable of fidelity, and therefore of union. Compared with them, he spoke highly of the Russians. On the same ground, he justified the predominance of England in Ireland. The Irish, he said, have no foresight, no prudence; they cannot colonize, and are incapable of self-government. They are brave, but cannot make use of the effects of bravery. Of France he said, in spite of Napoleon's famous cry, "Ships, commerce, and colonies," it cannot become a colonizing state. The English would have already settled matters in Algeria. Neither the Russians nor the French could, he thought, ever be a great naval power. He asserted that the German character resists slavery. Even when the government is in form absolute, the administration cannot be arbitrary. In nothing that Arndt said could I more agree with him than in this. Some of his other assertions are perhaps fanciful; but there was a youthful vigour in a man of sixty-five which it was delightful to contemplate.

On Ireland.

Tieck.

August 11th.—At a party at Madame Thomas's I met, among other old friends, Ludwig Tieck, his daughter, and the Countess. He is more bent, but with a fresher complexion, than when I saw him at Dresden, in 1829. He spoke of Coleridge with high admiration,

and heard of his death with great apparent sorrow. I spoke of his "*Dramaturgische Blätter*," and complained of his tone of depreciation towards the English stage. The most prominent person—he who talked the most and the best—was Grimm,* one of the *Gebrüder* Grimm, the authors of the "*Volksmährchen*," and of the famous "German Grammar." He is a lively talker, with a very intellectual countenance, expressive rather of quickness than depth. He declaimed vehemently against the cheap literature of the day—not merely on account of its injuring *the trade*, but because it gives only imperfect knowledge, excites pride, and draws people out of their proper sphere. He is *not* the correspondent of Hayward.

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Grimm.

During my stay at Heidelberg much of my time was spent with my old college acquaintance, Frederick Schlosser of the Stift. Here (says my journal of the 17th August) I had a very friendly reception from Schlosser and his wife, and also from Senator Brentano, his wife, &c., &c. By the presence of so many acquaintances I was put into high spirits, and I have not for a long time been in a more delightful frame of mind. To this the singular beauty of the spot contributed not a little. The views up and down the Neckar, from the platform before this ex-monastery, are exquisite, and the amiable occupiers seem fully to enjoy them.

Schlosser.

* Mr. Howitt tells me that H. C. R. gave to the brothers Grimm the capital story of "The Fisherman and his Wife." Mr. Howitt says, "I had heard this was the case, and therefore asked H. C. R. whether it was true. He said 'Yes,' and told me how he found it. I think he had it from an old woman, but I cannot now precisely recollect. Of the fact, however, I am certain, that he said he discovered it somewhere in Germany."—ED.

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Schlosser.

On a subsequent occasion Schlosser showed me a valuable collection of MSS. and old pamphlets, of and about Goethe.

Görres.

September 2nd.—An interesting afternoon. I dined with Madame Niese. The Beneckes and Schlossers there, and with them Görres, Professor of History at Munich, his wife, daughter, and grandchild. Görres has the wildest physiognomy—looks like an overgrown old student. A faun-like nose and lips, fierce eyes, and locks as wild as Caliban's. Strong sense, with a sort of sulky indifference towards others, are the characteristics of his manner. I had little or no conversation with him. The gentlemen went up to the vineyard, while I stayed with the ladies, and except a little talk, at last, about Jena and the Brentanos, I had no chat with him. I was in high spirits, and talked more than with such persons I ought. Görres is a rigid Catholic. He was once a sort of Radical, but is now a Conservative. His books are distinguished for their obscurity; his work on the *Volksbücher* is such as the *Volk* would never understand. Of his later works I know nothing. He found in me a strong resemblance to Franz von Baader—a philosophic mystic!*

Charles Kemble.

Walking home early I met Charles Kemble and his

* I have since read Görres' account of his persecution by the Prussian Government in 1819. This book is neither mystical nor Jacobinical, but is full of high moral feeling. I translate one sentence, because I recollect that when very young I had the same thought:—"He (*i.e.*, Görres) bore this *Zurücksetzung* (setting back or check) with cheerful resignation, because he always deemed it a vain presumption in any individual, a member of a large and complex state, that he should be rewarded according to his deserts; considering merit, even when undisputed, as but a gift which is to be gratefully accepted, without asking, on that account, for an additional reward."—H. C. R.

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wife. I joined them, and chatted with them for an hour on the walk towards the Stift. He talked of German literature sensibly, and in a gentlemanly tone. He said he was very happy that he had now nothing to do with the stage. Charles Young has also been staying at Heidelberg. I went one evening to the theatre with him, to see "*Goetz von Berlichingen.*" He soon became tired. He has since dined at our table-d'hôte, and I have had a walk with him.

Kirchenrath Schwarz.

September 19th.—In the morning I had a call from the Kirchenrath Schwarz, a conscientious, good old man, who sent me a letter lately to apologize for having contradicted my citation of Kant's distribution of the Tree of Knowledge among the four polished nations of Europe—to the French the blossom, the Italians the crown, the English the fruit, and the Germans the root. His letter contains less apt citations from Kant, but is still worth preservation.

In the evening I went to the Kirchenrath Schwarz, to tea and supper. A small party of serious persons, whom Benecke greatly likes. I was against the field in vindication of Goethe. And we had also religious talk. One circumstance was remarkable—all the party, *i.e.*, Uhlmann, with our host and Benecke, were against rationality in religious sentiment, and yet they all persisted that the Government had no right to remove *even Paulus*, having once appointed him. Who shall be judge in such cases of what is, or is not, a true interpretation of the Gospel? Paulus does not in terms reject the Gospel; he says, "We can only make spiritual advance on the road Jesus Christ has pointed out—his

Religious freedom.

CHAP. II. 1834.

Gospel we accept—that is enough for us." Whether he believes in miracles, as we do, is not essential. The Reformation was not closed when the Protestant churches were founded, and we will not shut the door to further reforms. We are not bound to any creed! One of the party was for putting Herder above Goethe. This I did not allow, though I was willing to admit that an unconscious suspicion that Herder was in religious matters above Goethe, might operate on the latter so as to make him feel unfriendly to Herder. Undoubtedly between these men there was no love lost.

Goethe on Walter Scott.

September 20th.—Finished the fourth volume of Goethe's "Correspondence." Many most delightful things in these volumes. I was surprised by Goethe's favourable judgment of Walter-Scott's "Life of Napoleon." He calls Scott the best narrator of the age; and speaks of him as an upright man who has tried to get rid of national prejudices. He concludes by the shrewd remark, that "*such books show you more of the writer than the subject.*"

Herder.

Dined with Madame Herder. I talked with her about her great father-in-law. She declares him to have been a Unitarian, and says he spoke the language of orthodoxy without being orthodox.

Klopstock and Goethe.

I left before four, and then went to Schlosser. Looked over some pamphlets about Goethe—his correspondence with Klopstock. Klopstock admonished him for letting the Duke get drunk. Goethe answered rather coldly, but respectfully, and begged to be spared such letters. Klopstock thereon replied that Goethe was unworthy such an act of friendship. They pro-

bably never met again. Goethe nowhere alludes to this. The best answer to the charge is, that Goethe lived to the age of eighty-three, and the Duke to more than seventy. No ruinous sensuality could have been practised by them.

September 21st.—Read with Benecke, and afterwards walked with him and Mrs. Benecke to Madame Niese. The Schlossers came there. An interesting chat with Fritz Schlosser about the men of the last age—our youth. He said that F. Jacobi anxiously wished to be a Christian, and would hail him as a benefactor who should relieve him from his doubts. In fact, Jacobi was a Sentimentalist and a Theist. He hated Kantianism because he thought it wanted life and feeling. He loved Spinoza's character, but thought himself wronged in being treated as his follower. He was fond of quoting Pascal and Hemsterhusius.

Jacobi.

Two subjects of frequent talk were the strange story of Kasper Hauser, about whom many pamphlets had been written and opinions had widely differed; and Goethe's "Correspondence." There was a great deal of cant about the want of respect shown to the public in giving to it Goethe's insignificant letters. A story by Zelter is applicable in this instance:—"There goes Fritz," said one soldier to another, as the King went by. "What a shabby old hat he has on!"—"*Dummer Junge*," said the other, "you do not see what a fine *head* he has."

Kasper Hauser.

Goethe's Correspondence.

I had some conversations with Geheimerath Schlosser of the Stadt, the historian; and also with Paulus. The latter, in his "*Sophronizon*," relates an anecdote

Paulus.

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Penance by deputy

which he had from my old and very honest friend Jung, of Mainz. The latter saw a poor old woman at a station of a Calvary in Bavaria. She was crawling on her knees up the hill. She told her story. A rich lady who had sinned was required by her confessor to go on her knees so many times up the Calvary; but she might do it by deputy. She paid this poor woman 24 kreutzers (8*d.*) for her day's journey on her knees, "which," said the woman, "is poor wages for a day's hard labour; and I have three children to maintain. And unless charitable souls give me more, my children must go with half a bellyfull."

Object of the present stay at Heidelberg.

My object in making this stay at Heidelberg was to become sufficiently acquainted with Benecke's speculative philosophy, in which, certainly, I did not succeed. As one of the means of making that philosophy known to the English liberal public, he was desirous that I should translate the preface to his "Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans." I made a translation, with which he was moderately satisfied, but I never attempted to print it.*

Benecke.

In my journal of October 17th, I wrote: After dinner I was again with Benecke. He is very poorly; but we had an interesting conversation. He dwelt on two ideas which he deems of great importance,—the distinguishing thoughts of Necessity and Liberty; the one being such thoughts as are bound by, and altogether have their character from, that Necessity of

On Necessity and Liberty.

* Now, after twenty years, not only that preface, but the whole work, has been translated and given to the public by his son William.—H. C. R. "An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By William Benecke. Translated from the German." Longman, 1854.

which man partakes. Such are all the thoughts arising out of the contemplation of Nature. And the thoughts of Liberty are those which arise out of that self-determining power in man which constitutes his moral nature. To this class belong all moral ideas. Of Liberty he further explained, that this being a faculty liable to be abused—and this inevitably—the purpose of our being is so to improve this faculty, or exert it, that at least it is no longer capable of erring. When once man cannot abuse his freedom—when he voluntarily and spontaneously does what the moral law requires—then there is that synthesis or union of Liberty and Necessity which is the characteristic of God, and by attaining to which man partakes of the Divine nature,—the problem of human existence to be ultimately solved by all!

Let me connect with this a strange saying of Goethe's, being the *ne plus ultra* of progress,—"If there be not a God now, there will be one day."

Benecke's religious philosophy.

I shall take no notice of my walks with Benecke in this glorious country, nor of my intercourse with his admirable wife, who still survives, but refer only to his opinions. One of these, more remarkable than that on Liberty and Necessity, he gave me on the 19th of October, when he read to me something he had written on the Lord's Supper. He explained the meal as a symbol of the union of the Christian with God. It is by food that life is sustained—that is, the union of the body and soul, or spirit. But had not the food a spirit, it could have no effect on the mind. The nutritive power of the food is distinct from its coarse material

CHAP. II. 1834. *The Eucharist.*

nature. And so St. Paul speaks of a *spiritual body.* Benecke did not succeed in making me comprehend his explanation of Christ's words, "This is my body." This reminded me of a fine saying by Coleridge, in the *Quarterly Review*, that "the Calvinists had volatilized the Eucharist to a word—the Romanists ossified it to an idol." Benecke added, that, living in a Christian country, he should not be satisfied without partaking of the Lord's Supper, though he attaches no importance to it. Of course, the Roman Catholic idea of the reception being necessary to salvation is gross superstition. And he added, what my journal remarks had occurred to me before, that the text which says that he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and that he that believeth not shall be damned, does not say, "and he that is not baptized shall be damned." He approved of immersion as the primitive form of baptism.

Baptism.

H. C. R.'s admiration of Goethe.

*Rem.**—Of my admiration for Goethe, Benecke says, in his published letters,† "I agree with you in the judgment you express of what Robinson has thought of Goethe. He who so admires Goethe" (a just admiration, I think) "shows that he does not miss in him that without which there can be no true greatness. And he who does not perceive where it is not, cannot feel it where it really is." This is not altogether true in its application to me. If, by *not missing*, Benecke meant that I did not perceive where it was not, he did me injustice. The real difference between us lies in this,

* Written in 1854.

† "Wilhelm Benecke's Lebenskizze und Briefe." Dresden, 1850.

that I could perceive an excellence where the higher was not.

Frau von Arnim.

October 24th.—I met Frau von Arnim, and had a long talk with her about her book—"Goethe's Correspondence with a Child." She is highly and unreasonably dissatisfied with what has been done, or rather not done, in England. She had difficulty in getting it introduced in a way satisfactory to herself; and even at last she was so dissatisfied with the translation an English acquaintance had made for her, that she printed a translation of her own. This might be worth keeping in a cabinet of literary curiosities, but it never became sufficiently known to be an object of ridicule or censure. She told me that Görres declares this book will be the noblest monument yet erected to Goethe's memory.

Goethe's Correspondence with a Child.

Madame von Schlegel.

At six I went with Charlotte Serviere to see the painter Veit, with whom and Madame von Schlegel I spent a very pleasant evening. Madame von Schlegel was the daughter of Moses Mendelssohn. She is the mother of Veit, and married as her second husband Friedrich von Schlegel. She is old, and has the appearance of a sensible woman. I talked with her chiefly on personal matters. She spoke with regret of Wilhelm Schlegel's having become so much of a Frenchman in his literary opinions. Certainly, the learned Professor's affected disregard of German literature is not the least of his coxcombicalities.

Frankfort conductor.

By-the-by, I should have mentioned that the conductor of the diligence by which I came from Heidelberg, a well-looking man, though somewhat of a braggart, said that he had a brother on the Frankfort

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stage, who had been offered a salary of several thousand dollars to go to Stuttgart. "But," said he, "my brother will not go to Stuttgart—at Stuttgart there is no public, there is only a Court!!" A genuine Imperial free-city speech. He said his father and family for a hundred years had been conductors of a diligence.

Catechising in Dunkirk.

Passing through Dunkirk, I strolled into the large church, where there were three priests engaged in catechising boys and girls. It was by no means an edifying sight. I understood only a little, but enough not to lament that I could understand no more. I heard who was the first man, and to the answer as to who was the first woman, I heard a "*Bon.*" "Had Adam a father?" seemed a puzzler to the boy, and how he answered I could not hear; neither did I hear the answer to a question which would have been a puzzler to me—why man was made of the *limon de terre*, and not of some other *espèce de terre.* To a question which I could guess was, "Why was Eve said to have been made of Adam's rib?" I *did* catch the reply of the teacher, not of the boy—"*C'est pour faire voir que la femme est en dépendance sur l'homme.*" And then the dirty fellow grinned with a leer and a wink to the *Messieurs les étrangers.* And some women grinned too. And this, says my journal, is religious instruction, and so Christians are taught! I might have added—and so is society formed. This incident made such an impression on me that I have a vivid recollection of it now.

Why Eve was made of a man's rib.

Politics.

December 14th.—I dined with the Baldwins,* and had,

* *See* Vol. II., p. 278.

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as usual, an agreeable evening. He is in high spirits at the change of the Ministry. He seems to think that the Duke and Sir Robert Peel will be reforming Ministers—a good sign certainly. The dissolution, it is supposed, will take place immediately. I had no difficulty in treating lightly, and as suits an after-dinner conversation, these serious matters. Feeling, as I do, so little of a partisan, if I could by a wish determine the character of the new House of Commons, it should contain few Radicals—merely enough to enable the party to say all they wish, and the Whigs should be just strong enough to resume their places, but with so very powerful a Tory Opposition as to be restrained from measures of destructive violence. In a letter to my brother I wrote: "There is such an equipoise of honour, integrity, and intelligence distributed among the conscientious Conservative alarmists on the one hand, and the generous and philanthropic Reformers on the other, that I have no strong feeling in any contest between them. I feel a passionate hostility against none but the Radicals. The old Tory party, if not dead, is forced to sham death."

Balance of parties in Parliament desirable.

December 27th.—(On a visit to my friends the Pattissons at Witham.) I took a walk with the Pattissons in the grounds. They have been planting trees near the rivulet in the meadow, as suggested by me two years ago. To-day I planted three limes in a triangular position. Perhaps, as Jacob Pattisson half said, these trees will keep alive my memory longer than any other act of my life! Yet no child was present to witness the planting. At night I read Gregory's "Life of Robert Hall." The only passages that attracted me were the *mots*. His

Planting trees.

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religious character had nothing peculiar in it. He had fine taste and great eloquence, but after all was not first-rate—that is, not equal to Jeremy Taylor or Burke. But he was *facile princeps* of all the Dissenting preachers of the day. Of his sayings, here are a few :—

Hall's bons mots.

1. Being told that the Archbishop of Canterbury's chaplain came into the room to say grace, and then went out, he said, "So that is being great! His Grace, not choosing to present his own requests to the King of kings, calls in a deputy to take up his messages. A great man indeed!"

2. "In matters of conscience, *first thoughts* are best; in matters of prudence, the *last*."

3. Of Bishop Watson's life—"Poor man! I pity him. He married public virtue in his early days, but seemed for ever afterwards to be quarrelling with his wife."

4. A lady saying she would wait and see, when asked to subscribe—"She is watching, not to do good, but to escape from it."

5. Battle of Waterloo—"The battle and its results appeared to me to put back the clock of the world six degrees."

6. Of Dr. Magee's *mot* about the Catholic Dissenters, that the Catholics had a church and no religion, and the Dissenters a religion and no church, he said, "It is false, but is an excellent stone to pelt a Dissenter with."

7. "The head of ——— [a minister] is so full of everything but religion, one might be tempted to fancy that he has a Sunday soul, which he screws on in due time, and takes off every Monday morning."

8. Being told that his animation increased with his years, "Indeed! Then I am like touchwood, the more decayed, the easier fired."

1835.

Death of Lamb.

January 1st.—(At Witham.) The New Year's post brought me a letter from Talfourd announcing the death of that "frail good man"—"a good man if a good man ever was," to use Wordsworth's affectionate expression—*Charles Lamb.*

TALFOURD TO H. C. R.

Temple, 31st December, 1834.

My dear Robinson,

Illness and death of Charles Lamb.

I am very sorry that I did not know where you were, that I might have communicated poor Lamb's death to you before you saw it in the newspaper; but I only judged you were out of town by not having received any answer to a note (written before I was aware of Lamb's illness), asking you to dine with us on Saturday next. I first heard of his illness last Friday night, and on Saturday morning I went to see him. He had only been seriously ill since the preceding Wednesday. The immediate disease was erysipelas;* but it was, in truth, a breaking up of the constitution, and he died from mere weakness. When I saw him, the disease had so altered him that it was a very melancholy sight; his mind was then almost gone, and I do not think he was conscious of my presence; but he did not,

* Caused by a fall, which took place on Monday, and which made some slight wounds on the face.

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I believe, suffer any pain, nor was he at all conscious of danger. Ryle saw him the day before; *then* he was perfectly sensible; talked of common things, and said he was only weak, and should be well in a day or two. He died within two hours after I saw him. . . . . I doubt whether Mary Lamb will ever be quite herself again, so as to feel her loss with her natural sensibility. She went with Ryle yesterday to the churchyard, and pointed out a place where her brother had expressed a wish to be buried; and that wish will be fulfilled. The funeral will take place on Saturday, from the house where he died, at one o'clock. It will be attended by Moxon, Ryle, who is executor with me, a gentleman from the India House, who witnessed the will, and was an old companion there, Brock, Allsop, and, I believe, Carey. If you had been in town, we should, of course, have proposed it to you to attend, if you saw fit; but this is no occasion which should bring you to town for the purpose, unless for the gratification of your own feelings, as there will be quite sufficient in point of number, and Miss Lamb is not capable of deriving that comfort from seeing you which I am sure she would do, if she were herself. . . . . Pray act exactly as you think best.*

Miss Lamb.

January 12th.—I resolved to-day to discharge a melancholy duty, and went down by the Edmonton stage to call on poor Miss Lamb. It was a melancholy sight, but more so to the reflection than to the sense.

* After long vacillation Mr. Robinson determined to stop at Witham, and not go to London for the funeral—a determination which he always afterwards regretted.

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A stranger would have seen little remarkable about her. She was neither violent nor unhappy; nor was she entirely without sense. She was, however, out of her mind, as the expression is; but she could combine ideas, although imperfectly. On my going into the room where she was sitting with Mr. Waldron, she exclaimed with great vivacity, "Oh! here's *Crabby*." She gave me her hand with great cordiality, and said, "Now this is very kind—not merely good-natured, but very, very kind to come and see me in my affliction." And then she ran on about the unhappy, insane family of my old friend ———. It would be useless to attempt recollecting all she said; but it is to be remarked that her mind seemed turned to subjects connected with insanity, as well as with her brother's death. She spoke of Charles repeatedly. She is nine years and nine months older than he, and will soon be seventy. She spoke of his birth, and said that he was a weakly, but very pretty child. I have no doubt that if ever she be sensible of her brother's loss, it will overset her again. She will live for ever in the memory of her friends as one of the most amiable and admirable of women.

Visit to her after Lamb's death.

Miss Lamb's age.

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

[*No date.*]

The death of Charles Lamb has grieved me very bitterly. Never did I see a human being with whom I was more inclined to sympathize. There is something in the recollection that you took me with you to see him which affects me greatly more than writing or

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speaking of him could do with any other. When I first heard of the loss that all his friends, and many that never were his friends, sustained in him, no thought took possession of my mind except the anguish of his sister. That very night, before I closed my eyes, I composed this:—

TO THE SISTER OF CHARLES LAMB.

Comfort thee, O thou mourner! yet awhile
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, whose heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?
He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends, without a single foe;
Unequalled lot below!
His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
Shalt thou for these repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has: what then?
Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Though the warm day is over, yet they seek,
Upon the lofty peak
Of his pure mind, the roseate light, that glows
O'er Death's perennial snows.
Behold him! From the Spirits of the Blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest.

Landor's estimate of Miss Lamb.

If you like to send these to Leigh Hunt, do it. He may be pleased to print in his *Journal* this testimony of affection to his friend—this attempt at consolation to the finest genius that ever descended on the heart of woman. . . . . .

Words-worth.

March 3rd.—This was a busy day. I breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth (who are staying in town); Sir Robert Inglis called: something highly

respectable in his appearance; benevolence and simplicity are strongly expressed in his countenance. Mr. Rogers also called; he invited me to dine with the Wordsworths at his house to-day. I then walked with the Wordsworths to Pickersgill, who is painting a small likeness of the poet for Dora. We sat there for a couple of hours, enlivening by chat the dulness of sitting for a portrait. At six o'clock I returned to the West, and dined at Rogers's with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. The very rooms would have made the visit interesting, without the sight of any person. The pictures and marbles are delightful. Everywhere the most perfect taste imaginable.

Dinner with Rogers.

March 4th.—Dined at the Athenæum. A chat with Sheil and the Bishop of Exeter together,—an odd trio, it must be owned. The Bishop was the most of a courtier of the three. We all told anecdotes,—I, of the Irish padre in the mail with Sheil and me. Talking afterwards with Sheil alone, I declared to him my conviction that the Irish had a moral right to rebel if the continuance of the Anglican Church were insisted on.

Sheil and the Bishop of Exeter.

Irish Church a casus belli.

March 8th.—It is certain that Fonblanque now writes for the *Chronicle*. But this week there is in the *Examiner* no symptom of exhaustion. One sentence I must copy—it is admirable: "The pretence of the Tory Ministry that it is big with reforms, is like the trick of women under sentence of death, to procure a respite by the plea of pregnancy; but in these cases the party is kept under bolt and bar during the period for proving the falsehood of the pretence: and so must it be with our lying-in Government."

Fonblanque.

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Wordsworth.

Miss Lamb's pension.

Lady Blessington.

March 14th.—I called on Wordsworth, by appointment, at Pickersgill's. The small picture of Wordsworth is much better than the large one. From Moxon I heard the gratifying intelligence that the Trustees of the India House Clerks' Fund have resolved to allow Miss Lamb £120 per annum. This I have written to Talfourd. All anxiety about her future subsistence is now at an end.

March 30th.—At half-past seven, went to Lady Blessington's, where I dined. The amusing man of the party was a young Irishman—Lover—a miniature painter and an author. He sang and accompanied himself, and told some Irish tales with admirable effect. One of King O'Toole, and one of an Irish piper. In both, exquisite absurdities, uttered in a quiet tone and yet dramatically, constituted the charm. Among the other guests were Chorley and the American Willis. Count D'Orsay of course did the honours. Did not leave till near one, and then went to the Athenæum, where I stayed till past two, chiefly talking politics with Strutt.* The issue of the debate on the Irish Church very doubtful.

MISS BURNEY TO H. C. R.

22, *Henrietta Street, Bath,*
February 18th, 1835.

My dear Friend,

I will talk to you of a journey to town which I meditate undertaking towards the middle or latter end of May. I want to see my sister d'Arblay, and certain

* Now Lord Belper.

other old friends, and I had purposed applying to my niece, Mrs. Payne, for a little house-room during my London sojourn. But, behold! my charms, either bodily or mental, or both, have captivated the fancy of a gay gallant, aged only eighty—a Rev. James ———, uncle to Miss C——. He has a snug bachelor's house in Pimlico, and has so set his heart upon having me under his roof, that when I at first declined the invitation, he looked so mortified, so like an unhappy Strephon, that finally my tender womanish heart was softened, and I promised him three weeks or a month of my engaging company. This has revived him, and he left Bath ten days since, the happiest of expectant lovers. Meanwhile, of all the birds in the air, who do you think is actually boarding with me in my present residence, and subscribing to all the ways and doings of a Bath boarding-house? Why, Miss C—— herself, the one you dined with at Mr. King's! Since that time she has been residing again with her father, near Liége; but longing and sighing for the pleasure of becoming a Carmelite nun, an' please you! Something or other, however,—I cannot well make out what,—has put her off from this very judicious plan for the present; yet, so excited had been her spirits, and so shaken her health, both of body and mind, that it was thought desirable for her to spend a few months in her own country, and amidst persons and scenes that might take off her thoughts from what had so long exclusively engrossed them. To Bath, then, she came, a little before Christmas, partly attracted perhaps by me, and still more by a certain Catholic Bishop Bains, residing at Prior Park,

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and her great friend. And a good friend too, for he is wholly averse to her becoming a nun; and, moreover, as she has been advised here by a medical man to observe a more nourishing diet, he (the Bishop) has given her a dispensation, whereby she may abstain from killing herself by fasting rigorously throughout the approaching Lent.

I return your Italian volumes, my dear friend, with many thanks, owning honestly that I have never looked into them; for the thread of my interest in Botta's "History" having been interrupted by my leaving Florence, I could not for the life of me connect it again; and I got hold of other books—read no Italian for ages—and at last pounced one fine day upon a good clear edition of Ariosto, and have been and am reading him with even more delight than when he first fell into my hands. Here and there he is a bad boy; and as the book is my own, and I do not like indecency, I cut out whole pages that annoy me, and burn them before the author's face, which stands at the beginning of the first volume, and I hope feels properly ashamed. Next to Ariosto, by way of something new, I treat myself now and then with a play of one William Shakespeare, and I am reading Robertson's "Charles V.," which comes in well after that part of Botta's "History" at which I left off, viz., just about the time of the Council of Trent. And as I love modern reading, I was glad to find myself possessed of a very tidy edition of a biographical work you may perhaps have heard tell of—Plutarch's "Lives." If you should ever meet with it, I think I might venture to say you would not dislike it.

Expurgation of Italian books.

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I am with good and worthy people, who took much care of me when I was ill; and I like Bath better than *Lonnon*, as you cockneys call it; and, except once more to revisit the dear interesting Rome, I never desire to see Italy again in all my born days. Of Florence I had much too much. Adieu, dear Friend.

Yours ever truly,

S. H. BURNEY.

Dinner at Rolfe's.

April 5th.—At seven I dined with Rolfe. An interesting party—in all twelve. Among them were Jeffrey, once editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, now Lord Jeffrey, a Scotch judge; Rand, an American lawyer, Empson, Sutton Sharpe, Duckworth,* Milne, a young barrister, &c. Jeffrey is a sharp and clever-looking man, and in spite of my dislike to his name, he did not on the whole displease me. His treatment of Wordsworth would not allow me to like him, had he been greater by far than he was. And therefore when he said, "I was always an admirer of Wordsworth," I could not repress the unseemly remark, "You had a singular way of showing your admiration."

Jeffrey.

H. C. R. TO BENECKE.

2, *Plowden Buildings,*
27th April, 1835.

My dear Sir,

I am convinced that whenever the attempt is made to introduce into England such a scheme of theology as you have *ausgedacht* (thought out), the greatest

* One of the Masters in Chancery.

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On schemes of theology.

difficulty of its being made accessible to English understandings will arise more from the neglect of the faculty of *severe thought* in this country, than from a want of sympathy in religious feeling. I believe that you would have found a "fit audience, though few," among the Puritans of the seventeenth century. Perhaps, too, among such Churchmen as Barrow, Cudworth, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor. By-the-by, I shall be anxious to know your opinion of the "Holy Dying." Perhaps Taylor is the least profound of all the great men I have mentioned. As an orator, he stands at the head. I will seek some other specimen of his composition. Eminent writers not clergymen of the Established Church are Baxter, Howe, Law (the translator of "Jacob Böhme"). But the most awfully tremendous of all metaphysical divines is the American ultra-Calvinist,

Jonathan Edwards

Jonathan Edwards, whose book on "Original Sin" I unhappily read when a very young man. It did me an irreparable mischief. But it is a work of transcendent intellectual power. I am sure you will find it has been translated. Its object was to display the Calvinistic scheme in all its intensity and merciless severity. The strict justice of punishing all men eternally for the sin of one man was insisted on as a consequence of the *infinite justice* of God; the possibility of salvation was deduced from the *sovereignty* of God's grace; and the absolute and invincible predestination to eternal suffering of all on whom that grace was not freely conferred (for whom alone the atoning sacrifice of Christ was performed) was most barbarously maintained.

Eternal punishment.

Predestination.

I should like to know what is thought of Jonathan

Edwards; I do not say by yourself—for on a portion of that subject I am happy that you have explained yourself satisfactorily—but by the reputed orthodox of the modern Evangelical Church. The other books, which I sent rather to Mrs. Benecke than yourself, have, I dare say, pleased you. I wish Mrs. Benecke would amuse herself, or procure some friend to do so, by translating Mrs. Barbauld's "Essay on Inconsistent Expectations." I hold it to be one of the most exquisite morsels of English prose ever written. And it had the most salutary effect on me. When a young man I met with it, and so deeply was I impressed with it, that I can truly say I never *repined* at any one *want* or *loss*, or the *absence of any good* that has befallen me. . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld on inconsistency in our expectations.*

You will have sympathized with us during the recent conflict between the *Reformers* and *anti-Reformers*. The Reformers have gained a temporary victory, but the battle is not yet over. There has been, certainly, a reaction towards Toryism. But to that degree is Toryism vanquished, that Sir Robert Peel could only gain a hearing by professing to be himself a Reformer. So that now it is a question, not of Reform and no Reform, but of *how much* Reform. . . . . My opinion is that great caution is requisite, in order to enable the Whigs to retain their very small majority. I believe that both Whigs and Radicals have seen their former error. Though that enormous abuse, the Episcopal Church in Ireland, must ultimately be sacrificed, yet the Whigs have for the present contented themselves with asserting the right to apply the surplus of the Church revenue to the education of the Catholic poor of Ireland. And *Conservatism.* *Irish Church.*

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so much the Lords must yield. The Radicals will be wise enough to press for no more at present. . . . .

Flaxman's works.

April 28th.—I wrote to Miss Denman to tell her of my having spoken to Spring Rice, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, about her collection of Flaxman's remains; he says that the suggestion that the whole should be deposited in the National Gallery is worth consideration. I am to remind him of this by letter.

Lord Byron.

April 30th.—Read the dedication to "Don Juan." Byron's wit and satirical talent of the highest order. Some of his small poems—the stanzas written on his birthday, just before his death—show that he was not wanting in true feeling, though there was with it a perverted and diseased sensibility.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

[*No date, but* 1835 *written on the outside.*]

Wordsworth on his critics.

At breakfast this morning we received from some unknown friend the *Examiner*, containing a friendly notice of my late volume. It is discreditable to say that these things interest me little, but as they may tend to promote the sale, which, with the prospects of unavoidable expense before me, is a greater object to me, much greater than it otherwise would have been. The testimonies, which I receive very frequently, of the effect of my writings upon the hearts and minds of men, are indeed very gratifying, because I am sure *they* must be written under pure influences, but it is not necessarily, or even probably, so with strictures intended for the public. The one are *effusions*, the other compositions,

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and liable in various degrees to intermixtures that take from their value. It is amusing to me to have proofs how critics and authors differ in judgment, both as to fundamentals and incidentals; as an instance of the latter, see the passage where I speak of Horace, quoted in the *Examiner*. The critic marks in italics, for approbation, certain passages, but he takes no notice of three words, in delicacy of feeling worth, in my estimation, all the rest:—"He only listening." Again, what he observes in praise of my mode of dealing with nature, as opposed to my treatment of human life, which, as he said, is not to be trusted, would be reversed, as it has been by many who maintain that I run into excess in my pictures of the influences of natural objects, and assign to them an importance that they are not entitled to; while in my treatment of the intellectual instincts, affections, and passions of mankind, I am nobly distinguished by having drawn out into notice the points in which men resemble each other, in preference to dwelling, as dramatic authors must do, upon those in which they differ. If my writings are to last, it will, I myself believe, be mainly owing to this characteristic. They will please for the single cause—

How critics and authors differ.

His poems of humanity.

"That we have all of us one human heart."

Farewell!

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

2, *Plowden Buildings*,
May 4th, 1835.

. . . . . It was I who sent you the *Examiner*. The article was written by Forster, the sub-editor.

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I sent it because it was written manifestly in a spirit of honest love. The praise was not grudgingly given. Indeed, it is pleasing to remark this everywhere; I have not yet heard of a hostile review. I quite assent to your remarks on criticism. Among Goethe's significant poems, having much of the enigma in them, there is one called "*Geheimnisse*" (Secrets), in which there is a line that I have applied equally to his works and yours,—

On criticism and partial insight.

"Das ganze Lied es kann doch niemand kennen."

(No one can know the *whole* song). Portions are enjoyed variously by readers in their several stages of refinement. There is no one—not even an *Edinburgh Reviewer*—who cannot enjoy some. Who can presume to think he has comprehended all? I have only one wish as far as you are concerned—that you would condescend occasionally to assist in the parturition, as Socrates said he did, borrowing the art from his mother.

On the new volume.

My personal enjoyment of these new poems has been great, even beyond hope. You have all the peculiar graces which distinguish your early works; and you, at the same time, have been making inroads on the walks of others.

Miss Hutchinson.

June 26th.—The post brought me a very sad letter from Wordsworth. Miss Hutchinson* died on the 23rd. She was thought to be the healthiest of the family—their stay under the dangerous illness of Miss Wordsworth and of Dora.

* Mrs. Wordsworth's sister.

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June 27th.—I went in the morning to Miss Denman, and introduced her and Miss Edgar to the London University. Brougham delivered the prizes in the Faculty of Arts; he made one of his flaming speeches—very interesting to the general public, but rather prosy to me. He went over the old ground—about the not having religion taught, and the inutility of subscriptions—very satisfactorily, remarking that a university of infidels would not scruple signing any articles whatever. The speech was rapturously received. Lord Brougham, in the council-room, asked me to look over the proof-sheets of the German translation of his "Natural Theology."

London University, now University College.

Brougham.

Excluding religion from curriculum.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

2, *Plowden Buildings,*
July 31*st*, 1835.

. . . . . This brings Mackintosh and his recent "Life" to my mind. Surely Mackintosh's letter to Hall is a masterpiece! That is not the word; for it is not a work of art, it is a manifestation of very fine moral tact. The book, on the whole, raises Mackintosh, not with respect to his powers of mind, but in point of morals. The index will enable you to get at the interesting matter easily. . . . . His humility is remarkable. His journals must be sincere. I was astonished to read two thoughts, which, though I have often *uttered* them myself, I did not think any one ever did before, or would again. He says that some one had a great dislike to him; and adds, "I think it more likely that I should have disreputable and disagreeable

Mackintosh as a moralist.

Diffidence.

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qualities, than that ——— should have taken an unreasonable prejudice against me!" He adds elsewhere, "I should not respect my own character in another person." . . . . . .

Bridport.

July 7th.—Took tea at Jaffray's. He read me a letter from Bridport, about the chances of my being elected at that place. He would assist me personally, and perhaps secure me many of the second votes of Twiss's party; while, of course, I should have the second votes of Warburton's party in preference to Twiss. So that were there only Twiss, Warburton, and myself, I should have a fair chance. But I would not stand against Romilly; and Strutt, to whom I spoke after leaving Jaffray's, says he believes an offer will be made to bring in Romilly free of expense. If so, the idea must be given up.

H. C. R. thinks of going into Parliament.

Talk with Talfourd about Lamb.

November 22nd.—I went to Serjeant Talfourd, with whom I had a long and friendly chat about Mary Lamb, Charles Lamb's correspondence, &c. Talfourd says the letters are most delightful, though many of them cannot be published. The later letters, as well as writings, far superior to the earlier. Writing to Manning, Charles Lamb says: "——— says he could write like Shakespeare if he had a *mind*—so you see nothing is wanting but the *mind*."

Breakfast with Rogers.

November 29th.—I breakfasted with Mr. Rogers tête-à-tête, staying with him from ten till one o'clock. A very agreeable morning, and I left him with feelings of enhanced respect. There was very little of that severity of remark for which he is reproached. Can-

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dour and good sense marked all he said. We talked about Wordsworth, Byron, and Goethe. He seems sufficiently prepossessed in favour of Goethe, and I have lent him Mrs. Austin's book. Of Lord Byron he spoke freely, especially of his sensitiveness as to what was said of him. He spoke very highly of Wordsworth, but with qualifications which would not satisfy Wordsworth's admirers. He thinks he is likely now to be over-lauded, as he was before to be under-rated. I was least prepared for his affirming that Wordsworth is a careless versifier—he thinks his blank verse better than his rhymes. On moral subjects and religion Rogers showed much seriousness. He spoke of the much greater distinctness with which he could recollect his faults than his kind actions: "Every man has his kind moments; of course I, as well as others—and it is distressing I cannot recollect them."—"A Pharisee would," I replied, "and surely it is better *not*." Rogers produced a small volume, which he praised greatly—"Clio on Taste, by J. Usher."

Rogers on the poets.

December 3rd.—Went in the evening to Moxon's. With him was Miss Lamb. She was very comfortable—not in high spirits—but calm, and she seemed to enjoy the sight of so many old friends. There were Carey, Allsop, and Miss James. No direct talk about her brother. Wordsworth's epitaph she disapproves. She does not like any allusion to his being a clerk, or to family misfortunes. This is very natural. Not even dear Mary can overcome the common feeling that would conceal lowness of station, or a reference to ignoble sufferings. On the other hand, Wordsworth

Mary Lamb.

Epitaph on C. Lamb.

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Was Lamb's India House work a matter to be proud of?

says, "Lamb's submitting to that mechanical employment placed him in fine moral contrast with other men of genius—his contemporaries—who, in sacrificing personal independence, have made a wreck of morality and honour, to a degree which it is painful to consider. To me, this was a noble feature in Lamb's life, and furnishes an admirable lesson, by which thousands might profit."

Coleridge.

December 16th.—At night began Allsop's "Letters of Coleridge." It is full of odd things. Coleridge is shown more unreservedly than by his nephew. A capital expression, which will be misunderstood, is to this effect: "I asked Clarkson whether he ever thought of the fate of his soul hereafter. He said he had no time, he thought only of the slaves in Barbadoes. Wilberforce," it is added, "cared nothing about the slaves, provided he saved his own soul." (This was grossly unjust to Wilberforce.) "As there is a worldliness, or too much care for this life, so there is *another* worldliness, or *other* worldliness, equally hateful and selfish with this worldliness." This is admirable. One sentence in Allsop's book, given as Coleridge's, is worth quoting: "By priest I mean a man who, holding the scourge of power in his right hand, and a Bible translated by authority in the other, doth necessarily cause the Bible and the scourge to be associated ideas, and so produces that temper of mind that leads to infidelity,—infidelity which, judging of revelation by the doctrines and practices of established churches, *honours God by rejecting Christ.*"

The selfishness of saints.

Honourable infidelity.

December 19th.—I spent the evening at the Athenæum,

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and was industrious, for I wrote letters to Mrs. Clarkson, giving her an account of the Wordsworths, also of Coleridge's "Letters." I am going to send Mrs. Clarkson a present of Lamb's Works—a memorial that I owed my acquaintance with Lamb to her.

Mrs. Clarkson.

FROM H. C. R. TO MR. MASQUERIER.

2, *Plowden Buildings, Temple,*
Dec. 22nd, 1835.

I feel that I ought to communicate to you any incident of importance in my unimportant life. I have at length reluctantly, and against my own judgment, yielded to my friends and resolved to give up my chambers at Lady Day. You have contributed to bring me to this determination, for you, like others, have said, "How uncomfortable you must be, living alone in chambers!" Now, in fact, I have never been uncomfortable, but have enjoyed myself, and only yielded to others under a notion that perhaps I should soon feel what others suppose I already feel. It is curious to recollect that I have always been troubled at every change in my mode of living. I have always said: "I shall never be so well off as I have been;" and yet, in fact, when settled, I have generally been better than before. So was it when I went to Germany—so when I came back—so when I connected myself with Walter—so when I went to and retired from the Bar, &c. &c. And yet I cannot help fearing still—I have this in common with Rousseau (we have nothing else in common)—that, as he says, he never regretted the past, but was always very anxious about the future. I have

Giving up chambers.

All changes feared, and yet prove for the better.

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Schemes for the future.

three months to prepare myself. That's one comfort. And part of that time will be spent in trying to impart amusement and receive profit from the society of my friends in the North. I set out for Wordsworth's on Wednesday morning. I shall remain with him a few weeks; and I shall take advantage of the being without a home to make another foreign trip—the last, probably. I mean to go to Barron Field* in April, and after accompanying him into Spain, I mean to go either to Italy or Greece. I do not intend being absent more than a year. And then—why, then, my grand climacteric will be approaching, and I must try to ward off the enemy by strength, if I can call up any,—if not, summon patience to endure pain. In the meanwhile let us hope that you and Madame will, like me, be meeting the approach of years with all practicable cheerfulness. "An impertinent fellow!" I hear Madame exclaim, "to compare *me* with himself. We are chickens to him, love! We are not between sixty and seventy, nor anything like it!!" That is true, and ought to enter into all calculations concerning the probabilities of life. It is equally true that hitherto I have had less cause of complaint. By-the-by, I am just now become again rheumatic. I am like Mother Cole, full of aches. My journey to Rydal Mount will do me no good, I fear. But, then, if the disease continue, it will furnish an additional reason for travelling southward. I lost my former and worse rheumatism there. Why should I not also lose the new one?

Adieu, and a merry Christmas to you both! With

* Then Judge at Gibraltar.

my best compliments to all those who honour me by recollecting me.

Rapid travelling by stage-coach.

December 23rd.—Travelled to Manchester in the "Telegraph" coach. Travelled more rapidly than ever before—going about 180 miles in one day. The great rapidity of the motion had, I believe, an effect on my spirits, for I felt no ennui, although the coach was ill-built, and did not allow of my taking a comfortable nap. I had no companionable fellow-traveller, and the cold was so intense, that the breath of the passengers being congealed on the glass, formed a blind which perpetual wiping could not effectually remove. We left London at half-past five, and at half-past eight were safely lodged at the Star, at Manchester.

Rydal.

December 25th.—Having breakfasted, I set out (from Kendal, which I reached yesterday evening) at eight, and arrived at Rydal at about half-past ten. I was set down at a small house at the foot of Rydal Hill, kept by a Mrs. Atkins. Here I found a fire in the sitting-room intended for me. I was expected last night. Mrs. Wordsworth had left tea and sugar for me; and I saw an omen of comfort in these lodgings in the agreeable countenance of my landlady. Without waiting to dress, I ran up to the Wordsworths, from whom I had a very kind reception. They approve of my plan of spending my mornings alone. We dined—as they do usually here—very early. One is the dinner-hour. The rest of the day was spent within, except that Wordsworth and I took a walk beyond Dr. Arnold's house with the Doctor himself.

Lodgings at Rydal.

Dr. Arnold.

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H. C. R. begins his Christmas visits to Wordsworth.

*Rem.**—This year's visit to Wordsworth at a season when most persons shun the lakes was succeeded by many others. Indeed there were few interruptions until old age and death put an end to this and other social enjoyments. The custom began in consequence of a pressing invitation by Mrs. Wordsworth, who stated—and I have no reason to doubt her perfect sincerity—that she believed it would promote *his* health, my "buoyant spirits," to borrow his own words, having a cheering effect on him. I gladly accepted the invitation, but insisted on this condition—that lodgings should be taken for me in the neighbourhood of Rydal Mount. In these lodgings I was to sleep and breakfast; the day I was to spend with the Wordsworths, and I was to return in the evening to my lodgings and a fire and a milk supper. I soon became known in the neighbourhood, and was considered as one of the family. The family then consisted, besides themselves, of Miss Wordsworth (Dorothy—the sister "Emily" of the poems, and our companion in the Swiss tour); but already her health had broken down. In her youth and middle age she stood in somewhat the same relation to her brother William as dear Mary Lamb to her brother Charles. In her long illness, she was fond of repeating the favourite small poems of her brother, as well as a few of her own. And this she did in so sweet a tone as to be quite pathetic.

The Wordsworths' family party.

Miss Wordsworth.

The temporary obscurations of a noble mind can never obliterate the recollections of its inherent and essential worth. There are two fine lines in Goethe's

* Written in 1853.

"Tasso," which occur perpetually to my mind, and are peculiarly applicable here. I can give them only in this shape :— CHAP. II. 1835.

> "These are not phantoms bred within the brain;
> I know they are eternal, for they are."

Wordsworth's daughter Dora*—*Dorina*, as I called her by way of distinction—was in somewhat better health than usual, but generally her state of health was a subject of anxiety. She was the apple of her father's eye. Mrs. Wordsworth was what I have ever known her; and she will ever be, I have no doubt, while life remains, perfect of her kind. I did not know her when she was the "phantom of delight." But ever since I have known her she has been— *Mrs. Wordsworth.*

> "A perfect woman nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

Because she is so admirable a person, there is little to say of her in detail.

The servants have been generally the same since I have known the family. The females excellent. One man-servant, *James*, I shall be able to characterize with more effect hereafter. *The servants.*

[The feeling with which Mr. Robinson's visit was looked for year after year at Rydal Mount is shown in many letters, from two of which a few words may be given here :—"All look forward to your arrival," writes Quillinan, "as to the holly-branch, without which no Christmas will be genuine."—"I always sing the same song—no Crabb, no Christmas! But you *will* come about the 18th of December. That is settled."]

* Afterwards Mrs. Quillinan.

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A day's occupation at a Christmas visit.

December 26th.—What I have to say of to-day will probably be an anticipation of my days during my stay here. I read in bed for a couple of hours, for I awoke early. I sat within—not till dinner-time, as it happened, for about twelve Mrs. Wordsworth, passing in a gig, proposed, my taking Wordsworth out. I called on him, and we had a fine dry walk about Grasmere Lake, crossed the stream at the head, and returned on the western side. I stayed at Rydal Mount, as I generally shall do, the rest of the day, and in the dark hour I walked out with Wordsworth to Ambleside—the excuse, to ask for a paper. We returned to our tea at six, and at nine I came home, having ordered a fire in my bedroom, at which I sat till twelve, and then read in bed till one. Such will probably be my life for the next few weeks. My kind and agreeable landlady makes me excellent toast; I have my own tea; and a ham has been provided by Mrs. Wordsworth. In the evening I take a morsel of bread and ham, to keep off the foul fiend. Such is my home life. I have a small, rather dark sitting-room, near the road; it has the advantage of the stage to Keswick passing three days a week (it came five minutes ago). A cottage-like apartment, very comfortable; a similar bedroom behind. For this I am to pay, Mrs. Wordsworth says, 10*s.* a week, and 3*s.* 6*d.* for fire. I must not, however, forget that I spent two hours this morning in looking over those letters of Charles Lamb's which Wordsworth did not choose to send to Talfourd for publication. There are several most delightful letters, which one regrets not to be able to print immediately.

C. Lamb.

There are also some which Wordsworth will allow me to copy in part, and some from which notes may be taken.

December 28th.—A day of uninterrupted quiet enjoyment. I read in Southey's "Cowper," and continued Lamb's letters till one. After dinner I chatted with Wordsworth *de omnibus rebus*, and between three and four we set out for a walk, notwithstanding the bad weather, for it had rained all the morning, and threatened to rain again. We left a message at Dr. Arnold's house, and strolled on to the shore of Windermere. The angry clouds left Langdale Pikes a grand object—more grand, perhaps, surrounded by black stormy clouds, than illumined by the sun.

A winter walk with Wordsworth.

December 29th.—I woke early and read in bed Crabbe's "Life." It did not much interest me. I take no pleasure in Crabbe's unpoetical representations of human life. And though no one can dispute that he had a powerful pen, and could truthfully portray what he saw, yet he had an eye only for the sad realities of life. As Mrs. Barbauld said to me many years ago, "I shall never be tired of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village'—I shall never look again into Crabbe's 'Village.' Indeed this impression is so strong, that I have never read his later works, and know little about them."

Crabbe's poems.

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CHAPTER III.

1836.

Dr. Arnold's sermon.

January 3rd.—At church. Dr. Arnold preached an impressive discourse, which excited feelings in me too serious to be more than adverted to here. The subject was a reconciling of the seeming contradictions of passages implying that God *will* listen, and *will not* listen, to the prayers addressed to him. But he could not unravel the knot which no divine has ever unravelled, that without grace no one can pray, and yet grace is to be imparted to those only who duly ask for it. That is, grace is granted only to those who have it already. How I should prize the Œdipus that would solve this riddle.

"The burthen of the mystery."

Elleray.

January 7th.—After an early luncheon I walked partly, and partly drove, with Wordsworth to Elleray, the residence of Lady Farquhar and Mr. Hamilton, the property of Professor Wilson. It stands above Windermere, and enjoys a very wide view of the lake, which I next morning saw, though disadvantageously, through a mist. We had a very agreeable afternoon. On our walk Wordsworth was remarkably eloquent and felicitous in his praise of Milton. He spoke of the "Paradise Regained" as surpassing even the "Paradise

Wordsworth on Milton.

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Lost" in perfection of execution, though the theme is far below it, and demanding less power. He spoke of the description of the storm in it as the finest in all poetry; and he pointed out some of the artifices of versification by which Milton produces so great an effect—as in passages like this :—

> "Pining atrophy,
> Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,
> Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

In which the power of the final *rheums* is heightened by the *atrophy* and *pestilence.* Wordsworth also praised, but not equally, "Samson Agonistes." He concurred, he said, with Johnson in this, that it had *no middle,* but the beginning and end are equally sublime.

Dr. Arnold.

January 8th.—An agreeable forenoon. Mrs. Wordsworth came at twelve, and with her I drove home. I dined with Dr. Arnold. I like him more the more I see of him. The Hardens there, also Mr. and Mrs. Harrison. Some of the party were Tories, but they did not restrain the rest of us in the exercise of Whiggish habits. We talked freely. The Doctor certainly talks more freely than I ever heard a D.D. talk; and from the head-master of so great an establishment as Rugby School (where, I believe, there are 300 pupils), this is a significant sign of the times. The Doctor is to be one of the examiners in the London University. He has, however, required that he shall be at liberty to refer to Christianity as a system of divine truth, not a mere scheme of philosophy. But he says Christianity shall be referred to in a way that shall offend no sect whatever. The Doctor expressed (but that was on

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On Milton's Satan.

Sunday) an opinion against the Satan of Milton. He thinks the Satan too *good* a character; he is not enough of a devil—not the personification of Evil. And the fight between the rebellious and obedient angels resembles too much the war of the Giants in Greek Mythology.

Shelley.

January 10th.—Read the notes to Shelley's "Queen Mab," as well as, here and there, bits of his poetry. His atheism is very repulsive. *The* God he denies seems to be, after all, the God of the superstitious. I suspect that he has been guilty of the fault of which I find I have all my life been guilty, though not to the same extent as he, of inferring that there can be no truth behind the palpable falsehoods propounded to one. He draws in one of his notes a picture of Christianity, or rather, he sums up the Christian doctrines, and in such a way, that perhaps Wordsworth would say: "This I disbelieve as much as Shelley, but that is only the caricature and burlesque of Christianity." There is much very delightful poetry in Shelley.

Underlying truths.

H. C. R.'s Autobiography.

January 13th.—It may be worth mentioning, that Wordsworth has himself intimated, what many other friends have done, that I ought to leave in writing, if not myself publish, some account of my life. He is a severe and fastidious judge, and his recommendation is by far the most encouraging I have received. It has the more weight, because he has very restraining opinions on the limits to be set to the repetition of anecdotes and the publication of letters. He has, however, praised my anecdotes of Wieland, and says I should do well to give an account of Goethe.

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Wordsworth's conversation has been very interesting lately, and had I not so bad a memory, that a few hours suffice to obscure all I have heard, I might insert many a remarkable opinion, if not fact. He gave an account of "The Ancient Mariner" being written in Devonshire when he and Coleridge were together. It was intended for the *Monthly Magazine*, and was to pay the expenses of a journey. It was to have been a joint work, but Wordsworth left the execution to Coleridge, after suggesting much of the plan. The idea of the crime was suggested by a book of travels, in which the superstition of the sailors with regard to the albatross is mentioned. Wordsworth wrote many of his lyrical ballads at the same time. Coleridge wrote the first four lines of "We are Seven."

Wordsworth on the writing of The Ancient Mariner.

"We are Seven."

January 15th.—Having had no walk yesterday, Wordsworth was with me early this morning, to walk to Ambleside, in spite of the snow, and I found a snow scene quite pleasant in this mountainous country. At five I accompanied Wordsworth to Dr. Arnold's. I had sent the Doctor Professor Malden's address of the Senate to the Council of the London University, which he warmly praised. Wordsworth had also spoken well of it.

Snow on the mountains.

Dr. Arnold.

January 17th.—After church to-day an agreeable chat with Dr. Arnold. The following are some notes of what he said:—"The atonement is a doctrine which has its foundation in that consciousness of unworthiness and guilt which arises from an upright self-examination. All the orthodox doctrines are warranted by a humble spirit, and all that is best in our moral nature. There

Dr. Arnold on controverted doctrines.

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is internal evidence for all these doctrines, which are a source of happiness. And the difficulty of comprehending the mysteries of the Gospel is no sufficient reason for rejection. It is not necessary to define with precision the doctrines thus received, and the Church of England has encumbered itself by needless and mischievous attempts at explanation. The Athanasian Creed is one of these unhappy excrescences. Nor does the idea of the personality of the Spirit come with such authority, or claim so imperiously our adoption, as the

Doctrine of satisfaction.

doctrine of the divinity of Christ. The thought that an infinitely pure being can receive satisfaction from the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and accept them as a satisfaction for the sins of the guilty, is declared by Coleridge to be an outrage on common sense. It is a hard saying, nor can I explain it to my satisfaction. I leave this as an awful mystery I am not called on to solve. Coleridge

Miracles.

used to declare that the belief in miracles is not a necessary part of a Christian's creed; but this is contrary to the express and uniform declaration of the Scriptures. And I have no difficulty in believing in miracles, since I consider as superstition the imagined knowledge and certainty which men suppose they have as to the laws of Nature."

Wordsworth on the sonnet.

January 26th.—I wish I could here write down all that Wordsworth has said about the Sonnet lately, or record here the fine fourteen lines of Milton's "Paradise Lost," which he says are a perfect sonnet without rhyme, and essentially one in unity of thought. Wordsworth does not approve of uniformly closing the second quatrain with a full stop, and of giving a turn to

the thought in the terzines. This is the Italian mode; Milton lets the thought *run over*. He has used both forms indifferently. I prefer the Italian form. Wordsworth does not approve of closing the sonnet with a couplet,* and he holds it to be absolutely a vice to have a sharp turning at the end with an epigrammatic point. He does not, therefore, quite approve of the termination of Cowper's "Sonnet to Romney,"—

> "Nor couldst thou sorrow see
> While I was Hayley's guest and sat to thee."

Dr. Arnold on the naming of places.

January 27th.—Dined at Mr. Parry's, at Grasmere. The Arnolds, Lutwidges, Captain Graves, &c. At night the Doctor accompanied me back. We walked over *Old Corruption*,—for so the Doctor has christened in derision the original road between Rydal and Keswick. The first new road he has named "Bit-by-bit Reform," and the beautiful road by the lake, "Radical Reform." We found Old Corruption, here, as elsewhere, perilous; and by night might have broken our necks in it.

Regrets at leaving Rydal.

January 29th.—I am sorry to recollect that the next page, if ever filled by me, will probably record my departure from this most delightful residence. By-the-by, I overheard Wordsworth say last night to the Doctor, that I had helped him through the winter, and that he should gratefully recollect it as long as he had any memory!! Wordsworth speaks highly of the author of "Corn Law Rhymes." He says: "None of us have done better than he has in his best, though there is a deal of stuff arising from his hatred of

Wordsworth on Ebenezer Elliott.

* Yet several of Wordsworth's sonnets close with a couplet.

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existing things. Like Byron, Shelley, &c., he looks on much with an evil eye." Wordsworth likes his later writings the best, and mentioned the "Ranter" as containing some fine passages. Elliott has a fine eye for nature. He is an extraordinary man.

Wordsworth on other poets.

January 31*st.*—It occurs to me that I have not noticed as I ought Wordsworth's answer to the charge that he never quotes other poems than his own. In fact, I can testify to the incorrectness of the statement. But he himself remarked, "You know how I love and quote not only Shakespeare and Milton, but Cowper, Burns, &c.; as to some of the later poets, I do not quote them because I do not love them. Even as works of mere taste there is this material circumstance—they came too late. My taste was formed, for I was forty-five when they appeared, and we cannot after that age love new things. New impressions are difficult to make. Had I been young, I should have enjoyed much of them, I do not doubt."

Middle age incapable of new loves.

Leaving Rydal.

February 1*st.*—I left Rydal about eleven o'clock. Of all my friends I took leave with feelings of great tenderness, my esteem for them all being greatly raised during this most agreeable visit. I will here add a note or two of Wordsworth's conversation. Talking of dear Charles Lamb's very strange habit of quizzing, and of Coleridge's *incorrectnesses* in talk, Wordsworth said he thought that much of this was owing to a *school-habit.* Lamb's veracity was unquestionable in all matters of a serious kind; he never uttered an untruth either for profit or through vanity, and certainly never to injure others. Yet he loved a quizzing lie, a fiction

Blue-coat School influences on Lamb and Coleridge.

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that amused him like a good joke, or an exercise of wit.* In Coleridge there was a sort of dreaminess, which would not let him see things as they were. He would talk about his own feelings and recollections and intentions in a way that deceived others, but he was first deceived himself. "I am sure," said Wordsworth, "that he never formed a plan of 'Christabel,' or knew what was to be its end, and that he merely deceived himself when he thought, as he says, that he had had the idea quite clearly in his mind. In my childhood," continued Wordsworth, "I was very wayward and moody. My mother, who was a superior woman, used to say she had no anxieties about any of her children except William. She was sure he would turn out an extraordinary man—and she *hoped* a good man, but she was not so sure of that."

Wordsworth on his childhood.

February 2nd.—From Kendal I proceeded through Skipton to Leeds, where I spent two evenings with my Yorkshire friends. It was at this time that I first saw Wicksteed, the Unitarian minister there—a man I at once took a fancy to. He is the son of an early friend of William Hazlitt—the only *home* acquaintance I ever heard Hazlitt warmly praise. Of Wicksteed I have heard Archdeacon Hare speak in terms of warm praise, calling him a Christian, whether or not a Unitarian.

Wicksteed the Unitarian.

H. C. R. TO BENECKE.

2, *Plowden Buildings,*
March 2nd, 1836.

Every sentence of your letter is weighty, and

* *See* his letter to Manning, Vol. I., p. 254, "Lamb's Works."

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Different modes of religious philosophy in England and Germany.

would allow of a distinct notice from me. But the result of your various remarks on our English theologians, is the renewal of a very old impression of the inherent and essential diversity in our English and your German *modes* of contemplating the great matters of religious philosophy. I say *modes*, not substance. For, since there is nothing *national* in the great topics which such philosophy involves, it would seem that there ought not to be so great a difference in the works of the several authors—the great authors of the two languages. I do not at all wonder that you do not relish any of our writers, even of the highest reputation. It is ascribable to the same cause that renders the great masters of German thought unenjoyable by English readers. It is remarkable, that since the great change, introduced only by Kant, in your philosophical studies, not one single book has yet attracted the attention of our scholars or *soi-disant* thinkers. Of the metaphysicians, scarcely a book has even been translated. A few congenial minds (Coleridge for instance) have announced that there is a something worth knowing; but the mass care little about it. It is only in connection with religion that an attempt has been made to draw attention to your great men. I have heard of a translation of the first volume of Neander's "Church History;" and also of a work of Schleiermacher on St. Luke; but I believe both have fallen dead-born from the press. It is asserted by our Churchmen, that German theology is either crypto-infidelity, or mystical fanaticism. Every attempt to recommend the Gospel to thinkers by the slightest departure from the

Mutually unintelligible.

English clamour against German theologians.

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authorized interpretation is received with scorn. Probably you have heard of the very recent clamour raised by the Tory High Churchmen at Oxford against a Dr. Hampden, on the ground of his being a Socinian. Now, I have been informed by a young clergyman, whom I know to be a serious believer in the orthodox doctrines, that his Bampton Lectures, which profess to treat of the relation of the scholastic philosophy to the Scripture, contain the most explicit and solemn assertion of the Doctor's belief in the doctrine of the Trinity; but he admonishes the clerical student to study the Scriptures more than the schoolmen. He insinuates his regret that Churchmen have presumed to be wise beyond what is written, and, instead of leaving the awful mysteries, as they are, objects of reverential faith and adoption, have tried to define and ascertain exactly what they infer must have been meant, though it has not been expressed. By-the-by, did I ever mention to you the famous Oxford Convocation a year ago, on the subject of matriculation? If I did, excuse me the repetition; if I did not, you will be interested by what I have to mention. On a matriculation at Oxford, the young man is forced to declare his "*unfeigned assent to every matter and thing contained in the Thirty-nine Articles.*" This has long been a theme of reproach and derision, and therefore a proposal was made to substitute a declaration to this effect:—That the subscriber is a member of the Church of England, as far as he yet understands its doctrines; that he will obey its precepts, and conform to its rites, during his period of study at the University; and that he will labour to

Religious Conservatism at Oxford.

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understand its doctrines, that he may become an intelligent member of the Church. This was rejected with angry violence by five out of six; all the country clergymen coming up to vote!!! And these are the people who really feel contempt for German theology and German philosophy! . . . . . To return to the great difference between our English and your German habits of thought. I am most deeply impressed with the conviction, that your profounder thinkers and writers are *beyond the comprehension of us*, because the thinking faculty is left with us in a half-uncultivated state. Whatever lies deeper than ordinary logic is out of our reach. Where we even concur in the result, the intellectual process is very different. And I never meet with a German book of the highest order in which I do not find a something at which I stand at a loss—a thought I cannot be sure I thoroughly comprehend. It was so in the study of your preface, in which there was at the same time so much that I heartily relished because I fancied I understood it. . . . . Herr von Raumer, who was here last year, said everywhere that the pretensions of the English clergy to retain their Church in a country where they barely formed a tenth of the population was a subject of astonishment to all the thinking Protestants in Germany. . . . . .

Easier subscription rejected.

English and German habits of thought.

German thought too profound for us.

Church ascendancy.

I am gratified by your obliging proposal to me to repeat my visit to Heidelberg. Be assured that if my health continues I shall not delay many years a renewal of the pleasure. . . . . Of all the friends I have, there is no one from whom I hear religious doctrines

asserted with so strong an impression on my part that they deserve adoption. . . . . CHAP. III. 1836.

March 12th.—I dined at the Athenæum with Sheil, and accompanied him to the Lyceum, where Liston afforded us a hearty laugh. He also played capitally an old coachman in another piece, but hardly better than young Mathews did a young coachee. This young man, whom I saw for the first time, promises to rival his father. His activity in dancing and singing is marvellous. The Tarantella dance and a Neapolitan song were delightful. *Liston.* *C. Mathews, Junr.*

May 5th.—An interesting day. Landor and Kenyon breakfasted with me, and they enjoyed each other's company, and I that of both. They are very opposite characters. We did not break up till past two, and yet of a long-continued and varied conversation, I cannot now recollect a word. This is the water spilled that cannot be gathered. Yet water so spilled often fructifies. But not when it falls on exhausted soil! Heigh-ho! I walked out with Landor, and, *pour passer le temps*, we went into the National Gallery. There he amused me by his odd judgments of pictures. A small Correggio, with the frame, he values at 14*s.* The "Lazarus" would be cheap at anything below £20,000. *W. Savage Landor on pictures.*

May 6th.—Went to the play at Covent Garden. The pit is reduced to 2*s.*, and the audience are reduced in like manner. I enjoyed Power more than any actor I have seen for a long time. Except Farren, I know none so perfect. He is the most delightful Irishman imaginable. He contrives to be the Irish peasant with *Covent Garden.*

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Power.

perfect truth,—a droll, affectionate, rattling, drunken creature, and yet there is an air of gentility about him which distinguishes him from every other comic actor I am acquainted with. He is a man of talents too. I am told his travels in America are exceedingly well written, and show a spirit of observation and sagacity, and a power of description, creditable to an established writer. He played this evening Teddy the Tiler, and in "O'Flanagan and the Fairies."

Talfourd.

May 8th.—In the evening called at Talfourd's. He was gone to dine with Lord Melbourne. I knew Talfourd when he was a young man studying the law, unable to follow the profession but by earning money as a reporter, and in other ways. He has now so risen that he dines with the Prime Minister. I must add that a more upright and honourable man never existed. A generous friend, and on public matters a sound and judicious thinker.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

8th May, 1836.

The Churchman and the Dissenter.

I felt much obliged by your kind reception of my former letter. I do not mean to revert to the subject of the relative merits or demerits of Dissenters, but I deem a Dissenting education highly favourable to integrity and veracity. I should say decidedly (speaking of the lower classes especially), that, though less amiable, they are more honest than those of their own class of the Establishment. In regard to this a very efficient lesson was taught me in my youth, while

Dissent favourable to integrity of character.

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a sort of mild persecution—that of contempt—was in universal perpetration in our country towns. "Father, why are you not a Corporation-man? You are richer than Mr. Jackson."—"My dear, I cannot; nobody can be of the Corporation who does not take the sacrament in church."—"Well, and why do you refuse? Should you do any harm to any one by taking the sacrament?"—"To nobody but myself—except to you, perhaps."—"How to me?"—"People would say, 'He's the son of a man who pretended to believe what he did not believe, merely to get a vote for a member of Parliament, and so, perhaps, get a place.'"

Pretended conformity lowers a man.

I am quite sure of the salutary effects of the habit of integrity forced on Dissenters formerly. The Test and Corporation Acts forced the Dissenters into a sort of hostility against the Church. The repeal of those laws has already produced a formal separation of the three bodies amongst the Dissenters. They would be quite annihilated by their admission to the Universities. The worst enemies to the Church are those who have no religion whatever, and pretend to belong to it, merely from political motives. What with the fanatics of faith—the Calvinistic evangelicals (to whom belongs my friend and your admirer) and the fanatics of High-Church formalism—the persecutors of Dr. Hampden, for instance—and the people who want to save their pockets and plunder the Church, merely from mercenary motives, the wise and conscientious Churchman will recognise conscientious and liberal Dissenters as enemies far less dangerous. Indeed, they ought not to be enemies at all. . . . . .

Dissent greatly maintained by intolerant laws.

Insincere conformists the Church's worst enemies.

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Sydney Smith.

May 16th.—A party at Miss Rogers's in the evening. Among those present were Milman, Lyell, and Sydney Smith. With the last-named I chatted for the first time. His faunlike face is a sort of promise of a good thing when he does but open his lips. He said nothing that from an indifferent person would be recollected. The new *British and Foreign Review* was spoken of as set up by a rich man—Beaumont. "Hitherto," said Sydney Smith, "it was thought that Lazarus, not Dives, should set up a Review. The *Edinburgh Review* was written by Lazzaroni." He added, "It has done good." I said I disliked it for its persecution of Wordsworth. "By-the-by," said Sydney Smith, "I never saw Wordsworth look so well—so reverend." And yet one fancies that a poet should be always young. Wordsworth was present this evening. I noticed that several persons seemed to look at him askant, as if the poet were some outlandish animal.

First performance of Talfourd's Ion.

May 26th.—With a party of friends—Wordsworth, Landor, my brother, the Jaffrays, &c. &c.—I attended the first performance of Talfourd's "Ion," at Covent Garden. The success complete. Ellen Tree and Macready were loudly applauded, and the author had every reason to be satisfied. After the performance he gave a supper, largely attended by actors, lawyers, and dramatists. I sat by Miss Tree, and near Miss Mitford. "Talfourd's health" was given by Macready, whose health Talfourd proposed after returning thanks.

May 31st.—Wordsworth introduced me to Strickland Cookson, whom I saw many years ago, but had forgotten.

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H. C. R.'s executors.

*Rem.**—I now place him in the very first line of friends. He is one of the most able and safe counsellors, and shares with Edwin Field the confidence of the religious body to which they belong. Cookson was nominated by Wordsworth as his executor, by my desire and in my place. Among other excellences he has, in my estimation, this—a due veneration for Wordsworth, without any superstitious fondness. In judgment, among our common friends, I do not know his equal. In matters of law reform he takes an active part, as well as Edwin Field.

Coleridge's Marginalia.

June 24th.—I rose early, and copied some curious marginal notes by Coleridge in Lightfoot's works. They are pious and reverential in thought, though sometimes almost comic in expression. He regrets that Lightfoot should *paw* the sacred mysteries,—an admirable expression, and one that came from Coleridge's heart, and might well continue to be employed.

Rem.†—It was at the very commencement of the Bible Societies, and just after Dr. Wordsworth had published a pamphlet about them, that I heard a word fall from Coleridge, more profound and significantly true than any I have since heard. "Aye, sir, there can be no doubt that these are good men, very good men, who are so zealous in widely spreading these societies. It is a pity they want sagacity enough to foresee that in sending the Bible thus everywhere among the uninstructed and the reprobate, they will be propagating, instead of the old *idolatry*, a new *bibliolatry*."

Will the forthcoming volume of the "Table-talk"

* Written in 1853. † Written in 1853.

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contain a wiser word than the above? Perhaps not, an acuter than those in the following: "That is not goodness," said Coleridge in my presence, to some one who was urging rather a commonplace and sentimental morality, "That is not goodness, but should be called *goodyness*."

Tour in Wales with the Masqueriers.

A proposal was made to me by my friends, the Masqueriers, to join them in a tour in Wales. This I gladly accepted, and I set out on the 19th of July, and returned on the 6th of September.

Dr. Lant Carpenter.

August 28th.—(Bristol.) After an hour's stroll, I found myself at the Lewin's Mead Chapel. A most respectable-looking building and congregation. Dr. Lant Carpenter performed the devotional part of the service with great effect. His countenance, voice, and manner quite saintlike. Mr. Acton, of Exeter, preached the sermon.

Joseph Cottle.

August 29th.—I called on Joseph Cottle, residing in a neat house with his maiden sister. I was expected, and the Cottles were prepared to show me every attention. I declined an invitation to dinner, but spent the evening with them. And I rendered him a service by strengthening him in his resolution to disregard all objections to his printing in his forthcoming "Recollections of Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c.," the letter of Coleridge to Mr. Wade, giving an account of his sad habit of opium-eating. This letter was given to Cottle by Coleridge, with the express injunction to publish it after his death as a warning. Equally clear was it to me that Cottle had not a right merely, but that it was his duty, to make known that De Quincey,

What may a book of recollections include?

in the generosity of youth, had given Coleridge £300. But I advised him to give the facts as they were, without the account he had drawn up respecting objections. He afterwards published a work—more than a mere copy of the first—and in this he published a letter of Southey's respecting Coleridge, by which the family of Coleridge were justly displeased. Cottle mistook his vocation when he thought himself a poet. It was from his poem, "Malvern Hills," that, in 1808, Amyot and I, fatigued with the steep ascent of one of these hills, amused ourselves by quoting the lines:—

Cottle no poet.

> "It needs the evidence of close deduction
> To know that I shall ever reach the top."

But, notwithstanding this weakness, Joseph Cottle was a worthy, and indeed excellent, man. For his poem entitled "King Alfred" his friends called him the regicide.

*Rem.**—On a subsequent visit to Cottle, I was shown a letter by Coleridge on the future state, with a strong bearing against the idea of eternal suffering. Cottle also read one from Coleridge, in which Wordsworth's Tragedy is called "absolutely wonderful." The publication of this Tragedy in the last volume of Wordsworth's works did not justify this judgment in public opinion. It has not been noticed by any critic, so far as I know.

Here too—that is at Bristol—was living a man I became acquainted with through Flaxman—Edgar. A man of accomplishments and taste. A merchant once, enjoying wealth. He was the patron of Flaxman when

Edgar.

* Written in 1853.

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little known. Adversity befell him, and then, though he was a Conservative, and the Radicals were in power, they behaved, as he himself said, with generosity towards a political adversary, allowing him to retain the office of sword-bearer on terms more liberal than could have been required. He was an F.S.A., and possessed an unusual degree of antiquarian knowledge.

Tieck's Wassermensch.

September 16th.—Read with no great pleasure the "*Wassermensch*," a dialogue among L. Tieck's *Novellen*. The most interesting part was an exposure of the folly of the German Radical youth.

Sir H. Bulwer's France.

September 21st.—Read H. Bulwer's "France," which I thought wise and instructive. I copy two sentences respecting the government of Louis Philippe:—"Every man is under the influence, not of the circumstances which placed him in a particular situation, but of the circumstances which resulted from it." He then pointedly remarks that, owing his throne to the people, Louis Philippe would be incessantly called on to yield to the people, and that it would be difficult to know when to yield and when to resist. This original blemish in his title would remain: but Bulwer adds, "There is a scar on the rind of the young tree, which, as it widens every year, becomes at once more visible and more weak; and, in the monarch of July, the time which displays, destroys—which expands, obliterates its defects."

His prophecy as to Louis Philippe.

The Flaherty Scholarships.

November 1st.—A special meeting at the London University, to receive from Lord Brougham a curious communication. An old lady, upwards of eighty, has announced her intention of giving £5,000 to the Univer-

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sity. She declares her object to be the support of civil and religious liberty. She herself is a Roman Catholic. Her name is Flaherty. Lord Brougham said, that having ascertained to his satisfaction that she was in the full possession of her faculties, and that she had no near relations having a moral claim on her, he felt no scruple in accepting the gift. He had learned also that she spent very little on herself and devoted a handsome income mainly to acts of beneficence.

*Rem.**—I heard afterwards that when she went to the Bank to transfer the stock, she went in a hackney coach, and was to return so or to walk, I forget which. On being remonstrated with for not being more attentive to her own comfort, she said she spent no money on herself, and hence it was that she was able now and then to help others.†

H. C. R. TO H. N. COLERIDGE.‡

November 17th, 1836.

My dear Sir,

I return you the second volume of the "Table-talk," which I have looked over again with renewed pleasure and sorrow. Born among the Dissenters, and reckoning among them many highly esteemed friends, I regret that you should have given permanence to so many splenetic effusions against them. As to the single passage which you send underlined, as if it did not justify my construction, you will pardon my saying,

H. C. R.'s criticism on Coleridge's Table-talk.

* Written in 1853.

† The use made of this benefaction was to establish the well-known "Flaherty Scholarships."

‡ Mr. Robinson particularly marked this letter as "one of the few he wished to preserve."

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which I do most conscientiously, that I found it worse than I had imagined. Mr. Coleridge says: "The only true argument, apart from Christianity, for a discriminating toleration, is that it is of no use to attempt to stop heresy or schism by persecution, unless, perhaps, by massacre!" Now, "apart from Christianity" by no means implies that Mr. Coleridge meant that Christianity is opposed to this discrimination, but rather, "independently of the arguments for it from Christianity." You must be aware that he who recommends "a *discriminating* toleration" rather recommends the discrimination than the toleration; and, of necessity, must approve of that being persecuted which is not tolerated. Now, what is that? In the preceding page, he insinuates that it is the *imperative duty* of the magistrate to punish with death the teachers of damnable doctrines. If so, the Romanists did no more than their duty in putting the Protestants to death; for they conscientiously think that damnation follows schism. As to the only true argument against persecution, that it is of no use,—"Of no use!" a Spaniard would truly say; "for 300 years the Kings of Spain have found it effectual in saving the souls of millions under their care."

Coleridge on toleration.

Would persecution be right if effectual?

There are, in this same article, equally palpable errors. Mr. Coleridge says, "A right to toleration is a contradiction in terms." If so, a right to liberty is a contradiction; for the famous formulary, "Civil and Religious Liberty," merely means that in certain personal matters of civil concern and conscience, the State must let the individual alone. But the most marvellous sentence is that in which Mr. Coleridge affirms that the

Civil and religious liberty: their difference.

Pope had a right to command the Romanists of England to separate from the National Church, and to rebel against Queen Elizabeth. I thought that the liberal and intelligent in all Christian churches were agreed in disclaiming this latter right, and conceding the former.

"The Romanist, who acknowledges the Pope as the Head of his Church, cannot possibly consider the Church of England as any Church at all." Mr. Coleridge, when he uttered this, forgot his own admirable and subtle distinction, that we ought not to say the Church *of*, but the Church *in*, England. Mr. Coleridge refers to the necessary criterion, but does not go on to state what it is. Yet, surely, he would not have denied, what Warburton so ably maintains, that Church Establishments are framed for their utility to the State, not for their truth.

For what are churches established?

I will relate an anecdote, which will show that a Roman Catholic priest will acknowledge what, it seems, Mr. Coleridge, on the 3rd of January, 1834, had forgotten. I met with one in the Vale of Lungern, who, I afterwards found, was popular for his benevolence and liberality, being an anti-ultramontanist. I said to him: "All I contend for is, that a man has a right to be damned if he pleases, and that, therefore, no magistrate has a right to interpose to prevent it." He started; but, after a pause, smiled and said, "If you mean this in a *legal* sense (*in einem juristischen Sinne*), I concede it." I replied, "I cannot mean it otherwise. It is the duty of the father, the friend, the philanthropist, and, above all, the Christian, to labour for the salvation of

Has the State a right to interfere in religion?

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souls; but the sovereign, the magistrate, has nothing to do with it; for, if he can interfere, there will be nothing but persecution and murder everywhere. It is an accident what each sovereign believes, and every one will claim the same power."—"It is very true," he exclaimed. I rejoined, "When will you get his Holiness to subscribe to the doctrine?"—"Not yet," he said, "but we shall in time. We are on the way of Reform more than the Protestants imagine."

Landor's attack on Wordsworth.

December 8th.—I finished and sent off a letter to Landor respecting a most unwarrantable publication sent to me by him, and entitled, "A Satire on Satirists and Admonition to Detractors." The greater part is an attack on *Blackwood*, and other satirists; but the detractor admonished is Wordsworth, who is represented as an envious and selfish poet. Goethe and Southey are represented as the objects of his ill-feeling, and he is introduced as present at the representation of "Ion," when, while every one else was affected—

> "Amid the mighty storm that swell'd around,
> Wordsworth was calm, and bravely stood his ground."

I thought it right to remonstrate with Landor. I was present on the occasion.* There was no sign of ill-will then, nor want of cordiality among the literary candidates for praise.

* *See* ante, p. 96.

H. C. R. TO W. S. LANDOR.

2, *Plowden Buildings, Temple,*
December 7th, 1836.

My dear Sir,

On my return from my summer's tour, I proceeded to Gore House to inquire about you. I there heard of your rapid transit through town, and soon after received, or suspected I received, an amusing memorial of your enviable faculty of contemplating the follies of life with a free and cheerful aspect. For this I have to thank you; as also (more certainly) for your Satire, which I found at the Athenæum last night. Beautiful as many parts of this little poem are, I must say that it has given me pain. I hope I shall not be found to have relied too much on your unvaried kindness to me in stating why. This I may do with the less impropriety, as I feel myself personally connected with some portion of the offending matter. Among my obligations to Wordsworth is this, that I owe to him the honour of your acquaintance. Since then I have had the pleasure of enjoying the company of both of you together, when I remarked nothing but cordiality between you; and now I receive from you a very bitter attack, not upon his writings, but upon his personal character,—a portion of the materials being drawn, unless I deceive myself, from opinions uttered by him in the freedom of unpremeditated conversation in my presence. Wordsworth is admonished as a detractor, because he does not appreciate other poets as they deserve. I could admit the fact without acknowledging the justice of its being imputed to him as a crime. It seems to me that the

Repudiates Landor's attack on Wordsworth.

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The one sided taste of a one-sided student.

general effect of a laborious cultivation of talent in any one definite form is to weaken the sense of the worth of other forms. This is an ordinary drawback, even on genius. Voltaire and Rousseau hated each other; Fielding despised Richardson; Petrarch, Dante; Michael Angelo sneered at Raphael. There is nothing in which Goethe is more the object of my admiration than in being utterly free from this weakness. He felt and acknowledged every kind of excellence. . . . . .

I have no doubt that Lord Byron intended to cause a breach between Southey and Wordsworth by what Coleridge happily terms "an implement, not an invention, of malice;" hitherto, I believe, without any effect.

On the charge of plagiarism.

One word as to the imputed plagiarism.* Had Wordsworth published the passage recently, since he became acquainted with you, without making a due acknowledgment of your having supplied the fine fancy of which he made a serious application, I should have thought this unjust on his part, and your anger very reasonable. But he wrote this some twelve or fifteen years ago; and you, with a full knowledge, I presume, of the wrong, consented to overlook it, and to associate with him on terms of apparent cordiality. But with your feeling, I would either not have met him, or I would have told him what I thought.

December 8th.—I was interrupted last night. On perusing my letter, I think I have done injustice to Wordsworth. I seem to admit, much more than I

* That Wordsworth had borrowed from Landor's "Gebir" the image of the shell in the very beautiful passage in the fourth book of "The Excursion," p. 147:—"I have seen a curious child," &c. Wordsworth denied all obligation to "Gebir" for this image. *Vide* post, p. 114.

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intended, or ought, the charge so powerfully brought against both Wordsworth and Southey by Lord Byron in his admirable and infamous dedication of "Don Juan" to Southey, and which charge you have echoed. I do not think there is any unworthy vanity, or envy, in Wordsworth towards his contemporaries. His moral and religious feelings, added to a spice of John Bullism, have utterly blinded him, for instance, to the marvellous talent of Voltaire. [Your hint on French literature is very just.] But I have heard him praise Elliott quite as warmly as you do. It is at *his* urgent recommendation that Southey is now coming out with a complete edition of his poems. Let me remark, too, as to censure, that I do not believe I ever heard him speak against any one (except Goethe), whom I have not heard you attack in much more vehement language. Indeed I thought I had remarked a general concurrence in your critical opinions.

Wordsworth blind and not intolerant.

"The Corn-law Rhymer."

Begging your pardon for the freedom of this letter, for which I implore a kind construction, and which I thought it my duty to write,

I am, with sincere regard,

H. C. R.

December 26th.—(Brighton.) This was a remarkable day. So much snow fell, that not a coach either set out for or arrived from London—an incident almost unheard of in this place. Parties were put off and engagements broken without complaint. The Masqueriers, with whom I am staying, expected friends to dinner, but they could not come. Nevertheless, we had here Mr. Edmonds,

Snow-storm.

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the worthy Scotch schoolmaster, Mr. and Mrs. Dill, and a Miss Robinson; and, with the assistance of whist, the afternoon went off comfortably enough. Of course, during a part of the day, I was occupied in reading.

December 28th.—The papers to-day are full of the snow-storm. The ordinary mails were stopped in every part of the country.

Campbell.

December 30th.—Read in the *Quarterly* an article on Campbell, in which the nail is hit on the head in the saying, that he has acquired "an immortality of quotation,"—a felicitous expression. His works are not distinguished by imagination, sensibility, or profound thought; but posterity will know him through happy expressions, such as "Coming events cast their shadows before."

His "immortality of quotation."

December 31st.—I sat up late, as usual; and when the year expired I was reading Dibdin's "Life,"—a significant occupation, for in idle amusement and faint pleasure was the greater part of the now closing year spent. Such are my frivolous habits, that I can hardly expect to live for any profitable purpose either as respects myself or others.

Moralizing on Dibdin's "Life."

*Rem.**—I wrote this sincerely in my sixty-first year. My life has been more actively and usefully spent since I have been an elderly man.

* Written in 1854.

CHAPTER IV.

1837.

THESE reminiscences and the incidents I dwell on particularly tend to show that what concerns one's self otherwise than as a motive for action would form a difficult test of what is properly one's *own interest.* Excepting my journey with Wordsworth, almost all the objects of my active exertions this year were quite indifferent to me personally. Yet such are the incidents which chiefly dwell on my memory, and find a written record in my journal, and in the letters I have preserved.

At Lady Blessington's.

January 5th.—Being too late for the omnibus at Kew, I walked on, and reached Lady Blessington's after ten. With her were D'Orsay, Dr. Lardner, Trelawney, Edward Bulwer. A stranger, whose conversation interested and pleased me, I found to be young Disraeli.* He talked with spirit of German literature. He spoke of Landor's "Satire" as having no satire in it. The chat was an amusing one.

Disraeli.

A miser.

February 9th.—(At Bury.) My brother related to me a curious incident, such as one reads of occasionally. There is a man living in the Wrangling Street, named

* Afterwards the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli.

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———, for whom my nephew made a will. The man was supposed to be at the point of death, and he produced from under his bed, in gold and silver, upwards of £300. My brother sent for a banker's clerk, and the money was secured. When the old wife of ——— found out what had taken place, she scolded him with such fury that she went into a fit and died. My brother was sent for again; and the man, in great agitation, produced an additional £208. But this he insisted on giving away absolutely to some poor people who were near him, and had served him. After this was done, his mind seemed more easy. He has even rallied in health, and has made a judicious distribution of his property. The money was tied up in old stockings and filthy rags. When he was informed of his wife's death, he eagerly demanded her pockets, and took from them a few shillings with great avidity. The accumulation was the result of a life of continued abstinence.

Samuel Rogers.

February 23rd.—An agreeable day. I breakfasted with Samuel Rogers. We had a long and interesting chat about Landor, Wordsworth, Southey, &c. Rogers is a good teller of anecdotes. He spoke with great affection of Mrs. Barbauld. Of Southey's genius and moral

Southey anti-popular.

virtues he spoke with respect; but Southey is *anti-popular*—not a friend to the improvement of the people.

Slander.

We talked of slander, and the truth blended with it. A friend repeated to Rogers a saying by Wilkes: "Give me a grain of truth, and I will mix it up with a great mass of falsehood, so that no chemist shall ever be able to separate them." Talking of composition, he showed me a note to his "Italy," which, he says, took him a

fortnight to write. It consists of a very few lines. Wordsworth has amplified the idea of this note in his poem on the picture of Miss Quillinan, by Stone. Rogers says, and I think truly, that the prose is better than the poem. The thought intended to be expressed is, that the picture is the substance, and the beholders are the shadows.* CHAP. IV. 1837.

February 24th.—Dined with Paynter to meet Valentine Le Grice, famous in his youth for his wit and talent. I found him to-day very pleasant and lively as a companion. He has the reputation of being a religious man, and a popular preacher.

Rem.†—A character. He is now a Cornish clergyman, advantageously known as being prohibited preaching within the diocese of Exeter. He was the son of a Bury clergyman, whom I heard of in my boyhood as a persecuted man. The father was certainly not well off, and for that reason obtained for his son Valentine a presentation to the Bluecoat School, London. And here he was the companion of Charles Lamb and Coleridge. He was a wit and a scholar. Taking orders, he became tutor to a young man who suffered under a strange malady—an ossification of the body. The mother of this young man married the tutor. Le Grice was notorious for his free opinions. Hearing my name and place of birth, he sought me out, saying my family had been his father's friends, as were all the Dissenters. His father was suspected of heresy. I will here note *Valentine Le Grice.*

* The note referred to is among the additional notes at the end of "Italy," and is on the words, "Then on that masterpiece" (Raphael's "Transfiguration"). "Poetical Works," 18mo edition, p. 366.

† Written in 1855.

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1837.

Anecdotes of Le Grice from Charles Lamb.

down two anecdotes of Valentine Le Grice which I heard from Charles Lamb, but which seem to me to have in them more impudence than wit. They used to go to the debating societies together. On one occasion the question was, "Who was the greatest orator—Pitt, Fox, or Burke?" Le Grice said, "I heard a lady say, in answer to the question, 'Which do you like best—beef, veal, or mutton?'—'Pork.' So I, in reply to your question, say, 'Sheridan.'" Another time he began thus: "The last time I had the honour of addressing the chair in this hall, I was kicked out of the room."

[The following extract has its proper place here, for, though dated 1836, it had in view the Italian tour with Wordsworth in the present year.]

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

. . . . . I am glad you have made a remark about expense, as this enables me to explain myself. Be under no apprehension that you may think it right to incur more expense than I should like. The fact is that I have contracted habits of parsimony from having been at one time poor, and because I have no pleasure in mere personal, solitary indulgence; but I am pleased when I am called on to spend at the suggestion of others. Unselfish economy has, I hope, been my practice as well as my maxim. I recollect being strongly impressed, at a susceptible age, by a passage in Madame Roland's Memoirs. Giving an account of her life in prison, she says, "I spent very little, but I paid all the servants liberally, so that I made friends

H. C. R. on his parsimonious habits.

Travelling Expenses.

while I lived sparingly." My personal expenses are perhaps smaller than those of most men, but I have no objection to double them, when the comfort of my companion requires it.

I once travelled with Seume, the well-known German author, and with Schnorr, the painter. I recollect the former laid down the rule,—"The strongest of the party must accommodate himself to the weakest, and the richest to the poorest." If I am stronger than you in body, acting on Seume's principle, I shall not subject you to any inconvenience.

ITALIAN TOUR WITH WORDSWORTH.

*Rem.**—I shall content myself with very brief notes of the country we passed through, which was already familiar to me. I felt unable to record the interesting remarks which Wordsworth was continually making. It was *his* society that distinguished this journey from others; and to accommodate him I altered my usual mode of travelling. He could not bear night travelling; and in his sixty-seventh year needed rest. I therefore at once yielded to his suggestion to buy a carriage, and I obtained one from Marmaduke Robinson for £70. It was a barouche which had been considerably used; but it was effectually repaired. Moxon accompanied us as far as Paris.

Carriage for journey.

The passage from London to Calais (*March 19th*) was about twelve hours. On our landing we had to pay 400 francs duty on the carriage, but we were to receive three-fourths of that sum when we left the

* Written in 1855.

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country. Posting to Paris, we arrived on the third day; sleeping the first night at Samer, and the second at Grandvilliers. Very little on the way to excite interest; yet I felt no *ennui*. With Wordsworth I did not fail to have occasional bursts of conversation. We spoke of poetry and of Landor. It may be not unworthy of mention that Wordsworth first heard of Landor's "Satire" from Quillinan, who was in Portugal. He said he regretted Quillinan's indiscretion, and felt much obliged to his London friends for never having mentioned the circumstance to him.* He had not read, and meant never to read, the "Satire." He had heard that a depreciation of Southey's genius was imputed to him; but as he had a warm affection for Southey, and an admiration for his genius, he never could have said he would not give five shillings for all Southey had ever written. Notwithstanding his sense of Landor's extreme injustice, he readily acknowledges his ability. As to the image of the sea-shell, he admitted no obligation for it to Landor's "Gebir." From his childhood the shell was familiar to him; and the children of his native place always spoke of the humming sound as indicating the sea, and of its greater or less loudness as having a reference to the state of the sea at the time. The "Satire" seemed to give Wordsworth little annoyance. In our talk about poets Wordsworth said Langhorne† was one of those who had not had

Wordsworth on Landor's Satire.

The sea-shell image.

* Quillinan noticed this "Satire" in "Blackwood," in 1843, in an article entitled, "Imaginary Conversation with the Editor of Blackwood." Kenyon told me that Landor said:—"I understand a Mr. Quillinan has been attacking me. His writings are, I hear, Quill-inanities."—H. C. R.

† Langhorne, Rev. John, D.D. Born 1735, died 1779.

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justice done them. His "Country Justice" has true poetic feeling.

In our way to Italy we passed through Lyons, Avignon, Nismes, St. Remi, Marseilles, Toulon, &c. Wordsworth was prepared to find the charm of interest in Vaucluse, and he was not disappointed.

Vaucluse.

From Avignon we drove into the valley,—a dreary and uncomfortable scene. Arid rocks, with a very little sprinkling of shrubs and dwarf trees, affording no shade, constitute nearly the whole of a scene which, from Petrarch's delicious verses, every one would imagine to be a spot of perpetual verdure. Our guide pointed out to us the reputed neighbourhood of the poet's house. It is said to have been once a forest; now it is a mere mass of buildings. There is still, however, a very clear stream, and as it runs over cresses, it is of a green more delightful than I ever before saw. This "closed valley" (*vallis clausa*) derives its character from a spring of water which rises immediately under a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high.

A plain column is erected to the memory of Petrarch. The only sensible homage to his memory would be the destruction of the uncongenial workshops. Wordsworth made a lengthened ramble among the rocks behind the fountain;* and in consequence we were not at our hotel till after the table-d'hôte supper.

Nismes.

At Nismes (*April 6th*) I took Wordsworth to see the exterior of both the Maison Carrée and the Arena.

* "Between two and three hours did I run about, climbing the steep and rugged crags from whose base the water of Vaucluse breaks forth." Wordsworth's note at the beginning of the "Memorials of a Tour in Italy." "Poetical Works," Vol. III., p. 180.

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He acknowledged their beauty, but expected no great pleasure from such things. He says, "I am unable, from ignorance, to enjoy these sights. I receive an impression, but that is all. I have no science, and can refer nothing to principle." He was, on the other hand, delighted by two beautiful little girls playing with flowers near the Arena; and I overheard him say to himself, "Oh, you darlings! I wish I could put you in my pocket, and carry you to Rydal Mount."

Children.

At Savona there is a fort, and before it a green sward just at this season, which greatly delighted Wordsworth—more than objects more extraordinary and more generally attractive. After breakfasting and rambling through the town, which is nicely paved with flagstones, and is agreeable to walk in, having a sort of college air about it, we ascended to a couple of monasteries, the one of Capuchins, with an extensive view of the sea, the other formerly Franciscan, but now desecrated. Wordsworth took a great fancy to the place, and thought it a fit residence for such a poet as Chiabrera, who lived here.

Savona.

> "How lovely, robed in forenoon light and shade,
> Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,
> Savona, Queen of territory fair
> As aught that marvellous coast through all its length
> Yields to the stranger's eye!" *

April 26th.—We entered Rome in good spirits. We were driven to the Europa, where, till we procured lodgings, we contented ourselves with two rooms on a third story. Before sunset we took a walk to my favourite haunt, the Pincian Hill, where I was accosted by my name.

Arrival at Rome.

* "Memorials:" "Musings near Acquapendente," Vol. III., p. 190.

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It was Theed, who informed us of the pine-tree referred to in Wordsworth's poem as the gift of Sir George Beaumont.* Here, too, we met with Mrs. Collins, the wife of the R.A. As soon as I had fixed Wordsworth at a café, I called on Miss Mackenzie, from whom I had a most cordial reception. She is very desirous to give Wordsworth the use of her carriage.

Friends there.

April 27th.—This has been a very interesting day. To Wordsworth it must have been unparalleled in the number and importance of new impressions. He was sufficiently impressed with the Coliseum. The Pantheon seemed to him hardly worth notice, compared with St. Peter's. In the afternoon Miss Mackenzie took us in her carriage to St. Peter's, by which Wordsworth was more impressed than I expected he would be. To me it is, as it always was, an unequalled—indeed an incomparable sight. We took only a cursory view of it, and then drove to the Villa Lante, whence there is a fine view of Rome, nearly, if not precisely, that of my engraving. The beauty of the evening rendered the scene very attractive. We looked also into the Church of St. Onofrio, where Tasso lies buried; also Guidi, the poet. Wordsworth is no hunter after sentimental relics. He professes to be regardless of places that have only an outward connection with a great man, but no influence on his works. Hence he cares nothing for the burying place of Tasso, but has a deep interest in Vaucluse. The distinction is founded on just views, and real, not affected sympathy. We drank tea with Miss Mackenzie. She had sent messages to Collins

Wordsworth at St. Peter's.

Careless of relics.

* *Vide* "Memorials," No. II.

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and Kästner, but neither came. On the other hand, by mere accident seeing a card with Mr. Ticknor's name,

Ticknor.

I spoke of his being a friend of Wordsworth; on which she instantly sent to him, and, as he lived next door, he was soon with us, and greatly pleased to see Wordsworth, before setting off to-morrow for Florence.

Sismondi.

April 28th.—The Sismondis were passing through Rome, and took a hasty dinner with Miss Mackenzie: Wordsworth and I joined them. Sismondi has the look of an intelligent man, but our conversation was too slight to afford room for observation.

Wordsworth introduced to Bunsen.

May 4th. — I introduced Wordsworth to Bunsen. Bunsen talked his best, and, with great facility and felicity of expression, pointed out to us from his own window monuments from the history of Rome. I never heard a more instructive and delightful lecture in ten times the number of words.

May 6th.—We rose too late for a long walk, but, unwilling to lose the morning freshness, took a short lounge before breakfast. Looked at some pleasing

Collins, R.A.

pictures, recommended by Collins, in an obscure church adjoining the fountain of Trevi. After breakfast we made a call on Severn, who had a subject besides art to

Keats.

talk on with Wordsworth—poor Keats. He informs us that the foolish inscription on his tomb is to be superseded by one more worthy of him. He denies that Keats's death was hastened by the article in the *Quarterly*. It appears that Keats was by no means poor, but considerably fleeced.

May 7th.—This forenoon was devoted to an excursion, which, though not perfectly answering my

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The Campagna.

Visit to a rich Campagna grazier.

expectation, was yet a variety in our amusement. Mr. Jones had engaged to dine with a rich Campagna grazier in the neighbourhood of Rome, and invited Wordsworth and me to be of the party. In fact we three were the party, for others who were to have joined us were prevented from doing so. We hired a *vettura*, and spent from half-past eight to six on the excursion, alighting at the tomb of Cæcilia Metella. The most amusing circumstance was our *locale*. The hut where these wandering shepherds live is a sort of tent of reeds — a rotunda (really an elegant structure in its form), poles meeting in the centre. I suppose about forty paces in circumference. Around are about twelve recesses, in each of which two men sleep. Against the slanting room were hanging hams in abundance, saddles, and all sorts of articles of husbandry. In the centre was a fire, with no chimney, but the smoke escaped through the reeds. A pot, spacious but not inviting, hung over the fire, and near it sat an old man with a fine face, in a very large arm-chair. He did the honours of his tent with a kind of patriarchal dignity. And the numerous servants, or rather companions, seemed to mix respect with a sort of cordial equality in their tone towards him. After a few words of half-intelligible chat, we took a stroll, witnessed a sheep-shearing, and then walked to one of the aqueducts, enjoying a fine view of these interesting remains. The mountains of Albano, and the plain of the Campagna, were in agreeable verdure. On our return there was a party of shepherds at dinner. They took no notice of us, but, when they had done, a clean cloth and napkins were

Sheep-shearing and dinner.

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placed for us. No food was offered but two kinds of sausage. *Ricotta*, which we asked for, was excellent. But Mr. Jones had provided bread, cheese, and excellent wine. He expected a regular dinner, but I was satisfied with this luncheon. The day was splendidly fine, and our return drive was delightful.

Visit to the Vatican with Gibson.

May 8th.—Went to the Vatican. Gibson, Severn, and Mr. Jones accompanied us. We saw the marble antiques of the Vatican to great advantage, for Gibson pointed out to Wordsworth all the prime objects—the Minerva, Apollo, young Augustus, Laocoön, Torso, and a number of others, the names of which I cannot now recollect. We did not attempt to see a picture, or, indeed, to enter all the rooms.

The Coliseum.

May 10th.—We rose early, and had a delightful walk before breakfast. We ascended the Coliseum. The building is seen to much greater advantage from above. Wordsworth seemed fully impressed by its grandeur, though he seemed still more to enjoy the fine view of the country beyond. He wishes to make the ascent by moonlight. Certainly no other amphitheatre (and I have seen all that still exist) leaves so deep an impression. Meeting Dr. Carlyle, Wordsworth and I took

Corsini Palace.

a drive with him to the Corsini Palace, which we found very rich in paintings. There are a few which are the most delicious with which I am acquainted. Above all, "A Mother and Child," a peasant girl, by Murillo. The *custode* had the rare good sense not to call this picture a Virgin and Child. The next is a "Holy Family," by Fra Bartolomeo. The "St. Joseph" has wonderful beauty. There are a greater number of excellent pic-

tures here than, perhaps, in any other palace. I dined with Dr. Carlyle at Bertini's. I found the dining at Ave Maria (quarter past seven) in this season not unpleasant; and it is recommended by the Doctor as a healthy practice, because it is precisely just before and just after the setting of the sun that in summer the dews fall, when it is peculiarly unwholesome to be in the open air. *Dr. Carlyle.*

May 12th.—An agreeable chat with Gibson. He pleased me by the account he gave of his professional life. He said: "I could gain more money in England by making busts and funeral monuments; but I would rather spend my life in reading the poets, and composing works of imagination. And I have been so fortunate as to sell all I have done. I do not submit to dictation, or make any alteration, except where my judgment is convinced." He said, in explanation, that he was not unwilling to execute an order for a specified subject, when he approved of it. He has been in Rome twenty years, and finds himself happy here, where he can do works which would not be required in England. *A talk with Gibson the sculptor.*

May 13th.—My birthday was most agreeably spent. I have now entered my sixty-third year. I shall hardly ever spend a birthday again in the enjoyment of *such* pleasure, *i.e.* in kind, though I may in degree. The day was most pleasant. A few clouds, during mid-day, tempered the heat. Both morning and evening were cool, not cold. Nor could any circumstance be changed for the better. Dr. Carlyle joining us, we set out at six A.M. precisely, and drove through the Campagna *Birthday.*

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after sunrise. Our first important stopping-place was Adrian's Villa, which delighted Wordsworth by its scenery. After an hour and a half there, we went on to the Sibilla. After ordering dinner, we took the guide of the house, and inspected the old rocks among which the cascade fell, and the new fall, which has been made by a tunnel. The change was necessary, but has not improved the scene. The new fall is made formal by the masonry above. It runs in one mass, as in a frame, nearly straight; and but for the mass of water, which is considerable, would produce no effect. The old fall had the disadvantage of being hidden by projecting rocks, so that we could only see it by means of paths cut out, and then but imperfectly. This of itself would have been a great disappointment to Wordsworth; but he was amply compensated by the enjoyment the *Cascatelle* afforded him from the opposite side of the valley, from which you see two masses of what are called the Little Falls (or, as Wordsworth called them, "Nature's Waterworks"), and, at the same time, the heavy mass formed by the body of the river. After dining, at five, we went to the Villa d'Este, but hardly allowed ourselves time to admire the magnificent cypresses. Enjoyed the Campagna on our return; I was rather sleepy, but the Doctor warned us against sleeping there, even thus early in the season.

Adrian's Villa.

The Sibilla.

Tivoli.

Villa d'Este.

"

May 15th.—Had a most agreeable chat with Dr. Carlyle, who read me some excellent memoranda of a conversation with Schelling. Wordsworth and I took tea with the Bunsens, who were very friendly indeed.

The Bunsens.

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Wordsworth was in good spirits, and talked well about poetry. I can see that he made an impression on Bunsen, for whom I copied the "Antiquarian Sonnet."* On politics and Church matters there is not the same harmony between them.

Dinner at Bunsen's.

May 16th.—We dined with Bunsen. Mayer there. The Minister's eldest son is to become an Englishman, and take orders, and accept a living in England. Bunsen supposes *that* alone will serve to naturalize him; but even if an alien can accept a living, which I doubt, it certainly cannot give him the rights of a native. Bunsen took us to the Tabularium, and explained to us the Forum, as seen from this the ancient Treasury and Record Office of the Capitol. A very interesting exhibition to us. When this was over he dismissed us as sovereigns do. Instead of asking us to return, he told Mrs. Bunsen he was going to show us our way home.

Thorwaldsen's studio.

May 17th.—This morning spent in preparations for our journey. With Severn looked into Thorwaldsen's studio. He has a very fine statue of Gutenberg,—fine for its significance. That of Byron has no value in my eyes. It is pretty rather than elegant. I am told it has been denied admittance into Westminster Abbey. It is too late to be particular on such an occasion. Surely a memorial to so anti-religious a poet as Byron may be admitted where the inscription is allowed to stand,—

> Life is a jest, and all things show it,
> I thought so once, and now I know it.

Bunsen told Wordsworth that Lord Byron had an im-

* Probably "How profitless the relics that we cull." Vol. IV., p. 119.

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pression he was the offspring of a demon. In a morbid moment such a thought may have seized him.

Preparing for departure.

May 22nd.—A busy day. Preparing for departure. Dined and took tea with Miss Mackenzie. Nothing can exceed her kindness to Wordsworth and me. She seems to feel for Wordsworth the affection of a daughter. And he is much pleased with her. But for her house, his evenings would have been dull. He needs the cheering society of women. He has invited her to Rydal, and I have no doubt she will accept the invitation. We paid a farewell visit to the Vatican and the Capitol, and made a short call on the Bunsens. The Minister cordial and in high spirits. No diplomatic reserve in his manners. I went late to Dr. Carlyle. Dr. Thompson was with him. I had an interesting chat with them. Dr. Carlyle is a man whom I much like, and I have written to him what I strongly feel, that it would give me pain to think our acquaintance should now cease. We leave Rome to-morrow.

Miss Mackenzie.

Dr. Carlyle.

May 24th.—(Terni.) This has been a day of great enjoyment, in spite of bad weather. We had to walk between two and three miles to Papigno, because no ass-keeper is allowed to let out an ass on the Terni side of Papigno. I had seen the famous cascade before, but not to so great advantage. Then, however, I thought it the very finest waterfall I had ever seen, and Wordsworth also declares it to be the most sublime he has seen. From the mass of water, and the great extent of the fall, the rebound of the water produces a cloudlike effect, so that the well-known proverb, applied to a wood, may be literally parodied:—"You cannot see the

Terni waterfall.

cascade for the water." The upper fall may be seen to advantage from various places. The two lower falls are of less importance. But there is one point from which a succession of falls may be seen, extending to more than a thousand feet. The last view from a cabin, which does not include the lowest fall, is the most beautiful. CHAP. IV. 1837.

May 25th.—(Assisi). We looked into the famous church built over the house in which St. Francis d'Assisi lived. I saw it in 1831 with pleasure. The sacred house had then been recently painted by Overbeck, in fresco. It was a beautiful and very interesting object. Few of the sentimentalities of the Catholics have pleased me so much. But a few months afterwards an earthquake destroyed the interior of the church. It is now under repair. The old house seems uninjured, except that the greater part of Overbeck's painting is destroyed. *St. Francis of Assisi.*

May 27th.—Left Arezzo about eight. Turning soon out of the high road to Florence, we were driven on good cross-country roads into the very heart of the Apennines, and especially into the Val d'Arno—*superiore*, as I suppose; at least we soon came in sight of the Arno, and we had it long afterwards, to the great joy of Wordsworth. It is not unqualifiedly true that the rose would smell as sweet by any other name,—at least not the doctrine which that famous expression is used to assert. We *do* feel the pleasure enhanced when, in a beautiful spot, we find that that spot has been the theme of praise by men of taste in many generations. This Vale of Arno, which we saw to-day, is more beau- *Val d'Arno* *The Arno.*

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tiful than the rich lower and broader vale near Florence. We went through a fine succession of mountain scenes till we reached the miserable little town of Bibiana, where, in a dirty and low wine-house, we consumed a portion of the cold provisions we had brought from Arezzo. Wordsworth mounted on a horse, and I accompanied him on foot, up a steep hill, through a dreary country, to the famous Franciscan convent of Laverna.* Laverna is a lofty mountain, on the top of which St. Francis built his house.† On entering, we were courteously received by the poor and humble monks. I thought it was Friday, and therefore did not venture to ask for animal food, but requested accompaniments to the tea and sugar we had brought. While our meal was preparing, we strolled through the chestnut forest to a promontory, whence we had a wild and interesting country at our feet. A monk we met in the forest told us some of the legendary tales that abound in a region like this; such as, that the rocks, which are separated from the great mass, were shaken into their present position by the earthquake at the time of our Saviour's crucifixion. He showed a stone insulated from the mass, at a spot where a fierce chief of banditti confined and murdered his prisoners who were not ransomed; and told us how this chief was converted by St. Francis, and became first a saint in the convent, and then a saint in heaven. We chatted with several monks, all dull-looking men and very dirty, but humble and kind. They gave us hot water, and

Laverna.

Franciscan convent.

Legends.

* La Vernia, or Alvernia.

† *Vide* "Memorials," XIV. "The Cuckoo at Laverna," Vol. III., p. 205.

bread-and-butter and eggs, and we enjoyed our tea. Our cells were small and cold, and our beds hard, but we slept well. CHAP. IV. 1837.

May 28th.—Continued our journey, with a diversion to the monastery of Camaldoli.* Here again Wordsworth took a horse, and I walked. The monastery lies delightfully in a secluded valley of firs, chestnuts, &c.; and there is a mountain torrent. As we entered some men were singing, with Italian gesticulation, a song or hymn in praise of May. The monks were looking on. I regretted that I could not comprehend more than the animated looks and vigorous attitudes of the singers. We were received by a very different kind of monks from those of yesterday. They were dressed in white garments, and had shoes and stockings, —in fact they were Benedictines, the *gentlemen* of the monastic orders. While our dinner was preparing, Wordsworth and I strolled up the forest. We entered the Hermitage, where a few monks reside with greater severity of discipline. When they grow old, they come down to the monastery. Six years ago there was a painter here, with whom I chatted. He is in the monastery now. A picture by him was shown to us. I made inquiries, and expected to see him in the evening. But perhaps it was one of his silent days. We had a good dinner, and looked into the library, from which I borrowed a book, to amuse myself in the evening.

Monastery of Camaldoli.

Benedictines.

The monk artist.

June 1st.—(Florence.) Mayer took us to the Santa Croce, — a church of great interest, from the noble

Florence.

* "Memorials," XV., XVI., XVII. Vol. III., p. 209

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characters whose monuments adorn it—Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, &c. . The general appearance of the church is fine. Wordsworth afterwards walked out by himself. Going out by the Croce gate, he crossed the Arno by a suspension-bridge, and then had a delightful walk up to the San Miniato. From this eminence there is a very fine view of the city, and the vale beyond. The old church in its solitude is an affecting object. It is one of the primitive churches in the Lombard style.

Santa Croce.

San Miniato.

Bologna.

June 7th. — (Bologna.) I spent the day more pleasantly than Wordsworth. He has been uncomfortable owing to the *length* of the streets. He is never thoroughly happy but in the country.

June 12th.—One of the most agreeable days we have had. Wordsworth enjoyed it more than any other. Yet we had to encounter fatigue. We were called up a little after two, and at three were in an omnibus-shaped diligence, which was to take us (from Milan) to Como. A few loud talkers kept us awake. By-the-by, I think the lower class of Italians are greater talkers than the French; yet the beauty of the Italian sounds makes the talking less offensive. Just before we reached Como the scenery became very grand. On our arrival I had just time to run to the cathedral, but all other feelings were for the time overpowered by the pleasure of meeting the Ticknors. A very fortunate occurrence, quite unexpected. They too were going up the lake by the steamboat, and thus we united the pleasures of the scenery with the gratification of chat with a very clever family. Perhaps on this account I saw too little of the

Milan to Como.

The Ticknors.

lake. Its beauties were not unknown to me. At all events, the day was a most agreeable one. The view of this most beautiful of lakes was a great delight. Wordsworth blended with it painfully pleasing recollections of an old friend, with whom he made the same journey in 1790, and who died a few months ago. He had also a still more tender recollection of his journey here in 1820 with his wife and sister, when he twice visited this place. Returned to Milan in the evening. As long as the light lasted I read Lockhart's "Life of Scott," which Ticknor had lent me.

Lake Como.

Milan Cathedral.

June 13th.—Accompanied Wordsworth *up* the cathedral. A small sum of a quarter of a Kopfstück is required of each person, and no one accompanies the traveller. An excellent arrangement. And, as Wordsworth truly observed, the cheapest of all sights for which anything is paid. The view of the surrounding country is not to be despised; but that is the least part of the sight. Far more singular and interesting is the effect produced by the numerous pinnacles on the roof of the building itself. Three rows on each side, each surmounted by a figure, and all of marble. Wordsworth has thus described them, as seen by Fancy:—

"Awe-stricken She beholds the array
That guards the Temple night and day;
Angels she sees—that might from heaven have flown,
And virgin-saints, who not in vain
Have striven by purity to gain
The beatific crown—
Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings,
Each narrowing above each;—the wings,
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,

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The starry zone of sovereign height*—
All steeped in this portentous light!"†

We looked into the crypt of the cathedral, to see the outside of the crystal coffin of St. Carlo Borromeo. A gaudy sight, not worth the *Zwanziger* (8*d.*) given to the priest. Gold and silver, sculptured, and seen by torch-light, make but a sorry spectacle, though they may impose on the imagination.

Bergamo. *June 14th.*—(Bergamo.) This day to Wordsworth one of the best of our journey. At least it partook most of that character which suits his personal taste. A day of adventure amidst beautiful scenery. We arose early, and had a few minutes' conversation with the Ticknors, who left Bergamo at six. We then rambled up to the old town; for our inn was only in the suburbs below. I was much pleased with the walk. I have seldom seen a more pleasantly situated provincial town in Italy,—or, indeed, in any country. We left our inn between ten and eleven, and drove through a pleasant country to the little town of Iseo, at the foot of the lake of the same name. The day being intensely hot, we kept indoors after our arrival till evening, when a lad of the house took us to the lakeside. The view very grand. Several ridges of lofty mountains. The latter streaked with snow. Finding a conveniently retired spot, I had the luxury of a bathe. Wordsworth did not return till after dark, having enjoyed his solitary ramble.

Lake of Iseo.

Lovere. *June 15th.*—Voyage to Lovere. Our boat the humblest vehicle in which gentlemen ever made a party

* Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.

† *Vide* "Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820." "The Eclipse of the Sun:" XXVII., Vol. III., p. 159.

of pleasure. A four-oared broad boat, with a sail. The company consisted of about four sheep, one horse, one ass, one cow, about ten steerage passengers, and four or five cabin passengers, besides Wordsworth and myself. We had the shelter of an awning near the helm; but so ill-contrived as to allow of no comfort, our posture being between lying and sitting. The day intensely hot. At one time we were becalmed; but there was no attempt to use the oars. We went near twenty miles in four and a half hours. On our arrival at Lovere, the country was so inviting that we resolved to explore the neighbourhood, and we did so till dark. The views of the lake exquisitely beautiful. At twelve P.M. we re-embarked in our boat, with bipeds and quadrupeds. It was about three A.M. when we arrived at Iseo, and we were glad to get to bed.

A boat excursion.

June 16th.—We reached Desenzano at dusk, and were put into good rooms facing the Lake Garda. A long slip of land which runs into the water divides the lake into halves, and ends in a knoll. This is the promontory of Sermione (Sirmium), where Catullus had a villa. Wordsworth had a strong desire to visit this point; but the sight of it hence will probably satisfy him. A fine view towards the head of the lake determined us to make use of a small steamboat, which to-morrow morning goes to Riva.

Lake Garda.

June 18th.—(Riva.) A day to saunter about in. We walked out before breakfast, taking the road to Arco above the lake. This lake is exposed to storms, of which Virgil has written alarmingly. Wordsworth soon left me, as he was annoyed by the stone walls on the

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road. I sauntered on, and found, on inquiry, that I was now in the Tyrol; but in this remote district no one asked for passport. On my return I breakfasted, and read Lady Wortley Montague, which formed my resource to-day; but I at length became anxious at Wordsworth's non-appearance. I remained in my room till half-past one, and still he had not returned, though he said he should be back to breakfast. I became very uncomfortable, for I feared some accident had occurred. I could no longer rest, and went forth in search of him, feeling sure that, in case of accident, I should be informed of it, as I was dressed so much like him, that it would be taken for granted we were fellow-travellers. Thinking he would be attracted by a village and castles on the mountains, I took my direction accordingly, and after proceeding some distance, the sound of a waterfall caught my ear, and I felt sure that, if it had caught his, he would have followed it. Acting upon this clue, I came to a mill, where I gained tidings of him. He had breakfasted there, and had gone higher up. I followed on, and found a man who had seen him near Riva. This relieved me of all apprehension. On my return to the inn, he had already arrived. A slight tempest on the lake in the evening.

An incident characteristic of Wordsworth.

Lombardy and the Austrian Government.

June 19th.—Our drive to Verona was, like all the drives in this upper part of Lombardy, pleasing from the vicinity of the Alps. Of Lombardy I ought to say, that the nearly entire absence of beggars, except very old people, speaks well for the Austrian Government. On the other hand, however, we were told by a German, on the steamboat to Riva, that there had been

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very recently two highway robberies in the neighbourhood of Bergamo.

Venice.

June 23rd.—Venice impresses me more agreeably than it did seven years ago. The monuments of its faded glory are deeply affecting. We called on the Ticknors, and Wordsworth accompanied them to hear Tasso chanted by gondoliers.

Gondolier chanting.

June 24th.—We rose early, and our first sight was a view of the city, from the tower of St. Mark's, one of the most remarkable objects here. The ascent is by an inclined plane, and therefore more easy than by steps.

Venice from the tower of St. Mark's.

June 26th.—Among the pictures we saw to-day two especially delighted me, perhaps because they were not new to me. The Four Ages of Man, a favourite of dear Lamb's. He valued an engraving of it. The second, a Deposition from the Cross. It is remarkable for the graceful curved line made by the body of Christ, under which is a sheet. And the red drapery of one of the men taking the body down, casts a light on it in a very striking manner. St. John, while he looks on the body with deep feeling, has his arm tenderly round the mother to support her. Deep humanity,—and, by-the-by, all the paintings of most pathos on this subject are those that keep the Divinity out of sight. Who can feel *pity* for God?

An Italian favourite of Lamb's.

June 28th.—Left Venice, and took the new road to Germany, sleeping the first night at Lengarone, and the second at Sillian. The second day's journey one of the most delightful we have had for scenery. In the evening, while at our meal at Sillian, there was in the

New road to Germany.

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house a sort of religious service. One voice led, and the rest chanted a response. The words were unintelligible, but the effect of this little vesper service, which lasted some minutes, was very agreeable.

Vespers at the Inn.

Wordsworth.

June 30th.—Wordsworth overslept himself this morning, having for the first time on his journey, I believe, attempted composition. In the forenoon, I wrote some twenty lines, by dictation, on the Cuckoo at Laverna. During the preceding, as well as this day, I was rendered quite happy by being among Germans. There is something about the people, servants, postilions, &c., that distinguishes them from the grasping Italians.

Germans and Italians.

At the grand little lake—the Königsee—near Berchtesgaden, I left Wordsworth alone, he being engaged in composition. The neighbourhood of Berchtesgaden and Salzburg greatly delighted him. He was enchanted by a drive near the latter place, combining the most pleasing features of English scenery with grand masses and forms. At Salzburg he wandered about on the heights, greatly enjoying the views, while I was attending to accounts, and reading a packet of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. The fashionable watering-place of Ischl was not at all to his taste, and I soon found him bent on leaving it.

The Salzkammergut.

The peasantry of the Salzkammergut are exemplary in their manners, and, except in the frequent goîtres, have the appearance of comfort. On one occasion, I perceived that I had left behind my silver eyeglass and a camel's hair shaving-brush. On returning to the place a day or two later, I inquired of the waiter whether he had found them. He knew nothing

Peasantry, honesty of.

of them ; but when I came to the bags, which had been set aside for us, I found the eyeglass carefully tied to my bag, and the brush so fastened into a leather strap that I could not fail to see it. The most I should have expected would have been a careful delivery up of the articles, for the sake of thanks, and perhaps some gratuity.

The lake of Hallstadt.

We visited one very singular place—the town of Hallstadt, on the lake of the same name. There is nothing like a street, nor indeed is there room for a street. The houses are built on the narrow shore and up the mountain-side, without order and with little regularity. Not a horse or carriage is to be seen, for the place is accessible only by water. Yet it has one thousand inhabitants. A rich salt mountain lies at its back, and on the height resides the Bergmeister. A very comfortable inn received us on the shore. And I liked much the people I saw. I had as nice a bedroom as could be desired, and we were supplied with excellent coffee. In the evening, Wordsworth being out for a walk, I got into an agreeable chat with the family.

The town.

July 12th.—In the only little opening like a square, in this curious town, I noticed a fountain. The form not unpleasant. The inscription I thought worth copying, as a sort of digest of Catholic orthodoxy, as to the person of the Deity and the Virgin Mary.* God the Father, having on a sort of tiara, is sitting ; and in his lap he holds Christ. The Holy Ghost is also

* *July 20th.*—Görres says that Dante sanctions the idea given of the Virgin in this inscription.

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represented. Below, in relief, the Virgin, crowned, stands on the moon. The inscription is as follows :—

Digest of Catholic orthodoxy.

DEO
TER OPT: MAX:
TRINO ET UNO
Ἄλφα καί Ὦμέγα
PATRI INGENITO
FILIO UNIGENITO
EX
UTROQUE PROCEDENTI
SPIRITUI SANCTO
MARIÆ
VIRGINI MATRI
IMMACULATÆ
FILIÆ PATRIS
MATRI FILII
SPIRITUS SANCTI SPOSÆ
TER ADMIRABILI
SIT SEMPITERNUM
LAUS GLORIA ET HONOR.
EX VOTO
EREXERAT: ETC., ETC.
[Initials of the Founders.]

Decree of the new King of Hanover.

July 15th.—Read the decree of the King of Hanover, in which he said that he was not bound either in form or in substance by the *Grund-Gesetz* (the Constitution); that he would take into consideration whether he would utterly abolish or modify it; that his people were to have confidence in him, and obey him; and that they were bound to submit to the old system of government under which their ancestors were happy, &c. &c. The King had not caused the decree to be signed by his Ministers, except one, who had taken the oath of allegiance to him, leaving out that part of the oath by which the Minister was bound to adhere to the *Grund-Gesetz*, &c. &c. All comment is superfluous.

Wordsworth related to me an anecdote that on one occasion, when the King, then Duke of Cumberland, intimated to the Duke of Wellington his intention to do a certain act, the Duke replied, "If so, I will impeach your Royal Highness." *Dukes of Wellington and Cumberland.*

(Of what remains of the diary of this tour two extracts in reference to Munich, and a concluding one, are all that need be given.)

July 17th.—My acquaintance Mr. Oldenburg took Wordsworth and me to the studio of Kaulbach, at which we saw a cartoon of great power, though not easily to be judged of at once, being a vision from the writings of Chateaubriand. This picture was recommended to us by Spence as one of the *Videnda.* *Munich.* *Kaulbach.*

July 20th.—At the new church of St. Ludwig we were so fortunate as to find Cornelius, the designer of the great work which is being executed there. He was working at the great picture of "The Last Judgment." He recognised me civilly. Several of his pupils were at work in different parts of the church. By means of scaffolding we could go from one part to another. The artists were, painting sitting, conveniently in arm-chairs. The pupils were of course executing the designs of their master, and he was enabled to judge of the effect from below. *Cornelius.*

August 7th.—We embarked at two A.M. from Calais, reached the Custom House in the Thames about three P.M., and had our luggage all passed within two or three hours. After dining at the Athenæum, and taking tea at Jaffray's, I called on Wordsworth at Moxon's. I found him in good spirits, and certainly in as good *Return to England.*

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health as when he set out: I think even better. And so ends this interesting tour. It will probably be not altogether unproductive, though the poet has for the present composed only part of a poem on the Cuckoo at Laverna.*

Dedication of Wordsworth's Memorials to H. C. R.

[As the reader is aware, the tour was *not* unproductive, Mr. Wordsworth having published "Memorials of a Tour in Italy." These poems were dedicated to his fellow-traveller in these words:]—

"Companion! by whose buoyant spirit cheered,
In† whose experience trusting, day by day,
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared
The toils, nor felt the crosses of the way,
These records take, and happy should I be
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe
Far more than any heart but mine can know."

* The foregoing account of this tour may have disappointed the reader. "Wordsworth repeatedly said of the journey, 'It is too late.' 'I have matter for volumes,' he said once, 'had I but youth to work it up.' It is remarkable how in that admirable poem, 'Musings near Acquapendente' (perhaps the most beautiful of the Memorials of the Italian Tour), meditation predominates over observation. It often happened, that objects of universal attraction served chiefly to bring back to his mind absent objects dear to him."—H. C. R.'s letter to Dr. Wordsworth. *Vide* "Memoir of Wordsworth," Vol. II., p. 329.

† Wordsworth originally wrote the second line of the dedication, "*To* whose experience trusting," &c. Mr. Robinson suggested the substitution of "In" for "To," on which Wordsworth wrote:—"My dear Friend,—I trust *in* Providence, I trust in your or any man's *integrity*, but in matters of inferior importance, as companionship in a tour of pleasure must be reckoned, I prefer saying '*to*.' But, when the lines are reprinted, I shall be most happy to defer to your judgment and feeling. Let me say, however, that my ear is susceptible of the clashing of sounds almost to disease; and '*in*' and 'trusting,' unless the 'g' be well marked in pronunciation, which it often is not, make to me a disagreeable repetition."

W. S. LANDOR TO H. C. R.

[*No date*].

Do you take any interest in the battle royal of Whigs and Tories? I wish it were a less metaphorical one, and would terminate like the soldiery of Cadmus. Peel, I think, is the only man on either side who can do business. The Stanleys, &c., &c., are jennets that have mane and tail enough, and only want bodies. Poor Parigi* looks old. He often snaps at his two sons, as old people are apt to do. He and Powers are on the best of terms. Unhappily, they have both taken a fancy to cool their sides upon my white lilies, so that where I expected at least two hundred flowers I shall hardly have twenty. Take the whole plant together, leaves and all, the white lily is the most beautiful one upon earth; and her odour gives a full feast, the rose's only a *déjeûner*. It goes to my heart to see the tricks Powers and Parigi have been playing. It is well I am not a florist; but, on recollection, your florists do not trouble their heads about roses and lilies; they like only those stiff old powdered beaux the ranunculuses, &c. I have bought a few pencillings by Vandyke—a boy's head on an account-book—and a very fine Allori, three Cupids. Allori is as fresh after three centuries as after the first hour. Adieu!

Landor's favourite flowers.

August 17th.—I breakfasted with Rogers this morning; Empson went with me. Wordsworth there. A very interesting chat with him about his poetry. He

Breakfast with Rogers.

* The dog who used to escort H. C. R. as a body-guard from his master's house to the gates of Florence.

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repeated emphatically what he had said to me before, that he did not expect or desire from posterity any other fame than that which would be given him for the way in which his poems exhibit man in his essentially *human* character and relations*—as child, parent, husband—the qualities which are common to all men as opposed to those which distinguish one man from another. His Sonnets are not, therefore, the works that he esteems the most. Empson and I had spoken of the Sonnets as our favourites. He said: "You are both wrong." Rogers, however, attacked the form of the Sonnet with exaggeration, that he might be less offensive. I regret my inability to record more of Wordsworth's conversation. Empson related that Jeffrey had lately told him that so many people had thought highly of Wordsworth, that he was resolved to re-peruse his poems, and see if he had anything to retract. Empson, I believe, did not end his anecdote; he had before said to me that Jeffrey, having done so, found nothing to retract, except, perhaps, a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. Empson says, he believed Jeffrey's distaste for Wordsworth to be honest—mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit, says the same. Jeffrey does acknowledge that he was wrong in his treatment of Lamb.

Jeffrey's reconsideration of Wordsworth's claims as a poet.

Escape from fire.

August 21st.—I must mention that this morning an act of carelessness on my part put my chambers in great peril. I had sealed a letter in my bedroom, and

* Dr. Channing spoke of him as "the poet of humanity."—*Vide* "The Present Age; an Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, May 11th, 1841."

used a lucifer to light the candle. Some time after, Tom Martin called. He smelt fire; and on my going into the bedroom, I found it full of smoke. My black coat and silk waistcoat were both on fire, though not in flames. The cane chair was burnt: had the chair been in flames, the bed-clothes would have caught. And *then!* I rejoice and am grateful for the escape. I hope it will be a caution and a warning to me.

Mary Lamb.

August 23rd.—I went down to Edmonton, and found dear Mary Lamb in very good health. She has been now so long well, that one may hope for a continuance. I took a walk with her, and she led me to Charles Lamb's grave.

Journey to the West.

*Rem.**—Though my journey this year abroad was so considerable, yet it terminated much before the ordinary time for closing journeys of pleasure. I therefore gladly availed myself of a proposal made by my late companion, that I should join him in a short journey to the West. Wordsworth's daughter was our lively and most agreeable companion.

John Monkhouse.

September 9th.—On our arrival at Hereford, young Mr. Hutchinson took his uncle and cousin to his father's house at Brinsop. And John Monkhouse, hearing of my arrival, came for me, and took me to his farmhouse at Witney, sixteen miles from Hereford. I spent three days with this excellent man, and had an opportunity of observing how native good, moral, and practical sense can enable a man to extract comfort, if not happiness, in a condition seemingly affording few sources of enjoyment. He was blind: he had no

* Written in 1855.

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educated neighbours, and was forced to bear the reading aloud of uneducated persons. His sister, Mrs. Hutchinson, lived fourteen miles off. He found occupation in the management of his farm, and in books. He had the consolations of religion, and was interested in theological controversies. We had too much matter for talk to feel in the least tired of each other's society.

Solitude in cultivated country.

Of the scenery of the place Wordsworth remarked: "There is too much wood here for so thinly peopled a country." It was one of his striking observations: "Solitude in a waste is sublime, while it is purely disagreeable in a cultivated country." Here the wanderer sees neither houses nor people.

The Queen's entry into the City of London.

November 9th.—This was a memorable day, being the solemn entry of the Queen into the City of London. Between ten and eleven o'clock, I walked down to the Athenæum. The streets were already full, the windows filled with company, and the fronts of houses adorned with preparations for the illumination. I took my station at the south corner of the balcony, from which, after an hour's waiting, I saw the train of carriages. It was long, and, with the numerous guards,—horse and foot,—formed a splendid sight, more especially as Waterloo Place was filled with decently dressed spectators; but I could not see a single person, not even in the Queen's state carriage. As soon as she had passed, I ran up to the roof of the house, and had thence a full view of the long train of carriages in Pall Mall.

The young Queen.

The Bishop of London told Amyot, that when the Bishops were first presented to the Queen, she received them with all possible dignity, and then retired. She

passed through a glass door, and, forgetting its transparency, was seen to run off like a girl, as she is. Mr. Quayle, in corroboration of this, told me that lately, asking a maid of honour how she liked her situation, and who of course expressed her delight, she said: "I do think myself it is good fun playing Queen." This is just as it should be. If she had not now the high spirits of a healthy girl of eighteen, we should have less reason to hope she would turn out a sound sensible woman at thirty.

William Frend.

November 17th.—While making a call on Mrs. Dan Lister, Frend came in. He related some interesting anecdotes of his famous trial at the Cambridge University, for his pamphlet entitled "Peace and Union." I had always understood that this academical persecution ended in his expulsion from the University and his Fellowship. But it appears that he retained his Fellowship until his marriage. Six voted against its being taken from him, and only four on the other side. They feared a bad precedent. He would have been expelled the University, for it was thought there was an ancient law authorizing expulsion on conviction of a libel; but he demanded a sight of the University Roll, and on reference to the original documents, it was discovered that there was an informality about the law in question, which made it invalid. The sole effect of the judgment against Frend was that he was rusticated. He might have returned to his college.

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H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

Athenæum, 11th December, 1837.

My dear Friend,

Miss Martineau informs me that it being objected in America (when the proposal was made to give copyright to English writers) that no English writers had manifested any anxiety on the subject, a petition or memorial was prepared and signed by very many English authors, for presentation to Congress; that only three writers of note refused to subscribe,—Mrs. Shelley, because she had never asked a favour of any one, and never would; Lord Brougham, because, first, he was a member of another legislature (no reason at all), and, secondly, because he was so insignificant a writer, which many will believe to be more true than the speaker himself seriously thinks; and W. W., Esq., whose reason is not known, but who is thought to have been misinformed on the subject. Notwithstanding these three blanks in the roll of English literati, the petition produced an unparalleled impression on the House of Representatives. A Bill was brought into the House, and passed by acclamation unanimously, just as the similar measure of Serjeant Talfourd was received here. The session was a very short one, and the measure must be brought forward again. But Miss Martineau is assured that no doubt is entertained of its passing both Houses without difficulty. She could not find the printed bill when I was with her, but she says the privilege extends a long time. The only obligation laid on English authors is, that their claim must be made within six months of the publication in England.

Proposed literary copyright law in America.

Too confident expectations.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

December 15th, 1837.

Words-worth on English copyright in America.

We were glad to see your handwriting again, having often regretted your long silence. To take the points of your letter in order, Serjeant Talfourd *did* forward to me a petition, and I objected to sign it, not because I was misinformed, but because allegations were made in it, of the truth of which I knew nothing of my own knowledge, and because I thought it impolitic to speak in such harsh and injurious terms of the American publishers who had done what there was no law to prevent their doing. Soon after this I had the pleasure of seeing a very intelligent American gentleman at Rydal, whom you perhaps have seen, Mr. Duar, to whom I told my reasons for not signing the petition; he approved of them, and said that the proper way of proceeding would have been to lay the case before our Foreign Secretary, whose duty it would be to open a communication with the American Foreign Secretary, and through that channel the correspondence would regularly proceed to Congress. I am, however, glad to hear that the petition was received as you report. When I was last in London I breakfasted at Miss Rogers's, with the American Minister, Mr. Stephenson, who reprobated, in the strongest terms of indignation, the injustice of the present system. Both these gentlemen spoke also of its impolicy in respect to America, as it prevented publishers, through fear of immediate underselling, from reprinting valuable English works. You may be sure that a reciprocity in this case is by me much desired, though far less on my own account

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(for I cannot encourage a hope that my family will be much benefited by it) than for a love of justice, and the pleasure it would give me to know that the families of successful men of letters might take that station as proprietors which they who are amused or benefited by their writings in both continents seem ready to allow them. I hope you will use your influence among your Parliamentary friends to procure support for the Serjeant's motion. I ought to have added, that Spring Rice was so obliging as to write to me upon the subject of the American copyright, which letter I answered at some length, and, if I am not mistaken, that correspondence was forwarded by me to Serjeant Talfourd. . . . . .

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Samuel Sharpe.

January 28th.—At Mr. Peter Martineau's I had a very agreeable chat with Samuel Sharpe.* One must respect a banker who can devote himself, after banking hours, to the study of Egyptian hieroglyphics, although he is capable of saying that "every one of Bacon's Essays shows him to be a knave." Had he said that those Essays show him to be merely a man of intellect, in which neither love, admiration, nor other passion is visible, I could not have disputed his assertion.

Rem.†—He is now one of the friends in whose com-

* Nephew and partner of Mr. Rogers, and author of "The History of Egypt," "Egyptian Hieroglyphics," &c; "Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments," and other works in connection with the Scriptures. Mr. Sharpe has also translated the Old and New Testaments. A new work by him is just published, entitled "The History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature."

† Written in 1855.

pany I have the greatest pleasure, though I still think him a man in whom the critical faculty prevails too much. I once expressed my opinion of him to himself in a way that I am pleased with. "Sharpe," I said, "if every one in the world were like you, nothing would be done; if no one were like you, nothing would be *well* done."

Dr. Pye Smith on Solomon's Song.

February 5th.—Read an article by Dr. Pye Smith, who has ventured to apply a little common sense to the Bible, by denying the spiritual character of the Epithalamium in the Old Testament—"Solomon's Song." He quotes from Robert Boyle a shrewd saying: "We must carefully distinguish between what the Scripture says, and what is said *in* the Scriptures." Pye Smith also quotes one Stowe, an American, who said: "Inspiration is just that measure of divine influence afforded to the sacred speakers which was necessary to secure the purpose intended, and no more." This is good sense.

On the plenary inspiration of Scripture.

I will here add an anecdote, though I cannot precisely say when it occurred. Seeing Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's, at the Athenæum, I related to him how an orthodox minister had threatened Pye Smith with a resolution at a meeting of Congregationalist trustees, that he should have no share in distributing charity money, because he had assailed the entirety of the Holy Scriptures. And I asked the Dean whether the Doctor's interpretation was a novelty to him. His answer was worth putting down:—"In the first place, I must caution you against putting such questions to us clergymen. It is generally thought we are pledged to maintain the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

Dean Milman on plenary inspiration.

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It is not true, by-the-by. However, as you have put the question, I will say that I never knew a man with a grain of common sense who was of a different opinion." A few years have greatly changed men's feelings on this point.

Unitarian poaching.

February 6th.—To-day, at the Athenæum, Milman quoted Sydney Smith, in regard to "a capital hit" with the squires in his parish: when any one is charged with Unitarianism, they think it has something to do with *poaching*. "To be sure, and so it has," I answered, "in all true Churchmen's eyes; for what is poaching but unqualified sporting without a licence on the Church's manor?"

Professor Ewald.

February 17th.—I went early to the Athenæum to introduce Professor Ewald, as I have procured an invitation for him for three months. His person and manners please all. His politics make him acceptable to many. His fine thoughtful pale face interests me, who can know nothing of his Oriental learning.*

George Young.

February 21st.—I was nearly all the forenoon reading Ewald at home and at the Athenæum, where I went for the day and dined. I spent a couple of hours with Mr. George Young. I took courage to relate to him an anecdote about himself. Nearly forty years ago, I happened to be in a Hackney stage-coach with Young. A stranger came in—it was opposite Lackington's. On a sudden the stranger struck Young a violent blow on the face. Young coolly put his head out of the window and told the coachman to let him out. Not a word passed between the stranger and Young. But the latter

* Professor of Hebrew at the University of Göttingen.

having alighted, said in a calm voice, before he shut the door, "Ladies and gentlemen, that is my father." Young perfectly recollected the incident, but not that I was present. I at first scrupled about relating the anecdote, lest it should give him pain; but, on the contrary, he thanked me for telling it him. He confessed that no one could have acted better. He said his father, who, like himself, was a surgeon, was a man of ability, and, had he been industrious, would have been a very distinguished person.

How to receive a parental assault.

March 13th.—Read at the Athenæum a remarkable pamphlet by a remarkable man—Frederick Maurice's "Subscription no Bondage." Admirable thoughts with outrageous paradoxes. Fine reflections on the disposition which takes in all things on the positive side, and disregards the negative and polemical. Those who take this view are the truly religious. The opposite class are the fanatical partisans of doctrine. He insinuates that all parties may be content to unite, each firmly adhering to his own positive doctrine, and overlooking the opposite doctrine. Some one affirming that the title of this pamphlet had no sense, I said: "Oh, yes, it certainly has a sense, intelligible enough too."—"What do you mean?"—"Why, it *may* mean, *Subscribe! you are not bound by it.*"

Maurice's "Subscription no Bondage."

April 29th.—I went with Mr. B. Austen* to call on Mr. Broderip, a wealthy solicitor and man of taste. He has some curiosities which are worth a journey to see—among other works of art a marble bust of Voltaire. Imagine the old Frenchman in a full-bottomed

Bust of Voltaire.

* A solicitor, uncle of the Right Honourable Austen H. Layard.

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wig, as natural as wax-work. Such an eye, such wrinkles, such curls! When the influence of his name was added to that of the work, it was impossible not to be filled with strong emotions of wonder, though not of admiration—of fear, but not awe. It is one of the most remarkable objects—not of fine art, but of consummate skill—on a subject, like the work, not of delight, but of intense curiosity.

Breakfast-party at H. C. R.'s.

May 20th.—My breakfast-party went off very well indeed, as far as talk was concerned. I had with me Landor, Milnes, and Serjeant Talfourd. A great deal of rattling on the part of Landor. He maintained Blake to be the greatest of poets; that Milnes is the greatest poet now living in England; and that Scott's "Marmion" is superior to all that Byron and Wordsworth have written, and the description of the battle better than anything in Homer!!! But Blake furnished chief matter for talk.

Landor on Blake.

Breakfast with Monckton Milnes.

May 22nd.—A delightful breakfast with Milnes—a party of eight, among whom were Rogers, Carlyle, who made himself very pleasant indeed, Moore, and Landor. The talk very good, equally divided. Talleyrand's recent death and the poet Blake were the subjects. Tom Moore had never heard of Blake, at least not of his poems. Even he acknowledged the beauty of such as were quoted.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

May, 1838.

I should have written to you some time since, but I expected a few words from you upon the prospects of the Copyright Bill, about which I have taken much

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Wordsworth on literary copyright.

pains, having written (which perhaps I told you before) scarcely less than fifty letters and notes in aid of it. It gives me pleasure that you approve of my letter to Serjeant Talfourd; from modesty, I sent it to him with little hope that he would think it worth while to publish it, which I gave him leave to do. He tells me as you do, that it was of great service. If I had been assured that he would have given it to the world, that letter would have been written with more care, and with the addition of a very few words upon the *policy* of the bill as a measure for raising the character of our literature—a benefit which, Heaven knows, it stands much in need of. I should also have declared my firm belief that the apprehensions of its injurious effect in checking the circulation of books have been entertained without due knowledge of the subject. The gentlemen of your quondam profession, with their fictitious rights, their public rights, their sneers at sentiment, and so forth, and the Sugdenian allowance of seven years after the death of the authors, have indelibly disgraced themselves, and confirmed the belief that, in many matters of prime interest, whether with reference to justice or expediency, laws would be better made by any bodies of men than by lawyers. But enough of this. My mind is full of the subject in all its bearings, and if I had had any practice in public speaking, I would have grasped at the first good opportunity that offered to put down one and all its opponents. Not that I think anything can come up to the judgment and the eloquence with which the Serjeant has treated it.

Lawyers bad law-makers.

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H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

August 10th, 1838.

. . . . I am beginning to breathe in comfort, after being for some weeks employed in getting up a writing in defence of our friend Clarkson against the Wilberforces. It will be out in a few days. Clarkson has ordered a copy to be sent to you; otherwise I know not that you would have had one.

Clarkson and Wilberforce controversy.

I have heard of a lady, by birth, being reduced to cry "muffins to sell" for a subsistence. She used to go out a-nights with her face hid up in her cloak, and then she would in the faintest voice utter her cry. Somebody passing by heard her cry,—"Muffins to sell, muffins to sell! Oh! I hope nobody hears me." This is just my feeling whenever I write anything. I think it a piece of capital luck when those whose opinion I most value never chance to hear of my writing. On this occasion I must put my name; but I have refused everybody the putting it in the *title-page*. And I feel quite delighted that I shall be out of the way when the book comes out. It is remarkable how very differently I feel as to talk and writing. No one talks with more ease and confidence than I do; no one writes with more difficulty and distrust. I am aware, that whatever nonsense is *spoken*, it never can be brought against me; but *writing*, however concealed, like other sins, may any day rise up against one. . . . . .

The shy author.

Publication of the Strictures.

August 16th.—The book came out to-day. And now I have the mortification before me, probably, of abuse,

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or more annoying indifference. Hitherto, I have not had much of either to complain of.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson on the Strictures.

August 21st.—Received a letter from Mrs. Clarkson, written in a satisfied and grateful spirit. No praise for fine writing or ability, but apparently perfect satisfaction—Clarkson, after a second perusal, returning his very best thanks, and saying he considered me to have redeemed his character. This is indeed the best praise; and Mrs. Clarkson concluded by saying that she felt it almost worth while to have undergone the martyrdom for the sake of the representation I have given of what Thomas Clarkson's services really were. This is all I wanted.*

Rem.†—The publication of Clarkson's "Strictures" relieved my mind from a burthen. It was to a great degree my own work, and I was glad to have my attention drawn to other subjects. And at this time the state of Southey's health afforded an excellent occasion. It was thought by his physicians that he might be benefited by an excursion to Paris, and I, with others, was glad to accompany him. Our party consisted of my friend John Kenyon;‡ his friend Captain Jones, R.N., an active intelligent man, by birth a Welshman, who kept us in good humour by his half-serious, half-jocular zeal for the honour of his countrymen the Welsh, and their poor relations the *bas* Bretons; Robert Southey, Poet Laureate, *dignitatis causa;* his friend Mr. Sennhouse, *senectutis causa*, a very gentlemanly man, of great good humour and good taste; Cuthbert

Journey to Paris with Southey, &c.

The travelling companions.

* *Vide* NOTE at the end of the Chapter.

† Written in 1855. ‡ *See* post.

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Southey, Junr., *juventutis causa* (being a sort of hobbledehoy, and Oxford undergraduate). It would be invidious to call these last the drones of the party, yet certainly we, the other three, were the labourers.

From the first we resolved that Southey should be our single object of attention; we would comply with his wishes on all occasions, and we never departed from this; but none of us, on setting out, were aware to how great a degree the mind of the Laureate was departed.

Division of offices.

In jest, we affected to consider the three north-country gentlemen as a princely family, while we, the others, distributed among us the Court offices. Kenyon hired the carriages, ordered the horses, and did all that belonged to the *Master of the Horse.* Jones was *Chamberlain*, and having examined the apartments, assigned to each of us his own — consequently he managed always to take the worst himself. I was *Intendant*, and paid the bills.

On our journey from Boulogne to Paris, we went slightly out of our way, in order to gratify the curiosity of the author of "Joan of Arc," who wished to see

Chinon.

Chinon, where are the ruins of a castle in which, according to the legend, Joan recognised the King.

Southey in Paris.

During our stay in Paris, I believe Southey did not once go to the Louvre; he cared for nothing but the old book-shops. This is a singular feature in his character. But with this indifference to the living things around him is closely connected his poetic faculty of beholding the absent as if present, and creating a world for himself. . . . . Southey

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read to me part of a pleasant letter to his daughter, in which he said: "I would rather live in Paris than be hanged, and could find rural spots to reside in in the neighbouring country. The people look comfortable, and might be clean if they would; but they have a hydrophobia in all things but one. They use water for no other purpose than to mix with their wine; for which God forgive them." In this letter he said that the tour had been made without a single unpleasant occurrence; and that six men could not be found who agreed better.

Southey's letter to his daughter.

One day, whilst we were in Paris, I dined with Courtenay. He is undoubtedly a man of strong natural sense, but applied in a manner quite new to me. There are many epicures in the world—many rich men who spend a fortune in their kitchens; but Courtenay is the only man I ever met with who prides himself on his knowledge of good eating and drinking, and who makes a boast of his attainments in this science. . . . . "It is wonderful," said Courtenay, "how slowly science makes its way in the world. I was thirty-nine years old before I knew how to boil a fowl, and forty-five before I could. . . . . ." Shame on me, I have forgotten what this was in which he became late-wise. "Among my earliest friends," said Courtenay, "was Major Cartwright—a fine old aristocrat! When he was dying, I went to take leave of him. 'My boy,' said he, 'I have a great affection for you, but I have no money to leave you. I will give you two recipes.' One of these I have forgotten. The other was, 'Always roast a hare with its skin on: it is an invaluable piece of knowledge.'"

An epicure.

An invaluable legacy.

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*Rem.**—During this year I was elected a member of the Committee of Management of the Council of University College. My colleagues were Romilly (now Sir John, and Master of the Rolls); William Tooke; Goldsmid (afterwards Sir Lyon, and a Portuguese Baron); and Dr. Boott, M.D.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

December, 1838.

. . . . . As to my employments, I have, from my unfortunate attacks in succession, been wholly without anything of the kind—till within the last fortnight, when my eye, though still, alas! weak, was so far improved as to authorize my putting my brain to some little work. Accordingly, timid as I was, I undertook to write a few sonnets upon taking leave of Italy. These gave rise to some more, and the whole amount to nine, which I shall read to you when you come, as you kindly promised before you went away that you would do, soon after your return. If, however, you prefer it, the four upon Italy shall be sent you, upon the one condition, that you do not read them to *verse writers*. We are all, in spite of ourselves, a parcel of thieves. I had a droll instance of it this morning, for while Mary was writing down for me one of these sonnets, on coming to a certain line, she cried out, somewhat uncourteously, "That's a plagiarism."—"From whom?"—"From yourself," was the answer. I believe she is right, though she could not point out the passage; neither can I. . . . . Have you heard that

Wordsworth's Sonnets on Italy.

* Written in 1855.

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Wordsworth's University honours.

a proposal was made to me from a committee in the University of Glasgow, to consent to become a candidate for the Lord Rectorship, on a late occasion, which I declined? I think you must be aware that the University of Durham conferred upon me the degree of D.C.L.* last summer; it was the first time that the honour had been received there by any one in person. (You will not scruple, therefore, when a difficult point of law occurs, to consult me.) These things are not worth adverting to, but as signs that imaginative literature, notwithstanding the homage now paid to science, is not wholly without esteem. But it is time to release my wife, this being the second long letter she has written for me this morning.

NOTE.†

The sensibilities of Clarkson were painfully excited, and many friends were made indignant, by references to him in the "Life of Wilberforce," which appeared during the present year; and he was still more hurt by an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, in which it was expressly stated that he was remunerated for his services in behalf of the slaves,—the fact being, that a sum of money was given to him by way of reimbursement. This article was soon known to have been written by Sir James Stephen.‡ Clarkson immediately set about to prepare a full statement of facts, though he was in his seventy-ninth year, and in very infirm health. H. C. R. visited Playford while this answer was being prepared, and rendered all the assistance he could, and proposed himself to write an Appendix. Lord Brougham suggested that H. C. R. should also relieve Mr. Clarkson of the trouble of bringing out the work. This Clarkson at once assented to, and the work was published under the title: "Strictures on a Life of William Wilberforce, by the Rev. W. Wilberforce and the Rev. S. Wilberforce. By Thomas Clarkson, M.A. With a Correspondence between Lord Brougham and Mr. Clarkson; also a Supplement, containing Remarks on the *Edinburgh Review* of Mr. Wilberforce's Life, &c. London, Longman and Co., 1838."

H. C. R.'s work on the Wilberforce and Clarkson controversy.

* In another letter, by Wordsworth, the degree is spoken of as LL.D.

† *See* ante.

‡ Son of James Stephen, Esq., Master of Chancery, and the earnest and efficient abolitionist. Mr. Stephen married a sister of Mr. Wilberforce.

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In the following year, two volumes of "Wilberforce's Correspondence" were published, and in this work there was a note so disrespectful to Mr. Robinson, that he could do no otherwise than reply to it. This he did in a work entitled: "Exposure of Misrepresentations, contained in the Preface to the Correspondence of William Wilberforce. By H. C. Robinson, Barrister-at-Law, and Editor of Mr. Clarkson's 'Strictures.' London, Moxon, 1840."

Both the "Strictures" and the "Exposure" called forth warm expressions of sympathy and approval from many of the most prominent men in literature and in politics; among others, Lord Denman, Wordsworth, Lamb, and Talfourd. Macaulay, meeting H. C. R., requested him to tell Mr. Clarkson that he disavowed all participation in what had been said of him in the "Life." Lord Brougham said in his letter to Mr. Clarkson (*vide* page 13 of the "Strictures"), "Any attempt to represent you as a person at all mindful of his own interest, would be much too ridiculous to give anybody but yourself a moment's uneasiness."

But the sequel renders it unnecessary to enter into the merits of this controversy, for the wrong done to one of the best of men was undone by those who alone could undo it. The *Edinburgh Review* * contained an article highly appreciative of Clarkson from the pen of Lord Brougham. And in Sir James Stephen's collected articles,† the one on Wilberforce's Life was much altered, and everything was left out of which Mr. Clarkson's friends could reasonably complain. So completely satisfied was H. C. R. with this *amende honorable*, that he invited himself to Sir James's house, and was received with a cordiality which put an end to all estrangement between them.

The Editors of the "Life," the Rev. W. Wilberforce, and the present Bishop of Oxford, wrote the following letter to Mr. Clarkson:—

THE EDITORS OF THE "LIFE OF WILBERFORCE" TO THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

November 15th, 1844.

Dear Sir,

As it is now several years since the conclusion of all differences between us, and we can take a more dispassionate view than formerly of the circumstances of the case, we think ourselves bound to acknowledge that we were in the wrong in the manner in which we treated you in the Memoir of our father.

Palinode.

We desired, certainly, to speak the strict truth in any mention of you (nor, indeed, are we now aware of having anywhere transgressed it), but we are conscious that too jealous a regard for what we thought our father's fame, led us to entertain an ungrounded prejudice against you, and this led us into a tone of writing which we now acknowledge was practically unjust.

It has pleased God to spare your life to a period far exceeding the ordinary

* *Edinburgh Review*, April, 1838, p. 142.

† "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography."

lot of men, and amidst many other grounds for rejoicing in it, we trust that you will allow us to add the satisfaction which it is to our own minds to have made compensation for the fault with which we may be charged, so far as it can be done by its free acknowledgment to the injured party.

We remain, dear Sir,
With much respect,
Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) ROBERT J. WILBERFORCE.
Thomas Clarkson, Esq. S. WILBERFORCE.

And in a letter dated 17th of November, in the same year, the present Bishop wrote to Mrs. Clarkson: "The object of that" (the former letter) "was the satisfaction of our consciences by the simple acknowledgment to the party injured of what (on full consideration of all which had been urged), appeared to us to have been the public expression on our part of an unfair judgment. . . . . We have no wish that our letter to Mr. Clarkson should be secret; rather it would be a satisfaction to us that it should be included in any Memoir of Mr. Clarkson."

Respective merits of Clarkson and Wilberforce as Abolitionists.

H. C. R., in his zeal for his friend, criticised some expressions in the letter; but in Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson it produced warm feelings of satisfaction. That the sons of such a man as Mr. Wilberforce should, out of their very love and reverence for their father, have been led to see his labours in a light which threw the labours of others too much into the shade, can be easily understood; and, on the other hand, were it not for the known singleness of heart and genuine philanthropy of Clarkson, exception might have been taken to his "History of the Abolition," on the ground that honoured names were left somewhat in the background, through the prominence given to those things on which he could speak from personal knowledge. Indeed, Southey said: "I wish that, instead of writing the 'History of the Abolition,' he had written that part of his own biography which relates to it."

As to the public, they steadily refused to separate the names of the two men who stood foremost in the cause of the slave. Southey's lines expressed the general sentiment of this country:—

> "Knowest thou who best such gratitude may claim?
> Clarkson, I answer'd, first; whom to have seen
> And known in social hours may be my pride,
> Such friendship being praise; and one, I ween,
> Is Wilberforce, placed rightly at his side."

And let it not be forgotten in what high estimation these two great and good men held each other. Incidental expressions of Mrs. Clarkson's, which have already appeared in this work, may be regarded as conveying her husband's sentiment as well as her own. "One man deserves all the incense which his memory has received—good Mr. Wilberforce."—"I remember a beautiful saying of Patty Smith's, after describing a visit at Mr. Wilberforce's: 'To

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know him all he is, and to see him with such lively childish spirits, one need not say, "God bless him!"—he seems already in the fulness of every earthly gift.'" Southey said: "It is not possible for any man to regard another with greater affection and reverence than Clarkson regarded Wilberforce." And Wilberforce wrote to Clarkson: "I congratulate you on the success of your endeavours to call the public voice into action. It is that which has so greatly improved our general credit in the House of Commons, for it is your doing, under Providence." And again, "I shall assign it" (a copy of the "History of Abolition," presented by Clarkson) "a distinguished place in my library, as a memorial of the obligations under which all who took part in the abolition must ever be to you, for the persevering exertions by which you so greatly contributed to the final victory. That the Almighty may bless all your other labours of love, and inspire you with a heart to desire, and a head to devise, and health and spirits to execute them and carry them through, is the cordial wish and prayer of your faithful friend, W. Wilberforce."

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CHAPTER V.

1839.

Miss Fenwick.

*Rem.**—My winter visit to the Wordsworths commenced on the 28th of December. One agreeable circumstance which marked it was my becoming acquainted with Miss Fenwick, an excellent lady. She is of a good family in Cumberland, and devotes her affluence to acts of charity and beneficence. She is warmly attached to the Wordsworths, and esteemed by them as their very dearest friend. Her character is essentially religious and liberal. She occupied a house at Ambleside, and Wordsworth, Dr. Arnold, and many others made this house a frequent end of a walk. I found her enjoying good books and clever people of various kinds. Her catholic taste enabled her to admire the writings of Carlyle, whose "French Revolution" she lent me. She dined at Rydal Mount on New Year's Day. I lost way with her by stating that I occasionally visited Lady Blessington, but none by declaring Kehama to be John Calvin's God. We had all sorts of literary gossip. Wordsworth talks well with her, and she understands him. Harriet Martineau says: "Wordsworth goes every day to Miss Fenwick,

* Written in 1855.

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gives her a smacking kiss, and sits down before her fire to open his mind. Think what she could tell, if she survives him! His conversation can never be anticipated. Sometimes he is annoying, from the pertinacity with which he dwells on trifles; at other times, he flows on in the utmost grandeur, leaving a strong impression of inspiration!"

Improved acquaintance with Dr. Arnold.

Another significant circumstance of this visit was my improved acquaintance and more frequent intercourse with Dr. Arnold, though he had, since my last visit, done an act which brought more reproach on him than any other—his resigning his place in the senate of the London University, because Jews might be members of the University.

Dinner at Dr. Arnold's.

January 2nd.—Dined with Dr. Arnold. Wordsworth, being afraid of the cold, did not accompany me. Sir Thomas Pasley there. The Doctor was very friendly, though he is aware that I wrote against him in regard to the London University. He said: "I am no longer a member of the University; so we are no longer enemies." He talked freely about the religious controversies of the times; does not like the Oxford Tract men. Wordsworth rather friendly to them.

*Rem.**—During one of my visits Mrs. Arnold gave me some account of the family habits. On the first day of the year, the father and mother dined with the children in the schoolroom, as their guests, the children sitting at the head of the table. On that day also appeared the *Fox How Miscellany*, each member of the family contributing something to it.

* Written in 1855.

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January 3rd.—Remained in my lodgings till Wordsworth called. We then went to Miss Fenwick's. He spoke of poetry. At the head of the natural and sensual school is Chaucer, the greatest poet of his class. Next comes Burns; Crabbe, too, has great truth, but he is too far removed from beauty and refinement. This, however, is better than the opposite extreme. I told Wordsworth that in this he unconsciously sympathized with Goethe.

Wordsworth on naturalistic poets.

January 4th.—Reading before six in bed, having a great deal of reading on my hands,* several volumes of "The Doctor," among other things. Wordsworth acknowledges this work to be by Southey. The fourth volume is better than the third. It contains at least a beautiful account of the pious Duchess of Somerset, and an interesting character of Mason the poet. I was engaged in reading this volume on my way to Harden's —a snowy walk. I gave sweet Jessie a lesson in German. I had pleasure, too, in hearing good old Mr. Harden utter liberal opinions, political and religious.

"The Doctor" by Southey.

January 6th.—Dr. Arnold preached a very sensible sermon. All the Wordsworths are suffering from cold. In the evening I read part of Gladstone's new book on the connection between Church and State. He assumes a moral duty on the part of the Government to support what it deems the truth; but here a great difficulty is

Gladstone on Church and State.

* During this Rydal visit H. C. R. read, by no means in a skimming manner, Carlyle's "French Revolution," Arnold's "Rome," Isaac Taylor's "Physical Theory of Another Life," "Spiritual Despotism," and "Natural History of Enthusiasm," Gladstone's "Church and State," some part of Cicero's "Letters to Atticus," several things from "Ben Jonson," besides German with Miss Harden and some of the Arnolds.

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involved. What right has the Government to compel a minority either to concur in or support a Church in which it does not believe? The State, as such, has no organ by which to distinguish between spiritual truth and falsehood. An assertion of infallibility leads to civil war.

January 7th.—Wordsworth sent for me at about two, and I remained at Rydal Mount all day. Dr. Arnold called. A very short walk with him, to see the ravages of last night's high wind. We had an agreeable evening, divided between whist, Carlyle, and Gladstone. There are an infinity of relations as well as of modes of viewing things, and all in their place and way may be true. It is a great defect when the mind begins to *ossify*, and to be so confined to certain fixed ideas as not to be able to shift its position, and see things from all sides.

Mental ossification.

January 8th. — Finished Isaac Taylor's "Physical Theory of Another Life." It strengthens belief in a future life by helping the imagination to realize it. It does not leave heaven to be thought of as a spot for ecstatic enjoyment in the love and worship of God, which to cold natures like mine gives no warmth; but a field is opened on which the mind can rest with hope. Oh, how earnestly do I hope that I may one day be able to believe! But I feel the faith must be *given* me; I cannot gain it for myself. I will try, but I doubt my power energetically to will anything so pure and elevated. I went to Wordsworth this forenoon. He was ill in bed. I read Gladstone's book to him. A heavy snow still falling. Dined with the Harrisons. The

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Arnolds there. An agreeable afternoon. The conversation light and easy. The storm of last Sunday (the 6th) appears to have been very severe, and calamitous in many places. Within a circuit of a mile round Ambleside two thousand trees were blown down. *Storm.*

January 14th.—Walked to Ambleside in search of the *Edinburgh Review*, and on my return found at the Mount Miss Fenwick and Dr. Arnold. He challenged me to a walk up the mountain, behind the grounds of Lady Fleming. Held a serious talk with him on the subject of grace and prayer, and the dilemma in which we are placed. To him I put the difficulty raised so powerfully by Pascal's "Letters." Grace is given if prayed for, but without grace there can be no prayer. Therefore they only can ask for it who have it already. The Doctor denied the difficulty.* I was pleased both with his spirit and his liberal sentiments. He asserted the doctrine that the history of the Fall is to be interpreted mythically. He spoke also of the worth and importance of the prophetical writings of the Old Testament. The hortatory parts are valuable, even independently of the prophetical. The afternoon and evening spent as usual—whist and Gladstone. Wordsworth still laid up by a very bad cold. *Arnold on Divine Grace.*

January 15th.—To-day the Wordsworths all went to Miss Fenwick's for a few days' visit. I have accepted her invitation to dine with her as long as the Wordsworths are at her house. Southey, who was also to be *Southey.*

* Surely grace enough for us to pray may be given, without our supposing that we have no need to seek more; just as strength of body enough for activity is given us, though by exercise we may increase it.—ED.

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her guest, came in the afternoon. We had but a dull dinner, partly owing to Southey's silence. He seemed to be in low spirits, occasioned perhaps by his daughter's state of health.

January 16th.—Having a morning to myself, I called early on Dr. Arnold on my way to Ambleside. A short chat only. Mrs. Arnold lent me a letter in a provincial paper (*The Reformer*), signed F. H. (Fox How), on Church Government, in which the Doctor maintains that all who profess any form of Christianity should be allowed to be of the Church, quoting as an authority the contemporaneous baptism of many converts, on the ground that the admitted Christians might make advances when in the Church. Not satisfied with this by any means, but better pleased with his doctrine that he who wishes to believe is rather to be considered weak in faith, than an unbeliever.* The Arnolds dined at Miss Fenwick's. The Laureate in better spirits. Altogether the dinner passed off pleasantly.

Arnold on latitudinarianism.

January 18th.—On going early to Rydal Mount, I found the family returned. Miss Fenwick had taken Southey back to Keswick. My usual reading was interrupted by the newspapers. The argument in the Queen's Bench on the Canada prisoners of rare interest, but yet unfinished. I walked out with Wordsworth. We met with Dr. Arnold. We talked of Southey. Wordsworth spoke of him with great feeling and affec-

* "Mourning after an absent God is an evidence of love as strong as rejoicing in a present one."—ROBERTSON'S *Sermons*, Vol. II., p. 161. "Since I cannot see Thee present, I will mourn Thy absence; because this also is a proof of love."—*The Soliloquy of the Soul*, by Thomas à Kempis, Chapter XX. - ED.

tion. He said, "It is painful to see how completely dead Southey is become to all but books. He is amiable and obliging, but when he gets away from his books he seems restless, and as if out of his element. I therefore hardly see him for years together." Now all this I had myself observed. Rogers also had noticed it. With Wordsworth it was a subject of sorrow, not of reproach. Dr. Arnold said afterwards, "What was said of Mr. Southey alarmed me. I could not help saying to myself, 'Am I in danger of becoming like him? Shall I ever lose my interest in things, and retain an interest in books only?'"—"If," said Wordsworth, "I must lose my interest in one of them, I would rather give up books than men. Indeed I am by my eyes compelled, in a great measure, to give up reading." Yet, with all this, Southey was an affectionate husband, and is a fond father. I find that his distaste for London is as strong nearly as his dislike to Paris. He says he does not wish to see it again.

Southey dead to all interest except in books.

Wordsworth would rather retain interest in men.

January 20th.—I read at night, in my room, the "Masque of the Gypsies metamorphosed," and several other things, by "rare Ben Jonson." He is a delightful lyric poet. Great richness mixed up with grossness in his masques, makes even these obsolete compositions piquant. But poetry produces a slight effect on me now. Wordsworth says Ben Jonson was a great plagiarist from the ancients. Indeed I remarked in one masque, "Hue and Cry after Cupid," the charming Greek idyll wholly translated and put into a dialogue without any acknowledgment.

Ben Jonson.

January 22nd.—I spent the whole forenoon reading,

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Dinner with Arnold.

and went at four to Dr. Arnold's, to read German with his daughter, before dining there. She fully enjoys Goethe's odes and epigrams, and it is pleasant to explain the few things she does not understand. A party at dinner—the Pasleys and Hardens. The afternoon went off very agreeably. I amused myself with Miss Arnold, while Wordsworth declaimed with Dr. Arnold and Sir Thomas Pasley. Wordsworth seems to have adopted something of Coleridge's tone, but is more concentrated in the objects of his interest. I am glad to find that neither he nor Dr. Arnold can accompany Gladstone in his Anglo-papistical pretensions. Indeed, of the two, the Doctor is the less of a Churchman. I find that he considers the whole claim of apostolical succession as idle.

Arnold on apostolical succession.

A great storm.

January 24th.—A violent storm of wind last night, more disastrous in its effects than any that has occurred in this country for generations. Twenty thousand trees blown down in Lord Lonsdale's estate. Dr. Arnold, Wordsworth, and I, walked to Brathay Wood to witness the ravages there. In the blind force of the elements there is a sort of sublimity, when it overpowers the might of man. Kant accounts for the pleasure which such a spectacle affords by the unconscious feeling—"If this be great, the mind that recognises it must be greater still."

January 25th.—I had an agreeable walk to Field Hall, to Mr. Harden's, "that good old man with the *sunny* face," as Wordsworth happily characterized him. He had lately lost his wife. His beautiful daughter, Jessie, is a charming creature. Miss Arnold was there.

Mr. Harden.

I read Schiller to the young ladies, and Carlyle aloud to the whole family. Mr. Harden enjoyed Carlyle, as did the young ladies. I slept at Field Hall.

January 26th.—A day of very varied enjoyment. After prayers (read by Jessie) and breakfast, I stole out alone, and had a delightful walk to Coniston Lake, *i.e.*, to the mountain that overlooks it. The day was fine, and I very much enjoyed the walk. The wild scenery of the bare mountains was improved, not injured, by the clear wintry atmosphere.

A winter walk in the mountains.

February 1st.—Read pamphlets written by Wordsworth against Brougham in 1818. They were on the general election, and are a very spirited and able vindication of voting for the two Lowthers, rather than for their Radical opponent. They show Wordsworth in a new point of view. He would have been a masterly political pamphleteer. There is nothing cloudy about his style. It is full of phrases such as these—"Whether designedly, for the attainment of popularity, or in the self-applauding sincerity of a heated mind."—"Independence is the explosive energy of conceit making blind havoc with expediency."

Wordsworth's political pamphlets.

February 2nd.—Left my excellent friends, after a visit of pleasure more abundant than any I recollect, though I have been able to preserve only these few memorials.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rydal Mount, 19th January, 1839.

I meant to stay here only a month, but the Wordsworths seem so unwilling to let me go, that I foresee I

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shall not get away till the end of five weeks. In addition to Wordsworth and the ladies, from all of whom I receive almost overwhelming expressions of kindness, I have had the great additional pleasure afforded by Dr. Arnold's family. The Doctor, though he knows I wrote against his scheme of forcing Scriptural examinations on the London University, is more attentive to me in every way than three years ago. I dine with him now and then alone; when we can riot unrestrained in Whig politics, and he talk freely on Church Reform. Besides, I have a plenty of new and very interesting books. There was a time when I used to fill letters (and you too) with an account of one's reading. We have both left off the idle practice. I feel disposed to resume it on this occasion, as I really have some information to give you which you may probably be interested in. I have read to the family Gladstone "On the Relation of the Church to the State." It will delight the High-flying Anglo-papistic Oxford party, but only alienate still further the conscientious Dissenters and displease the liberal Churchmen. Even Wordsworth says, he cannot distinguish its principles from Romanism. Whilst G. expatiates with unction on the mystic character of *the Church*, he makes no attempt to explain *what is the Church of England;* though, to be candid, even Dr. Arnold is not able to make that clear to me.

Free politics with Arnold.

Wordsworth's opinion on Gladstone's work.

Southey's "Doctor."

I have read the third, fourth, and fifth volumes of Southey's "Doctor." A very pleasant, but a very unsubstantial book. There is a graceful loquacity in it, resembling the prose of Wieland, and, bating occa-

sional bursts of Tory and High-Church spleen, very pretty literary small talk, with most amusing and curious quotations,—the sweepings of his rich library.

Carlyle's "French Revolution."

Then I am slowly reading Carlyle's "French Revolution," which should be called rhapsodies—not a history. Some one said, a history in flashes of lightning. And provided I take only small doses, and not too frequently, it is not merely agreeable, but fascinating. It is just the book one should buy, to muse over and spell, rather than read through. For it is not English, but a sort of original compound from that Indo-Teutonic primitive tongue which philologists now speculate about, mixed up by Carlyle *more suo*. Now he who will give himself the trouble to learn this language will be rewarded by admirable matter. Wordsworth is intolerant of innovations. Southey both reads Carlyle and extols him; and this, though Carlyle characterises the French noblesse, at the Etats Généraux, as "changed from their old position, drifted far down from their native latitude, like Arctic icebergs got into the equatorial sea, and fast thawing there;" and the French clergy as an anomalous class of men, of whom the whole world has a dim understanding, that it can understand nothing. . . . . I should have mentioned, before this book, Dr. Arnold's "History of Rome." A popular history, combining an interesting narrative taken from the *legends*; and from Niebuhr an exposition of the fabulous character of the History of Livy and other romance writers. I long for the continuation.

The language.

Wordsworth and Southey on Carlyle.

Arnold's "Rome."

But the works which have most interested me are

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I. Taylor of Ongar.

the writings of a man whose name you have, perhaps, not yet heard of—indeed the books are all anonymous—Isaac Taylor of Ongar. Yet they are precisely of the kind that most interest you; and unless years have too hardly *ossified* your mind (to use a favourite image of Goethe), will renew the pleasure which Priestley's metaphysics afforded you forty years ago. At least, as for myself, I can say that they have delighted me as much as Godwin and Hume delighted me forty years ago, notwithstanding their highly religious and even orthodox character. His first work was entitled "The Natural History of Enthusiasm." I am reading the seventh edition of it, 1834. All his other writings are more or less popular; and yet he has been very little reviewed or talked about by other than his admirers. I think I can account for it. His great scheme was successively to develop the aberrations of the religious sentiment or character. And he has published volumes on "Fanaticism," "Spiritual Despotism," "Superstition," and means to write on the "Corruption of Morals," and on "Scepticism," as the aberration of the intellectual faculty. Now, in the course of this cycle, he avows himself dissatisfied with all parties. A Dissenter by education, he declares himself convinced of the Scriptural truth of Episcopacy, and utters a prayer for the perpetuity of the English Episcopal Church; but then he asserts his conviction, that in that Church a second reformation is as necessary as the first was in the sixteenth century. In his book on "Superstition," he professes to show which of the superstitions of the Roman Church still survive in the *Anglican*. And in

"Natural History of Enthusiasm."

On aberration of mind in religious matters.

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his "Spiritual Despotism," he says that while the Anglican Ritual retains before its Articles the declaration of the King, the Episcopalians have no right to reproach the Romanists with despotism. Of this series, I have read with great pleasure the "Spiritual Despotism." It involves most of the questions discussed by Gladstone and Warburton; and without saying that I concur with him in any of his great conclusions, I can say that I have read the whole with great pleasure. I am now reading, with more mixed feelings, his first work on "Enthusiasm," which shows, I think, an intellect less uniformly sharpened by exercise. But the book which has most pleased me, and which I particularly recommend to you, is a recent work—"Physical Theory of another Life." It is a work of *pure speculation*, but rich in thoughts and in imaginations, which are not given presumptuously as truths; he does not reason *from* Revelation, but *to* it; that is, shows that all he imagines as possible is compatible with it. He says it will not please those who think of heaven as a place where angels are engaged in ecstatic contemplations of God, for he supposes, in the other life, analogous occupations, and a scheme of duties arising out of an expansion of our powers. The leading thought of the whole book is contained in St. Paul's expression, there is *a spiritual body and a natural body.* He declares the whole controversy concerning matter and spirit to be idle and worthless, which men will soon cease to discuss. In the other world, we shall have still a body, but a spiritual body; and the whole speculation is a development of the distinction. You,

"Spiritual Despotism."

"Physical Theory of another Life."

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who love metaphysics as I do, will enjoy this. Others, who think the present life affords sufficient matter for our investigation, may be better pleased with his "Spiritual Despotism," &c. &c. He has also written on "Home Education," and a work of a more devotional kind, called "Saturday Evening." Whenever you answer this letter, I wish you would tell me what Priestley says of that famous passage in the Corinthians about the *spiritual body*.

I wish you would write to me, but do not delay above three or four days, lest I should have left my present quarters. Can you tell me anything about the Clarksons? I am glad to have found Wordsworth quite pleased with the "Strictures."

Arnold's portrait.

February 8th.—An interesting rencontre in the studio of Phillips, R.A., where Dr. Arnold was sitting for his portrait. Bunsen was reading Niebuhr to him. Mrs. Arnold, Prof. Lepsius,* and Mrs. Stanley, wife of the Bishop of Norwich, came afterwards.

P. B. Shelley's son.

March 2nd.—Called at Francis Hare's. Only Mrs. Hare's sister at home. Mrs. Shelley came in with her son. If talent descended, what might he not be?—he, who is of the blood of Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, Shelley, and Mrs. Shelley! What a romance is the history of his birth!

Clarkson presented with the freedom of the City.

April 15th.—A busy day. At two o'clock I accompanied the Clarksons to the Mansion House, where he received the freedom of the City. It was a delightful scene, and even pathetic. The mover and seconder of

* The distinguished Egyptologist.

the resolution, Wood and Laurie, Richard Taylor, Sydney Taylor, Dr. Barry, Sheppard and his father, Haldane, and J. Hardcastle, and several ladies, with Mrs. Clarkson, were of the party. Short and neat speeches were made by the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain (Sir John Shaw). Clarkson's reply was admirably delivered. A tone of voice so sweet as to be quite pathetic. There was a graceful timidity mingled with earnestness. An evident satisfaction, very distinguishable from gratified vanity. Everybody was pleased. We adjourned to the Venetian room and took luncheon.

Aders' pictures.

April 26th.—This morning Aders' pictures were sold. Among my purchases were a Holy Family by Perugino —so said, at least. W. S. Landor says it is by Credi, but Raphael did not paint better. I like it much. A St. Catherine by Francia, which I like next. Landor praises it. A copy of the Annunciation at Florence, a miracle picture. A Descent from the Cross, by Hemling, genuine German. A Ruysdael, and a Virgin and Child, on gold, by Van der Weyde. The last two were liked by Wordsworth, and I gave them to him.

Carlyle's lecture.

May 1st.—I heard Carlyle's first lecture on "Revolutions." It was very interesting, though the ideas were familiar to me. A great number of interesting persons present—Bunsen, Mrs. Austin, Lord Jeffrey, Fox, &c. &c.* Called at John Taylor's, where I found his aunt, Mrs. Meadows Taylor, who was Miss Dyson fifty-five years ago, and used to come to my mother's. She recollects that Henry was a lively boy.

* H. C. R. sedulously attended the whole course.

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The Taylors of Diss.

*Rem.**—My recollection was rather of her blue sash than of her. She was at Miss Wood's school, at Bury. She has now been long dead. Not many years ago, passing through Diss, I called on a daughter, Miss Taylor, who was then living in the house in which her father and his ancestors had practised as attorneys more than 130 years!

Daniel Webster.

June 11th.—A most interesting party at Kenyon's. The lion of the party was Daniel Webster, the American lawyer and orator. He has a strongly marked expression of countenance. So far from being a Republican in the modern sense, he had an air of Imperial strength, such as Cæsar might have had. His wife, too, had a dignified appearance. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor alone resembled them in this particular. There were present also at Kenyon's, Montalembert, the distinguished Roman Catholic author, Dickens, Professor Wheatstone, the Miss Westons, Lady Mary Shepherd, &c. &c.

Mrs. Daniel Gaskell.

June 27th.—In the evening went to a party at the Lindleys'. I went to meet Mrs. Daniel Gaskell. She drew upon herself a great degree of notice from the leading part she took in public matters. She was unquestionably a character.

*Rem.**—In her youth she was a disciple of Godwin, as I was in mine; and he was among the objects of her especial interest in his old age. He was frequently at her house. She was also very kind to John Thelwall's daughter, and not the less so for her becoming a Roman Catholic. Indeed, it was said that any devia-

* Written in 1858.

Mrs. D. Gaskell.

tion from the ordinary rules of conduct was to her a recommendation rather than otherwise. A lady, being asked whether Mrs. Gaskell had called on her, said, "Oh no; she takes no interest in me. I have neither run away from my husband, nor have any complaint to make of him." Of her Liberal opinions she was proud, and she was generous and warm-hearted. One who had been speaking of her zeal in all matters of education and in public institutions, added, "She gets up regularly every morning at five o'clock to misinform herself." Mr. Gaskell was once in Parliament. He was universally respected and liked.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

Rydal Mount, 7th July, 1839.

. . . . . Relieve the *people* of the burden of their duties, and you will soon make them indifferent about their rights. There is no more certain way of preparing the people for slavery than this practice of central organization which our philosophists, with Lord Brougham at their head, are so bent upon importing from the Continent. I should have thought that, in matters of government, an Englishman had more to teach those nations than to learn from them. . . . .

July 9th.—Dined at Joseph Hardcastle's. Melvill, the popular preacher, there, and F. Maurice and others. John Buck, too, was there. I had not seen him for a long time. He smiled when he saw me. I said, "I can read your smile. It means—'What, Saul among the prophets!'" I took my place at the bottom of the

Saul among the prophets.

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table. The top was occupied by the Reverend Stars. One incident is worthy of mentioning. Some one spoke of the American sect called *Christ*-ians. "Aye," said one of the divines, "it is safer to lengthen a syllable than a creed!" This as a *mot* is excellent. I could not distinguish from whom it came.

Melvill and an unowned bon mot.

*Rem.**—I lately taxed Maurice with it. He disclaimed it. Not from disapprobation, he said. Yet I was told it was hardly likely to be Melvill's. But my journal speaks of him as cheerful and agreeable, and not at all Puritanical. And therefore let it be ascribed to him, if he likes to have it.

July 17th.—I joined my friends the Masqueriers at Leamington, and remained with them a fortnight.

*Rem.**—This excursion has left several very agreeable recollections. Among these, the most permanent was my better acquaintance with the Field family. I then knew Edwin Field chiefly as the junior partner of Edgar Taylor, who was at that time approaching the end of an honourable and useful life. Mr. and Mrs. Field, Senr., were then living in an old-fashioned country house between Leamington and Warwick. He had long been the minister at Warwick, and also kept a highly respectable school. He was known by a "Life of Dr. Parr," whose intimate friendship he enjoyed. His wife was also a very superior woman. I had already seen her in London. I heard Mr. Field preach on the *21st.* His sermon was sound and practical, opposed to metaphysical divinity. He treated it as an idle question—he might have said a mischievous

William Field.

* Written in 1858.

subtlety—whether works were to be considered as a justifying cause of salvation, or the certain consequence of a genuine faith.

S. Rogers.

August 8th.—Breakfasted at Sam Rogers's with W. Maltby. There came in a plain-looking man from the North, named Miller, of free opinions and deportment. He had risen by his talents; and Rogers told us his history. "He called on me lately," said Rogers, "and reminded me that he had formerly sold me some baskets—his own work—and that on his showing me some of his poems I gave him three guineas. That money enabled him to get work from the booksellers, and he had since written historical romances,—'Fair Rosamond,' 'Lady Jane Grey,'" &c.

Miller.

August 29th.—After an early dinner, I walked to Edmonton, where I stayed more than two hours. Poor dear Mary Lamb has been ill for ten months; and these severe attacks have produced the inevitable result. Her mind is gone, or, at least, has become inert. She has still her excellent heart,—is kind and considerate, and her judgment is sound. Nothing but good feeling and good sense in all she says; but still no one would discover what she once was. She hears ill, and is slow in conception. She says she bears solitude better than she did. After a few games of piquet, I returned by the seven o'clock stage.

Mary Lamb.

September 25th.—Left my chambers in Plowden Buildings, and went to my apartments in Russell Square, No. 30. I am to pay for this, my new domicile, £100 per annum. It gives me no vote, subjects me to no service. I have no reason to com-

30, *Russell Square.*

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plain of my surroundings. Fellows* has the second floor.

Sir Charles Fellows.

October 7th.—A delightful drive to Ipswich, where Mr. Clarkson's servant was waiting for me. I reached Playford between twelve and one. Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson seemed much better in health than they were. During a three days' stay I enjoyed much of their company. Mr. Clarkson gave me to read a little "Essay on Baptism" he had written for his grandson. In this little tract he maintains, with great clearness, and, at least, to my perfect satisfaction, that Christ's commission to baptize was a commission to convert and make proselytes from other religions, and that it was not intended to baptize the children of Christians. Repentance is the condition of salvation; baptism a mere formal, and not an essential, condition. Without pretending to have an opinion on a question of history, ignorant as I am, I would merely say this, that there is nothing unreasonable in combining with a spiritual change a symbolic act; but it *is* most unreasonable to maintain that the effect of baptism partakes of the nature of galvanism.

Clarkson on Baptism.

Booth.

James Heywood.

October 20th.—Dined with the Booths. A very pleasant man there, a Mr. James Heywood, from Manchester, said to be munificent towards Liberal institutions. A sensible man, too; so that I enjoyed the afternoon. I was perfectly at my ease.

* Sir Charles Fellows, the well-known traveller and antiquarian discoverer in Asia Minor. The Lycian Saloon in the British Museum is filled with the remains of ancient art, which he brought with him from Lycia. He had the valuable help of Mr. George Scharf in making drawings of the works of art discovered among the ruins of the ancient cities which they visited.

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*Rem.**—He afterwards became the representative in Parliament of one of the divisions of Lancashire. He studied at Cambridge; but not being able to sign the Thirty-nine Articles, could not take his degree. This gave him a sort of right to take up the question of University Reform, which he did boldly. He was the first to bring the matter before the House of Commons.

October 21st.—I dined at the Athenæum, where I heard from Babington Macaulay a piece of news that will excite sensation all over Europe. Lord Brougham has been killed by the breaking of a carriage—killed on the spot! I never remarked a more general sentiment of terror. Such power extinguished at once! I was accosted by persons who had seldom, or never, spoken to me before. Lockhart, son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott, &c. &c. Some of us had doubted whether his political change would not take away his interest in our College, but Romilly said, "No, he would never have left us; he was strongly attached to the College. Death, for the present, at least, quits all scores. The good only will be remembered."

Rumoured death of Lord Brougham.

October 22nd.—Oh, what a lamentable waste of sensibility! On my going to the Athenæum, Levesque accosted me with—"It is a hoax, after all. Brougham is not dead." I fear this is not an indictable offence. Those who had mourned most conspicuously were ashamed to rejoice.

A Brougham hoax.

November 11th.—A party at Masquerier's. Robert Thompson, an old man, an octogenarian, was the attraction. He was more than the *publisher* of Burns's

Thompson, the Edinburgh publisher of Burns.

* Written in 1858.

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Songs—he occasioned the composition of many. He is a specimen of Scotch vitality. He fiddled and sang Scotch songs all the evening. A daughter attended him, the wife of an M.D., Dr. Fisher, older than her father. This sturdy vitality, bred in Scotland, is characteristic of the people.

The Scotchman.

*Rem.**—As Froude says in his history: "Whatever part the Scotchman takes, he is anything but weak." But, by way of comment, I add, that the fierce devotional character of the Scotch is purely national. They are the same in all things.

To continue the subject of national character. Some years after this, when the Dissenters' Chapel Act was under discussion, and Mr. Haldane and I tolerated each other, I met by chance, in his chambers, Sir Andrew Agnew, to whom I remarked: "I think an infidel Radical a mischievous character, but a Radical saint is more dangerous." He said, "Aye, he is more in earnest." But, in the same conversation, Sir Andrew showed a want of presence of mind. Not disputing the pure motives of the Scotch Sabbatarians, of whom Sir Andrew was the head, I said that I thought it fortunate that their society had no existence in the time of our Lord, "for they certainly would have persecuted him." He was silent. Perhaps he saw that I was incurable.

Sir Andrew Agnew.

December 28th.—Read an admirable article on Voltaire, by Carlyle. No vulgar reviling. Voltaire's good qualities are acknowledged; but he is represented in the inferior character of a *persifleur*, with dexterous

* Written in 1858.

ability in carrying out the conclusions of his mere understanding.

H. C. R. thinks of writing Clarkson's life.

In the course of this year I called on Lord Brougham, and explained myself fully about Clarkson. He informed me of having received Clarkson's MSS. Quite unprintable in their present form. I told him of my wish to write Clarkson's life; and he at once said no one else should have the MSS. Next day I wrote an account of this to Mrs. Clarkson, and I hope, therefore, that the result will be as I wish.*

1840.

1840.

Miss Mackenzie's death.

March 11th. — I was distressed by a letter this morning, from Miss Mary Weston, announcing the death of Miss Mackenzie, at Rome, on the 26th ult. She was an excellent person, for whom I had a sincere regard—warm-hearted, and endowed with fine taste. She had a love of all excellence, and was grateful to me for having enabled her to make Wordsworth happy for a month at Rome. I wrote to Wordsworth to-day, informing him of her death. He will deeply lament this.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

March 16th, 1840.

Wordsworth on Miss Mackenzie.

Poor dear Miss Mackenzie! I was sadly grieved with the unthought-of event; and I assure you, my dear friend, it will be lamented by me for the remainder of my days. I have scarcely ever known a person for whom, after so limited an acquaintance—limited, I mean, as to time, for it was not so as to heart and mind—I felt

* For some reason, which does not appear, this plan fell through.

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so much esteem, or to whom I have been more sincerely attached. I had scarcely a pleasant remembrance connected with Rome in which her amiable qualities were not mixed, and now a shade is cast over all. I had hoped, too, to see her here, and that Mrs. Wordsworth, Dora, and Miss Fenwick would all have taken to her as you and I did.

The new penny post.

How comes it that you write to us so seldom, now that postage is nothing? Letters are sure to be impoverished by the change; and if they do not come oftener, the gain will be a loss, and a grievous one too.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

March 19th, 1840.

You ask why I write so seldom. The answer is an obvious one, and you will give me credit for being quite sincere when I make it. It is but seldom that I dare to think that I have anything to say that is worth your reading. The feeling is not so strong as it was, because I have for some years been aware of a part of your character which I was at first ignorant of. Rogers, a few mornings ago, took up your "Dedication to Jones" to read to me. "What a pity it would have been had this been left out!" he said. "Every man who reads this must love Wordsworth more and more. Few know how he loves his friends!"

Wordsworth's attachment to his friends.

Now I cannot charge myself of late with having omitted to write whenever anything has occurred to any friend of yours, or, indeed, any one in whom you take an interest. To others I frequently write mere rattling letters, having nothing to say, but merely spinning out

Where to send gossip.

of one's brain any light thing that one can pick up there. I need not say *why* I cannot write so to you.

Formerly, and even now in a slight degree, I used to be checked, both in writing and in talk, by the recollection of the four sonnets, so beautiful, and yet beginning so alarmingly,—

> "I am not one who much or oft delight
> To season my fireside with personal talk."

Now, after all, a letter—a genuine letter—is but personal talk. . . . . .

A Non-con. club dinner.

April 2nd.—I had invited Mr. Jaffray to meet me at the Non-cons, where I presided. I never presided at any dinner in my life before. In delivering the toasts, I playfully laughed at our having symbols of any kind, being Non-cons.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

. . . . . Our three standing toasts are, first—"The Memory of the Two Thousand." And then it was that I took the club by surprise, by declaiming, as impressively as I could—

> "Nor shall the eternal roll of Fame reject, &c." *

The second toast is—"John Milton."

On this I recited—

> "Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind, &c." †

Our third toast is—"Civil and Religious Liberty all the World over."

* "Wordsworth's Poetical Works," Vol. IV., p. 62.

† *Ibid*, Vol. IV., p. 61.

CHAP. V. 1840.

Having unhappily no third sonnet, I made a speech, and took the opportunity to inveigh against the Parliamentary privilege, which I introduced by pointing out the vulgar error of confounding *popular power* with *civil or religious liberty;* showing that, though sometimes the power of the people is a means for securing liberty, yet often the people and their representatives are mere odious tyrants—hence *privilege!* . . . . . .

Carlyle.

May 8th.—Attended Carlyle's second lecture. It was on "The Prophetic Character," illustrated by Mahomet. It gave great satisfaction, for it had uncommon thoughts, and was delivered with unusual animation. He declared his conviction that Mahomet was no mere sensualist, or vulgar impostor, but a real reformer. His system better than the Christianity current in his day in Syria. Milnes there, and Mrs. Gaskell, with whom I chatted pleasantly. In the evening heard a

Faraday.

lecture by Faraday. What a contrast to Carlyle! A perfect experimentalist—with an intellect so clear! Within his sphere, "*un uomo compito.*" How great would that man be who could be as wise on Mind and its relations as Faraday is on Matter!

May 12th.—Went to Carlyle's lecture "On the Hero, as a Poet." His illustrations taken from Dante and Shakespeare. He asked whether we would give up Shakespeare for our Indian Empire?*

May 22nd.—This day was rendered interesting by a visit from one of the most remarkable of our scholars

* H. C. R. attended the whole course; but it is not necessary to make any extracts, as the lectures themselves are familiar to the reader.

and men of science, Professor Whewell. He breakfasted with me and my nephew. The occasion of his visit was, that I might look over his translation of "Hermann and Dorothea" with the original, with a view to some suggestions I had made. His pursuits are very multifarious. To some one who said, "Whewell's forte is science,"—"Yes," said Sydney Smith, "and his foible is omni-science."

Professor Whewell.

Universality of his pursuits.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

June 3rd, 1840.

. . . . . Hartley Coleridge is come much nearer us; and probably you might see as much of him as you liked. Of genius he has not a little; and talent enough for fifty. . . . . .

Hartley Coleridge.

December 22nd.—I went out early, to breakfast with Rogers. A most agreeable chat. He was very cordial, communicative, and lively; and pointed out to us his beautiful works of art, and curious books. I could not help asking, "What is to become of them?"—"The auctioneer," he said, "will find out the fittest possessor hereafter. He who gives money for things, values them.* Put in a museum, nobody sees them." I allowed this of gold and silver, but not of books; such as his "Chaucer," with the notes Tooke wrote in it when in the Tower, with minutes of the occurrences that then took place. So Tooke's copy of the "Trial of Hardy," &c., with his notes. "Such books you should distin-

Rogers.

Bequeath your books for sale.

* H. C. R.'s feelings were exactly the reverse. He had the greatest anxiety that nothing which had belonged to him should be sold.

CHAP. V. 1840.

guish with a mark; and say in your will, 'All my books with the marks set out, to So-and-so.'" I fear he will not pay attention to this.

Lord Brougham.

December 23rd.—I called on Lord Brougham. It is strange that, in his presence, I forgot all my grounds of complaint against him.

My tour this year was to Frankfort. On the bridge there, on the 7th of October, I last saw my old friend Voigt and his amiable family. He always showed me great kindness; and I sometimes felt ashamed of myself for being too sensible of his harmless vanity. I must not forget to mention one fact, which he related to me in our last cozy talk, and which does honour to one of the first-class great men in Germany: "When I went first to Paris I was a young man, and had little money; so that I was forced to economize. A. Humboldt said to me one day: 'You must want to buy many things here, which you may not find it convenient to pay for immediately. Here, take a thousand francs, and return it to me some five or ten years hence, whenever it may suit you!'" Voigt accepted the money, and repaid it.

Humboldt's generosity to Voigt.

CHAPTER VI.

1841.

H. C. R. TO MASQUERIER.

Rydal, 18th Jan., 1841.

Instead of telling you of him (Southey) in this sad condition, I will copy a pleasant *jeu d'esprit* by him when pressed to write something in an album. There were on one side of the paper several names; the precise individuals I do not know. One was Dan O'Connell. Southey wrote on the other side, to this effect. I cannot answer for the precise words,—

Jeu d'esprit by Southey.

Birds of a feather
Flock together,
Vide the opposite page;
But do not thence gather
That I'm of like feather
With all the brave birds in this cage, &c. &c. *

Surely good-humour and gentle satire, which can offend no one, were never more gracefully brought together. This reminds me of another story. It is worth putting down. A lady once said to me, "Southey made a poem for me, and you shall hear it. I was, I believe, about three years old, and used to say,

* H. C. R. often told this story, with the concluding line,—
"Or sing when I'm caught in a cage."
The point was Southey's unwillingness to write at all in an Album.

CHAP. VI. 1841.

'I are.' He took me on his knee, fondled me, and would not let me go till I had learned and repeated these lines,—

Southey's verses for children.

"A cow's daughter is called a calf,
And a sheep's child, a lamb.
Little children must not say *I are*,
But should always say *I am*."

Now a dunce or a common man would not throw off, even for children, such graceful levities. I repeated this *poem* to Southey. He laughed and said, "When my children were infants, I used to make such things daily. There have been hundreds such forgotten."

Death of H. C. R.'s nephew.

In the spring of this year, my nephew, who had long exhibited signs of pulmonary consumption, became much worse. Change of air was recommended, and Clifton was the place selected. I went down on the 19th of April and returned on the 4th of May. Wordsworth was at the time staying with Miss Fenwick, at Bath, and I went over to see him. My nephew was placed under the care of Mr. Estlin, one of the most excellent of men, independently of his professional reputation. Dr. Bright preferred him to any other medical man in the place. My nephew returned to Bury, and on the 16th of June he died. The last few weeks were a salutary preparation, and he declared them to be among the happiest of his life.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

June 5th, 1841.

One thing is quite certain, that the older we become, and the nearer we approach that end which we, with

very insignificant diversities of age, shall certainly soon reach, our speculations about religion become more earnest and attractive. Hence the interest we feel in theological discussions of any kind. These supersede even the politics of the day.

Interest in religion grows with age.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Athenæum, 17th July, 1841.

My presentiment becomes stronger every day that I shall die suddenly, without previous illness, and not live to be very old. I often think of dear Tom's last weeks. The repose with which he looked forward to death, and the unselfishness of his feelings, add greatly to my esteem for his memory. Dining the day before yesterday at a clergyman's, I related some anecdotes of my nephew's last days, and ventured on the bold remark that I thought his conduct evinced a more truly Christian feeling than that diseased anxiety about the state of his soul which certain people represent as eminently *religious*. My host did not reprove, but echoed the remark; and he said the same day:—"If I found Calvinism in the Bible, it would prove, not that Calvinism is true, but that the Bible is false."

A false presentiment.

Calvinism and the Bible.

Rem.—During Wordsworth's stay at Bath, he wrote to me (*April 18th*): "This day I have attended, along with Mary, Whitcomb Church, where, as I have heard from you, your mother's remains lie. I was there also the day before yesterday; and the place is so beautiful,

Wordsworth at the grave of H. C. R.'s mother.

CHAP. VI. 1841.

especially at this season of verdure and blossoms, that it will be my favourite walk while I remain here; and I hope you will join us, and take the ramble with me. Some time before Mary and I left home, we inscribed your name upon a batch of Italian memorials, which you must allow me to dedicate to you, when the day of publication shall come."

J. T. Rutt.

On the *3rd of March* died my old and excellent friend J. T. Rutt, the earliest, and one of the most respected, of my friends. He was in his eighty-first year. About the same time died also W. Frend and George Dyer, "both," says my journal, "of the last generation." That is, they acquired note when I was a boy. My journal adds, "The departure of these men makes me feel more strongly that I am rapidly advancing into the ranks of seniority." I wrote this when I was nearly sixty-six years of age. I copy it when I am in my eighty-fifth year!

W. Frend.

G. Dyer.

A. Gooden.

Alexander Gooden also died during this year. He was second son of James Gooden, of Tavistock Square, and one of the most remarkable and interesting young men I have ever known. He died suddenly, on the Continent, from inflammation, occasioned by rowing on the Rhine. His attainments were so extraordinary, and so acknowledged, that when Donaldson, of the University College, was a candidate for the mastership of Bury School, Alexander Gooden, then an undergraduate, was thought fit to sign a testimonial in his favour. His modesty and his sensibility were equal to his learning.

1842.

H. C. R. TO J. J. MASQUERIER.

Rydal Mount, 5th January, 1842.

. . . . . Did you ever see this country, or district, in Winter? If not, you can have no idea of its peculiar attractions; and yet, as an artist, with a professional sense of colour, you must feel, far more intensely than I possibly can, the charm which the peculiar vegetation and combination of Autumnal tints produce. Dr. Arnold* said, the other day, "Did you ever see so magnificent a Turkey-carpet? There are none like it now to be had; I have ascertained that the manufacturers of the East have broken up their old frames, and got new patterns." Here, on the mountains, there is such a union of light brown and dark yellow, with an intermingling of green, as produces a delicious harmony. Both, of all artists, comes the nearest; Berghem is too fond of the lilac. It would be absurd to say that this lake district is more beautiful in Winter than in Summer; but this is most certain—and I have said it to you, I believe, repeatedly—that it is in the Winter season that the superiority of a mountain over level country is most manifest and indisputable. I brought down Mrs. Quillinan,† and we arrived here on

Mountains in winter.

Both and Berghem as painters of winter scenes.

* During this visit I had, for the last time, the pleasure of seeing Dr. Arnold. But there was no apprehension of his health giving way, and no special attention was given to his conversation. He was a delightful man to walk with, and especially in a mountainous country. He was physically strong, had excellent spirits, and was joyous and boyish in his intercourse with his children and his pupils.—H. C. R.

† Dora Wordsworth married Mr. Quillinan, of whom *see* ante, p. 114, and more hereafter.

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Christmas Eve; and I shall take her back about the 16th or 17th. This railway travelling is delightful, and very economical too. We made the journey for four guineas each, and in between sixteen and seventeen hours. A few years since, it was usual to be two nights on the road, and incur nearly double the expense. . . . . .

Wordsworth's criticism.

January 6th.—Took a walk, with Wordsworth, under Loughrigg. His conversation has been remarkably agreeable. To-day he talked of Poetry. He held Pope to be a greater poet than Dryden; but Dryden to have most talent, and the strongest understanding. Landor once said to me: "Nothing was ever written in hymn equal to the beginning of Dryden's '*Religio Laici*,'—the first eleven lines." Genius and ability Wordsworth distinguished as others do. He said his Preface on poetical language had been misunderstood. "Whatever is addressed to the imagination is essentially poetical; but very pleasing verses, deserving all praise, not so addressed, are not poetical."

The imaginative the truly poetical.

Chatterton.

January 14th.—Read, at night, Dix's "Life of Chatterton:" a poor composition. It contains some newly discovered poems. I never could enjoy Chatterton; *tant pis pour moi*, I have no doubt; but so it is. This morning I have finished the little volume. I do feel the beauty of the "Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla;" and some of his modern poems are sweetly written. I defer to the highest authority, Wordsworth, that he would probably have proved one of the greatest poets in our language. I must therefore think he was not a

CHAP. VII.
1842.

monster of wickedness; but he had no other virtue than the domestic affections very strongly. He was ready to write for both political parties at once. I think Horace Walpole has been too harshly judged. Chatterton was not the *starving* genius he afterwards became, when Walpole coldly turned his back upon him. But certainly H. Walpole wanted generosity. He was a courtier; and showed it in his exceedingly polite letter, written while he knew nothing of Chatterton's situation. He showed no sagacity in the appreciation of his first communication; and the tone of his "Vindication" (against exaggerated censure) is flippant and cold-hearted. I asked Wordsworth, this evening, wherein Chatterton's excellence lay. He said his genius was universal; he excelled in every species of composition; so remarkable an instance of precocious talent being quite unexampled. His prose was excellent; and his power of picturesque description and satire great.

"The marvellous boy."

He had no political integrity.

Wordsworth on Chatterton.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

30, *Russell Square, 22nd April*, 1842.

. . . . . I left Mrs. Clarkson on Monday after spending nearly a week at Playford. The old gentleman maintains an admirable activity of mind. He is busily employed writing notes on the New Testament, for the benefit of his grandson. And though these are not annotations by which Biblical criticism will be advanced, yet they show a most enviable state of mind. With this employment he alternates labour on behalf of his

CHAP. VII. 1842.

Africans. He wrote lately a letter to Guizot, which has been circulated with effect in France.

Sanguine character of Clarkson.

Never was there a man who discharged more completely the duty of *hoping*. As I said in the Supplement to the "Strictures," as soon as he is satisfied that any measure *ought to* succeed, it is not possible to convince him that it *cannot*. Enviable *old* man! for this is not the habit of *age*.

23rd April, 1842.

Words-worth's habit of thought.

I am very busy to-day, but over my tea I read one poem (but one), so beautiful, that it must surely become a great favourite—the "Musings at Acquapendente." It illustrates happily the poet's peculiar habit. His anticipations of unseen Rome occupy him quite as much as the reflections on the already seen Northern Italy. What a delightful intermingling of domestic affections, friendship, and the perception of the beauties which appertain to home as well as to the country visited as a stranger! The poet's mind blends all, and allows of no insulation. I called on Kenyon this morning. He read me a charming letter from Miss Barrett, full of discriminating admiration.

Rogers on Words-worth.

April 29th.—Breakfasted with Sam Rogers, with whom I stayed till twelve. He was as amiable as ever, and spoke with great warmth of Wordsworth's new volume. "It is all gold. The least precious is still gold." He said this, accompanying a remark on one little epitaph, that it would have been better in prose. He quoted some one who said of Burns, "He is great in verse, greater in prose, and greatest in conversation."

CHAP. VII. 1842.

So it is with all great men. Wordsworth is greatest in conversation. This is not the first time of Rogers' preferring prose to verse.

Wordsworth on his domestic poems.

May 12th.—Called on the Wordsworths. We had an interesting chat about the new poems. Wordsworth said that the poems, "Our walk was far among the ancient trees," then, "She was a phantom of delight,"* next, "Let other bards of angels sing," and, finally, the two Sonnets "To a Painter" in the new volume (of which Sonnets the first is only of value as leading to the second), should be read in succession, as exhibiting the different phases of his affection to his wife.

Plumer Ward.

Stayed at the Athenæum till I came to dress for dinner at the Austins'. I went to meet Mr. Plumer Ward. Found him a very lively and pleasant man, in spite of his deafness. He related that, soon after his "Tremaine" appeared, he was at a party, when the author (unknown) was inquired about. Some one said, "I am told it is very dull." On which Ward said, "Indeed! why, I have heard it ascribed to Mr. Sydney Smith."—"Oh dear no," said Sydney, "that could not be; I never wrote anything very dull in my life."

Rogers.

Kindness known by the voice.

May 28th.—Dinner-party at Kenyon's. Wordsworth was quite spent, and hardly spoke during the whole time. Rogers made one capital remark; it was of the party itself, the ladies being gone. He said, "There have been five separate parties, every one speaking *above* the pitch of his natural voice, and therefore there could be no kindness expressed; for kindness consists, not in *what* is said, but *how* it is said."

* The poet expressly told me that these verses were on his wife.—H. C. R.

CHAP. VII. 1842.

Miss Coutts's concert.

Death of Dr. Arnold.

June 13th.—At Miss Coutts's party. "There were," says the *Post*, "two hundred and fifty of the *haut ton*." I had acquaintances to talk with—Wordsworth, Otway Cave, Harness, and Milnes. The great singers of the day—Lablache, Persiani, &c. &c., performed. But the sad information of the evening rendered everything else uninteresting. Milnes informed me of the death of Dr. Arnold, which took place yesterday—a really afflicting event.

June 14th.—After breakfast called on the Wordsworths. They were all in affliction at the Doctor's death. He is said to be only fifty-two. What a happy house at once broken up! Bunsen's remark was, "The History of Rome is never to be finished."

Mendelssohn.

June 26th.—I met at Goldsmid's, by accident, with the famous musician Mendelssohn, and his wife. She at once recognised me. She was the daughter of Madame Icanrenaud, and granddaughter of the Souchays. The conversation with him was very agreeable. He said he had been inconvenienced by the frequent mention of him in the "Correspondence between Goethe and Zelter." He had been Zelter's pupil. It was a curious coincidence, that this day I brought from Sir Isaac's a volume of the *Monthly Magazine*, containing a translation by me of a correspondence between Moses Mendelssohn, the musician's grandfather, and Lavater,—the Jew repelling with spirit the officious Christian, who wanted to compel him to enter into a controversy with him. I wished the Goldsmids to know how early I embraced liberal opinions concerning Judaism.

Judaism.

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*Rem.**—I once heard Coleridge say: "When I have been asked to subscribe to a society for converting Jews to Christianity, I have been accustomed to say, 'I have no money for any charity; but if I had, I would subscribe to make them first *good* Jews, and then it would be time to make good Christians of them.'"

H. C. R. TO T. R.

May 21st, 1842.

. . . . . Now as to my dinner—a much humbler concern, but, being purely personal, it admits of a more copious statement. It went off very well. The parties were, primo, the host. Secondly, he himself (αὐτὸς), as one at the feast insisted on so referring to Homer, thinking, after the fashion of the Rabbis, that the name ought not to be profanely pronounced. 3 and 4, two reverend divines, both anti-Evangelical, both verse-makers and dabblers in polite literature, both professing orthodoxy in doctrines and High-Churchism in matters of discipline, but in whom the man of literary taste is more apparent than the theologian. 5, Rev. T. Madge, a lover of Wordsworth and his poetry. 6, W. S. Cookson, Esq., attorney-at-law, an intimate friend of the poet, and also a hearer of Mr. Madge's. By-the-by, I must go back again to 3 and 4, because I find I have omitted the names, 3 being the Rev. W. Harness, author of "Welcome and Farewell," and 4 being the Rev. Peter Fraser, whom you may recollect by a *sobriquet* given by me to him, and which you alone

A dinner by H. C. R. to Wordsworth.

The party.

* Written in 1849.

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will understand—Ben Cork. 7, The poet's son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan. 8, Thos. Alsager, one of the leading men in the conduct of the *Times*, being especially concerned in all that respects the collection of mercantile and foreign news. He was the intimate friend of Charles Lamb, and therefore Wordsworth was very glad to see him. 9, James Gooden, Esq., residing in Tavistock Square, an elderly gentleman, long an admirer of Wordsworth, and a good scholar; of which he gave me a proof in turning into Latin verse, "As the laurel protects the forehead of poets from lightning, so the mitre the forehead of bishops from shame." 10, My old friend Thomas Amyot. The poet made himself very agreeable, talking at his ease with every one. Indeed, he has been remarkably pleasant during his visit to London; and has dined every day, except when he condescended to wander into the *terra-incognita* of Russell Square, with bishops and privy councillors, peers and archbishops. . . . . .

Mary Lamb.

August 23rd.—Called on Mary Lamb. She has not long been visible. I found her quite in possession of her faculties, and recollecting everything nearly. She was going to call on Thomas Hood, who lives in St. John's Wood, and I walked with her and Miss Parsons. We left a card at the Procters', and I deposited Miss Lamb at Hood's. I then called on the Quillinans, with whom I took tea, and had a pleasant chat about Faber, Hampden, and such contentious matters.

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1842.

September 3rd.—Went down to Bury, on account of my brother's illness.*

"Two Angry Women of Abingdon."

October 9th.—Read in bed at night, and finished in the morning, an old comedy by Porter, "The Two Angry Women of Abingdon"—a very pleasing thing, the verse fluent, and the spirit kept up. Charles Lamb ventured to prefer it to the "Comedy of Errors" and the "Taming of the Shrew," which I should not have dared to do.

H. C. R. TO MR. JAMES BOOTH.†

November 18th.

Dear Booth,

On a young man's first poems.

I shall not be able to write to my satisfaction about your young friend's poems; and, therefore, I delayed writing. He has at all events secured my good will by manifesting that he has studied in the schools that I like best. His sonnets show that he has accustomed himself to look at nature through Wordsworthian spectacles, and the longest poem that he has given a specimen of was probably planned after an admiring study of Coleridge's "Christabel."

But whether, after all, he has in him an *original genius*, which ought to be nourished to the rejection of all lower pursuits, or whether he has (the common case) confounded taste with genius, liking and sympathy with the instinct of conscious power, is more than I can

* This was the beginning of those attacks, first feared to be apoplectic, afterwards proving to be epileptic, from which Mr. Thomas Robinson suffered during the remainder of his life.

† This letter, which has only just come into the Editor's hands, belongs to a somewhat earlier time; but its interest does not depend on the date.

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venture to say, after a perusal of these specimens. I do not see proof of the genius and power; but I would not dogmatically say that he has them not. The rhythm in this poem after "Christabel" is often very pleasing to my ear; but then the form of the verse is, after all, the easiest and most seductive to young composers, and some of the best lines are shreds and fragments of recollected verse.

Has he genius or only taste?

There is more pretension in the sonnets—perhaps I should say more ambition in the attempt. Wordsworth's sonnets are among the greatest products of the present day; but then they are perfectly successful. There is no allowable medium between the carrying out the idea and utter failure. Wordsworth has been able to exhibit already that harmony in nature and the world of thought and sentiment, the detection of which is the great feat of the real poet. To take one single illustration. In his poem on the Skylark, he terminates his description of the bird mounting high, and yet never leaving his nest over which he hovers, with—

No middling quality in the sonnet.

"True to the kindred points of heaven and home."

Such a line as this is an acquisition; for here is admirably insinuated the connection between the domestic affections and the religious feelings, which is important in moral philosophy, coupled with the fanciful analogy to an instinct in the bird. Wordsworth's poems abound in these beauties. Now, reading your friend's sonnets, one fancies he might have had some imperfect thought of the same kind, and regrets that one cannot find it clearly made out. If I were his friend, I would ask him what he supposes the sonnet No. 1 to have taught,

for he calls the leaves "spirit-teaching garlands." It is a fact that the leaves fall gently in autumn—what then?

Mere analogies not poetry.

No. 2 is a laborious attempt to show an analogy between the rising, the mid-day, and the setting sun, and the tree in spring, summer, and autumn. Now, I fear the analogies are far fetched, and if clearly made out—what then? It is not enough to find an analogy between *two things;* they must harmonize in a *third.* And here there is no attempt at that. I can at least find out what was attempted in 2; but I cannot find out so much in No. 3. The theme is the repose arising out of certain combinations of light and shade. That is the heading or title, but the thing itself is wanting. No. 4 will serve to illustrate the difference between success and failure, if you will trouble yourself to compare it with Wordsworth's sonnet on "Twilight." For the thought is (as far as I can find a thought) the same.

"Hail Twilight, sovereign of our peaceful hour." III., 64.

No. 5, "On the Hawthorn," is one of the best. The poet has looked steadily on his object, and told us what he saw. But I do not understand the twelfth line. No. 6 is in the Italian taste, a mere conceit; but a young poet, if any one, has a right to conceits.

No. 7 has the merit of *thought;* and it must be owned that to attempt such a sonnet as this, even when not successful, is better than success in mere trifles. This, and also the last, show a sincere and honourable love of nature, and a faculty, if not of finding, at least of looking for analogies and harmonies with the moral world.

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The two songs are easier and more pleasing compositions.

Antiquaries' Club.

December 6th.—The only incident of the day was my admission to the Antiquaries' Club. Sir H. Ellis in the chair, senior member; Pettigrew, treasurer, vice. Sixteen present, of whom one was a visitor—Hardwick, the magistrate. The only formality on reception was the stating one's birthday — the year also — except subscribing the book of laws, which are few and insignificant. The club was founded in 1774. The number limited to twenty-four.

December 30th.—(Rydal.) Engaged last night and this morning reading again Dr. Arnold's "Church Reform," in which I was interrupted by a call from Faber, with whom I took a very interesting walk to

Easdale Tarn.

Easdale Tarn. The wind high, the sky overcast, but no actual rain—ground wet; the Tarn more grand, from the gloom of the day, for the magnificent *wall* of rock to the west. On our return we called on Mrs. Luff, and chatted half an hour with her. So our walk occupied four hours. I was fatigued. Had a good nap after dinner, but enjoyed my rubber of whist, and sat up till near one, reading two *Evening Mails* and four *Times*

Faber.

papers. During the long walk of the morning we were engaged in a most interesting conversation, during which Faber laid down the most essential parts of his religious opinions. I will set down what I can recollect,

A talk on religion.

without any attempt at order in my memoranda. Our conversation began by my declaring my strong objection to the persecuting spirit of his book. He main-

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tained that I had misunderstood the drift of the passage in which the Stranger declares it to be the duty of the State to put to death the man whom the Church declares to be a heretic. He, of course, adverted to the great distinction between error, and the wilful and malignant assertion of it—which, in fact, is no distinction at all — and affirmed strongly his personal antipathy to all penal statutes in support of religion. He affirmed the right of the Church to excommunicate, but thought that no civil consequences ought to follow. Persecution is the inevitable consequence of the union of Church and State, and the first thing he should wish to see done would be their separation; but whether practicable, under present circumstances, is a hard question. He thought that the Church would gain, even by the sacrifice of its endowments, and could maintain itself by its inherent power. In the meanwhile, he disclaimed all right to assume authority over those who are *out* of the Church. He thought there ought to be a University for Dissenters alone; though he would not have a College (which I suggested) of Dissenters in either Oxford or Cambridge. He incidentally declared his indifference to Whigs, Tories, and Radicals, having no predilections; and so far from being hostile to *born* Dissenters, as such, he thought any serious orthodox Dissenter ought to pause, and consider well what he did, before he departed from "the state into which Providence had called him;" and he exonerates all born Dissenters from the sin of schism. This same regard to the will of Providence influences him in his feelings towards the Church of Rome. He is

On persecution.

Church and State should be separated.

Separate education for Dissenters.

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certain he will never go over to Rome, though he rather regrets not having been born in that communion. He believes both the Roman and Anglican Churches to be portions of the Catholic Church. On my objecting to the manifold corruptions of the Romish Church, he admitted these, but held that they did not invalidate its authority. They are trials of the faith of the believer. This same idea of the trial of faith he applied to other difficulties, and to the seeming irrationality of certain orthodox doctrines. A revelation ought to have difficulties. It is one of the signs of its Divine origin that it seems incredible to the natural man. On this topic, I confessed that I agreed with him, so far as obvious mysteries are concerned. As to the nature of Christ, for instance. I am no more repelled from belief in his double nature as God and man, by its inconceivableness, than from a belief in my own double nature, as body and soul; but I could not extend this to those pretended revelations, which are repugnant to my moral sense. Did I find, for instance, in the Scriptures, the eternal damnation of infants, this would, in spite of all evidence in their favour, make me reject the Scriptures; that is, I would imagine any falsification, or corruption of the text, rather than believe they contained a doctrine which blasphemed against God. To this he declared, that were even this doctrine in the Scriptures (but the contrary of which is there), he would believe it, because what God affirms must be true, however repugnant. I conceded the last position, but observed that it begged the question to say the Scriptures must, even in that case, be believed to be true. And as to

The true Catholic Church.

Revelation should have difficulties.

Doctrines dishonourable to God.

the Scriptures, Faber's own notions should lead him to agree in this; for one of the most remarkable parts of his system is his placing the Church above the Scriptures. Coleridge, in a well-known passage in his "Confessions," exhibits them in a sort of scheme as thesis and antithesis, being *one*—essentially *one*—emanation; but Mr. Faber declared that, without the Church, the Scriptures would not suffice to convince him—he should be an unbeliever; and he declared Bibliolatry to be the *worst of idolatries*. By-the-by, it is curious to remark how both parties in the Church concur in offering an apology for the unbeliever. These Puseyites, or Faberites, must consider the infidels as better logicians than the Dissenters, who deny the Church, and yet are Christians; and the Evangelicals must think the unbelievers better logicians than those who rest their faith on the Church, and according to whom the Scriptures are only a *record* of that which had been established, that is the Church itself. On this subject Mr. Faber said, "This is the essence of my religion in a few words—Man fell, and became the object of God's wrath; but God, in his mercy, willed his redemption. He therefore became man, and made himself a sacrifice for man. But this alone would be nothing, for how is the individual man restored to God's favour? How is it put in his power to be a participator in this redemption? This is effected by the Sacraments. By the Sacrament of Baptism, the individual is purged of his Original Sin, and becomes a member of the Church of Christ. He is still obnoxious to the consequences of actual sin." But though he did not

The Church above the Scriptures.

Outline of Faber's religious theory.

Sacramental theories.

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happen to say this, yet of course he would have said, if it had been called for, that preservation from sin, and from the fatal consequences, is to be secured only by Confirmation, and the participation in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. He did, in fact, in emphatic terms, assert the Real Presence, and that the Sacraments could only be validly administered by the clergy legitimately appointed by Episcopal ordination, in Apostolic succession. He also said, "I do not presume to declare all those to be lost who have not been partakers of these Sacraments. I say that those who have, have an *assurance*, which the others have not, concerning whom I affirm nothing." This, of course, is but a small part of what he said, and I would not be confident of having accurately reported everything. Nothing could be more agreeable than his manner, and he impressed me strongly with his amiability, his candour, and his ability. But I could agree with very little indeed.

The Real Presence.

CHAPTER VIII.

1843.

Words worth.

Sunday, January 1st.—The day was fine, and after an early dinner, I had a delightful walk with the poet to the church lately erected on the road leading to Langdale—a picturesque object in a splendid situation, but, within, a naked and barn-like building. A very interesting conversation, which I regret my inability to record. It was on his own poetry, and on Goethe and *his* poetry. He again pressed on me the drawing up of reminiscences of the great men I have seen in Germany; and, by the earnestness of his recommendation, has made me more seriously resolve to execute my long-formed purpose. He approved of the title, "Retrospect of an Idle Life," to which I object, only because it seems to embrace my whole life; and I think it is only abroad that I can find fit materials for a publication. He thinks otherwise.

H. C. R.'s autobiographical projects.

January 5th.—A walk with Wordsworth and Faber. Their conversation I was not competent altogether to follow. Faber attempted—but failed—to make clear to my mind the difference between transubstantiation, which he rejects, and consubstantiation, which he still more abominates. Wordsworth denied transubstantia-

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tion, on grounds "on which," says Faber, "I should deny the Trinity." Wordsworth declared, in strong terms, his disbelief of eternal punishment; which Faber did not attempt to defend.

Transubstantiation and consubstantiation.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rydal (Ambleside), January 29th, A.M., 1843.

You will expect a sort of history of my goings on here, but I find I have very little indeed to say. My faculty of noticing and recording good things is very poor; nor is the great poet I now see every day a sayer of good things. He is, however, in an excellent frame of mind, being both in high health and good spirits, and not over-polemical in his ordinary conversation; but we have no want of topics to dispute upon. The Church, as you are aware, is now, much more than Religion, the subject of general interest; and the Puseyites are the body who are now pushing the claim of Church Authority to a revolting excess. The poet is a High Churchman, but luckily does not go all lengths with the Oxford School. He praises the Reformers (for they assume to be such) for inspiring the age with deeper reverence for antiquity, and a more cordial conformity with ritual observances, as well as a warmer piety; but he goes no further. Nevertheless he is claimed by them as *their* poet; and they have published a selection from his works, with a preface, from which one might infer he went all lengths with them. This great question forms our *Champ de Mars*, which we of the Liberal party occupy to a sad disadvantage.

Wordsworth's conversation.

Church before religion.

Wordsworth's High Churchism.

Last year we had with us an admirable and most

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excellent man—Dr. Arnold, whom the poet was on doctrinal points forced to oppose, though he was warmly attached to him. Instead of him, we have this year a sad fanatic of an opposite character. I doubt whether I have mentioned him to you on any former occasion. This is Faber, the author of a strange book lately published—"Lights, &c., in Foreign Lands." He is a flaming zealot for the new doctrines, and, like Froude, does not conceal his predilection for the Church in Rome (not *of* Rome *yet*), and his dislike to Protestantism. In his book of travels, he puts into the mouth of a visionary character a doctrine which in his own person he indirectly assents to, or, at least, does not contradict, —that whenever the Church declares any one a heretic, the State violates its duty if it hesitates in putting him to death!!! This is going the whole hog with a witness. This Faber is an agreeable man; all the young ladies are in love with him, and he has high spirits, conversational talent, and great facility in writing both polemics and poetry. He and I spar together on all occasions, and have never yet betrayed ill-humour, though we have exchanged pretty hard knocks. I think I must have mentioned him last year. We have met but once yet at a dinner-party, when we had not fighting room. He dines with us again to-day, and we shall be less numerous. You are aware that here I am considered as a sort of *Advocatus Diaboli.*

Faber and his fanaticism.

Faber on repression of heresy.

29*th*, P.M.

I have had a very pleasant chat with Mr. Faber, who, in spite of everything in his book, protests that

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he can never by any possibility become a member of the Church of Rome. He takes credit for having rescued a considerable number of persons standing on the brink of the precipice from tumbling down. But to introduce Popery into the Church of England is, I think, a much greater evil than joining the Church of Rome. Adieu!

Faber unable to join the Romish Church.

H. C. R. TO MISS FENWICK.

30, *Russell Square, 6th March*, 1843.

I have seen Mr. Faber here—he is now at Oxford. He desired his very best remembrance to his Rydal and Ambleside friends, and especially named you. I got up a small dinner-party; being a little put to it whom to invite, as my connections do not lie among the apostles of religious persecution or the Anglo-papistical Church. But I managed to bring together a very small knot. And there was but one sentiment of great liking towards him, in the four I asked to meet him. They consisted of,—

Dinner to Faber.

1. A clergyman with Oxford propensities, and a worshipper of the heathen Muses as well as the Christian graces—[Harness].

Rev. W. Harness.

2. A Unitarian Puseyite, an odd combination, but a reality notwithstanding—[Hunter].

Rev. Joseph Hunter.

3. A layman whose life is spent in making people happy, and whose orthodoxy is therefore a just matter of suspicion; but he has no antipathies to make him insensible to the worth of such a man as Faber—[Kenyon].

John Kenyon.

And, 4. A traveller in the East, who professes that

among the best *practical* Christians he has met with are the followers of Mahomet—[Fellows].

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Sir Charles Fellows.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

11*th March*, 1843.

By far the most interesting of my last week's adventures has been the attending the first two lectures of Lyell on Geology. He is a *crack man*, you probably know. I am profoundly ignorant of the subject, but, nevertheless, take a strong interest in his lectures, which will be continued twice a week till the 31st. They are rendered intelligible, even to me, by the aid of prints, diagrams, and specimens. The one thought which characterizes Lyell among the Geologists is this :—*That the causes which have produced all the great revolutions in the Earth are in incessant operation.* A pretty prospect this! But then the operation is not alarmingly rapid.

Sir Charles Lyell's lectures.

These speculations look back so many, many thousands of years, that one cannot help asking, "How came man so late—only yesterday—into the field of existence?"

H. C. R. TO T. R.

April 7th, P.M., 1843.

It seems as if all the malignant passions of our nature are now called into action by Church questions. Even doctrinal points are thrown into the background, and only come into play to strengthen a point of Church authority and discipline. The advocates of the *Church* do not hesitate to affirm that its existence as a body acting with power and authority is the great argument for Christianity, and that without it the evidence for the

Church questions.

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truth of revelation would be altogether inadequate. This Coleridge maintained. It is a plausible position, but a dangerous one, it must be owned.

I have just been looking over a book on Church discipline which Archdeacon Wilberforce has published. Its object is to show the necessity and duty of the State's abandoning all legislating on Church matters, and restoring the Convocation! It is but fair to my venerable friend to tell you, that he is willing to give up something for this; that while he would have the Church exercise the power of excommunication, he quite approves of taking from that act all civil consequences whatever. And this principle he consistently carries out by avowing his approbation of the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, inasmuch as those Acts led to a desecration of the holy rite. So it is that extremes meet, and that we Noncons are in accord with the High Church divines. The great points of High Church doctrine now urged with such vehemence are—the Power of the Keys given to the Episcopal body, and the exclusive power it possesses of bringing men within the pale of Christianity by the sacrament of baptism, and keeping them there by the administration of the sacrament. Even the trinity, the atonement, and original sin are, compared with those, pushed very much out of sight. Now, sad as such a state of religion is, which makes of Christianity a sort of animal magnetism, yet it is still, to my apprehension, less frightful than Calvinism; and I own I find much to admire, and even to assent to, in the sermons of Newman on the nature of belief, which Faber gave me. Newman, you know, is the

Point of union between High Church and Noncons.

Sacerdotalism.

real head of this party; hence Sydney Smith's joke, that the doctrine should be called "Newmania!" CHAP. VIII. 1843.

H. C. R. ON THEOLOGICAL POLEMICS.

17th May, 1843.

I return you your book, which I have, in discharge of my promise, read with serious and painful interest. It is long since I have fallen in with so stern—I had almost said so *fierce*—a statement of high Calvinistic doctrines. The author is a worthy descendant of the old Covenanters, a race of men I have always looked up to with mingled reverence and fear. I will not attempt to do so unprofitable an act as try to state *why* I cannot concur in the doctrine so ably laid down. I am both unable to do justice to the subject and unwilling to endanger the continuance of the kind feelings which induced you to put the book into my hands; but I will state *why* I think it inexpedient, generally speaking, to put works of such a class into the hands of those who are of an opposite opinion. After a little consideration, and calling back to your mind how you have been affected by controversial writings, perhaps you will agree with me, that they for the most part seem composed to deter the unstable from going over to the other party, rather than to seduce and bring over the adversary. On the one they operate like the positive pole of the magnet, on the other like the negative. It attracts the one, it repels the other.

Effect of controversial works.

Suppose, for instance, that a believer in Calvinistic doctrines should be disturbed by the strong declaration of so good a man as Mr. Wilberforce, that he deemed

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them utterly anti-Scriptural, and by the avowed hostility of so large a proportion of the Anglican bishops and clergy,—such a person would be successfully met by a book like *this*. He would be told that the hostile notions were "prompted by the enmity of fallen men towards God;" that these were the suggestions of the "natural man," &c. &c. But the same line of argument, and the very same texts, if directly addressed to the opponents, would appear to them mere *railing*—a mere taking for granted the thing to be proved.

A case given as an illustration.

Difficulty of perfect fairness.

There is another reason why a good *polemical* is a bad *didactic* book. It is impossible not to distrust, I do not mean the *honesty* of the writer, but the fairness and *completeness* of his representation of the adversary's notions. You have occasionally been in a court of justice, and may have heard a speech on one side and not heard the other side; and you may have wondered how, after so plausible an argument, a verdict should be given against the orator. . . . . .

Uncharitable feelings excited.

There is one other sad, most sad, effect of such fierce controversial writing,—it generates feelings of uncharitableness among the disputants. They begin by pitying their adversaries; with pity contempt is blended, and finally hatred, unless infinite pains be taken to avert so dreadful a result. Even where this consequence does not follow, the very object of the controversial writer, which is to make his opinions fully known, leads him to conceal nothing; but he brings prominently forward the most offensive and repulsive particulars. I was forcibly reminded of this in the perusal of the present book. We are told of certain doctrines being stumbling-blocks, and

of certain *hard sayings*, &c. &c.; and we hear of strong meat which is not fit for children's stomachs. Now it has seemed to me as if the author of this book laboured to pile up the stumbling-blocks; and yet I am sure he would not wish to impede the progress of any one in the right path. This is the natural effect of the polemical feeling; and, therefore, such books are dangerous to two classes of readers. Persons of weak nerves and timid anxious natures have been driven into despair by such books, and they have destroyed themselves, or perished in a madhouse. Others, of little faith, have lost that little, and been driven into infidelity. That you had none but the kindest feelings in putting this book into my hands, I am well aware, and I have none but the most respectful feelings towards you. I have confidence in your benignity, or I should not have ventured to write to you thus frankly.

Morbid effects of polemics.

March 19th.—Went to see dear Mary Lamb. But how altered she is! Deafness has succeeded to her other infirmities. She is a mere wreck of herself. I took a single cup of tea with her, to while away the time; but I found it difficult to keep up any conversation beyond the mere talking about our common acquaintance.

Mary Lamb.

May 24th.—Looked over some letters of Coleridge to Mrs. Clarkson. I make an extract from one of a part only of a parenthesis, as characteristic of his involved style:—"Each, I say (for, in writing letters, I envy dear Southey's power of saying one thing at a time, in short and close sentences, whereas my thoughts

Coleridge.

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bustle along like a Surinam toad, with little toads sprouting out of back, side, and belly, vegetating while it crawls), each, I say——"

Breakfast at Rogers's with Tom Moore.

June 4th.—Breakfasted, by appointment, with Rogers; Thomas Moore was there. The elder poet was the greater talker, but Moore made himself very agreeable. Rogers showed him some MS. verses, rather sentimental, but good of the kind, by Mrs. Butler. Moore began, but could not get on. He laid down the MS., and said he had a great dislike to the reading of poetry. "You mean new," Rogers said. "No, I mean old. I have read very little poetry of any kind."

Rogers.

Rogers spoke very depreciatingly of the present writers. Moore did not agree.

T. Hood.

He assented to warm praise of Tom Hood by me, and declared him to be, as a punster, equal to Swift. But the article (poetry) is become of less value, because of its being so *common*. There is too much of it.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Paris, 29th June, 1843.

I am quietly sinking into the old man, and comfortably at the same time. I have told you the anecdote of Rogers's solemnly giving me the advice (and it was

Growing old.

just five years ago, and here in Paris), "Let no one persuade you that you are growing old." And the advice is good for certain persons, and as a guard against premature indolence, and a melancholy anticipation of old age. But it is equally wise and salutary to impress the counsel, "Know in time that you are growing old." I do know it; and that the knowledge is

wholesome is proved by this, that I feel quite as happy as when I had all the consciousness of youth and vigour.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Belle Isle, Windermere,
July 23rd, 1843.

Miss Fenwick at Rydal.

. . . . . Miss Fenwick is more than a favourite with Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and I do not think they can now live in perfect ease without her. No wonder; she is a *trump*. There is more solid sense in union with genuine goodness in her than goes to the composition of any hundred and fifty good and sensible persons of every-day occurrence. . . . . Mr. Wordsworth ought to have been at Buckingham Palace, at the Queen's Ball, for which he received a formal invitation:—"The Lord Chamberlain presents his compliments. He is commanded by Her Majesty to invite Mr. William Wordsworth to a ball at Buckingham Palace, on Monday, the 24th July—ten o'clock. Full dress." To which he pleaded, as an apology for non-attendance, the non-arrival of the invitation (query command?) in time. He dated his answer from this place, "The Island, Windermere," and that would explain the impossibility; for the notice was the shortest possible, even if it had been received by first post. But a man in his seventy-fourth year would, I suppose, be excused by Royalty for not travelling 300 miles to attend a dance, even if a longer notice had been given—though probably Mr. Wordsworth would have gone had he had a fortnight to think of it, because the Laureate *must* pay his personal respects to the Queen sooner or later;

The Laureate commanded to Court.

CHAP. VIII. 1843. *Laureate Odes.*

and the sooner the better, he thinks. I have been lately reading many of the old New Year and Birthday Odes, and nothing struck me so disagreeably as their *idolatry*. The Royal personage is not panegyrized, but idolized: the monarch is not a king, but a god. It has occurred to me that Mr. Wordsworth may, in his own grand way, compose a hymn to or on the King of kings, in rhymed verse, or blank, invoking a blessing on the Queen and country, or giving thanks for blessings vouchsafed and perils averted. This would be a new mode of dealing with the office of Laureate, and would come with dignity and propriety, I think, from a seer of Wordsworth's age and character. I told him so; and he made no observation. I therefore think it likely that he may consider the suggestion; but he certainly will not, if he hears that anything of that sort is expected from him. So do not mention it; he may do nothing in any case. . . . . .

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

The Island, Windermere, near Kendal,
August 25th, 1843.

Your letter, directed to Ambleside, would have come to me through Bowness to-day, had I not chanced to pass through Ambleside last evening, and to call at Mrs. Nicholson's, on my way to Rydal with my daughter, and a bride and bridegroom (who were married only a week ago, near Dover, and have come all this way on purpose to see *us*—not the lakes—previous to their departure for India). They start for Marseilles next week, go by steam to Alexandria, traverse the desert;

&c. The bride is a very handsome person of twenty. Well, I rowed them yesterday to the Waterhead; walked then to Rydal, getting your letter by the way, and read your epistle, every word of it, to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, who were much pleased by the first part, and not a little entertained with most of the rest. Your friend, Mr. Paynter, I once breakfasted with at your chambers in the Temple. Of Mr. Faber we have heard a good deal. He has written several times to Miss Fenwick, and the Benson Harrisons; and the other day came a long yarn to Mr. Carr, in Italian, from Naples, which Faber abuses as utterly uninteresting and detestable in climate, and far over-rated even as to beauty and position—the bay being a very fair bay, but nothing incomparable! He sighs for his *Cara Roma*, which he left by medical advice, and so changed climate for the worse. From his *Cara Roma*, the first letter he sent to Miss Fenwick was dated Rome, and that one word was all the mention made of Rome; not another allusion to the Eternal City; it might as well have been penned from Geneva. But it was full of himself and his religious enthusiasm—for his parish in England. He, however, got afterwards much among the cardinals, and seems to have been all but converted to the true faith. This between ourselves, and more of this hereafter: but he has rather retrograded; the Devil pulled him back a step or two from the Pope, and he stands again on the old new ground, if a man can be said to stand on a quicksand. What say you, who stand on the adamantine rock of d——n, on the farther shore, the indisputable territory of His Satanic Majesty? There is a little Popery for you, to

Faber at Rome.

Movement towards the Vatican.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

pay you off for your heretical irreverence towards the Infallible Pontiff.*

What do you mean by my fierce mention of Macaulay, you Cross-Examiner of Gentleness! you Advocate of Paradox! you Gordian-knotter of Simplicities! you Puzzler of Innocence! Or does my protesting against the moral character of Pope being placed in invidious comparison with Addison's imply "hate of every one who differs in opinion," &c. &c.† O ye Powers of Justice, listen to this cruel libeller of my patient placable spirit; I forgive him, but you cannot! Your thunderbolts will avenge me. I will not enter upon the comparative moral worth of Pope and Addison. It is the very comparison by Mr. Macaulay at this time of day—the begging of so ugly a question—the lifting the skirts of one of his literary fathers—that I object to,—that I should consider even odious, if my tender heart could, egg-like, be boiled hard. I will not reveal to you, for you could not comprehend, my idolatry of Pope from my boyhood—I might almost say from my infancy; for the first book that ever threw me into a rapture of delight was Pope's "Iliad." I loved "The Little Nightingale," "The Great Alexander," from that day, and made everything that concerned him my study; and I have never learned to unlove him, though there is not, I believe, any published particular of his history, whether discussed by friend or foe, that I have not read. My love of Pope was so notorious among my

Enthusiasm for Alexander Pope.

* Mr. Quillinan belonged to the Church of Rome.

† *Vide* article "Leigh Hunt," in "Macaulay's Essays." Elsewhere Macaulay speaks of "the little man of Twickenham" in a tone which would naturally rouse the ire of Pope's ardent admirers.

schoolfellows, that when any malicious boy chose to put me into a fever for fun, he would point his popgun at Pope. When Lisle Bowles made money of Pope's brains, by publishing (in my boyhood) an edition of him, in which he had the face to deny that Pope was a poet of a high order, I thought the same Lisle a mean coxcomb.* I had been almost as much dissatisfied with Joseph Warton for the first volume of his Essay; but Dr. Joe's feeble elegance as a versifier was in some sense explanatory of his principles of taste, as well as of the mediocrity of his own talents (for *poetry*). I had written "genius," but thumbed it out, for he had none. My admiration of Pope, the man, the son, the friend, as well as the poet, in no degree diminished as I grew older, and is as vivid now as ever. The living presence of Mr. Rogers at his breakfast-table hardly more charms me than the Roubiliac bust, that is one of his precious *Lares Urbani.* Eight or nine-and-twenty years ago, at Malvern, I used often to visit the house of Sir Thomas Plomer's widow, in her absence, solely to gaze on an excellent original oil-portrait of Pope, that hung in her drawing-room. Little more than two years since, on the day before my marriage, the late Bishop Baynes, at Prior Park, pleased me much by his civilities, but most by showing me the little pencil sketch (often engraved), taken by stealth in that very house when it was Allen's, as Pope was standing talking carelessly, unconscious of the virtue that was

Bowles on Pope.

Warton on Pope.

Portraits of Pope.

* This edition of Pope by Bowles came into my hands while I was passing my holidays at Mr. Abbott's, my father's partner, in Gower Street, London; then a new street.—E. Q.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

stolen from him to make a little bit of paper a venerated relic. Pope, sir, taught me to read Montaigne, at an age when I found much of the matter far more difficult to my comprehension than its antiquated vehicle. (By-the-by, that need not deter any Englishman from making intimate acquaintance with him, while there exists so capital a translation as Cotton's, with copious notes.) Pope also taught me to read Chaucer and the "Fairy Queen," not in his indecent juvenile imitations, which I was unacquainted with in my youth, and would gladly cut out now. All this, which I know is utterly unimportant to any one but myself, I inflict upon your notice that you may, in some slight measure, understand why I ought to hate Macaulay, or any flippant, flashy, clever fellow who demeans his abilities to the services of the Dunces in their war against Pope. Why, I *ought* to hate him (mind, I say), and should, but for the meek milkiness of my nature. Pope's character is as sacred to my estimation as the best and wholesomest fruit of his genius; both his moral worth and literary merit are bright enough to make me blink at his faults. His nature was generous. If, through "that long disease, his life," he was often more impatient of flies than a philosophical Brahmin, who can wonder if his high-bred Pegasus was impatient of them too, and flapped them down with his tail by dozens? What do you think his tail was given him for, if not to flap away the flies? That so sweet a bee as Addison, a honey-maker, whose Hybla murmurs are fit music for the gods, should have come in for a whisk of that formidable tail is lamentable; but why, then, did he

Lessons learnt from Pope.

The aggressors on Pope.

Pope's moral character.

Macaulay's attacks on Pope.

insinuate his subtle sting into the fine flank of the soaring steed? "If you scratch not the Pope, you may fairly and brawly claw Brother Addison, Statesman Macaulay." (By-the-by, though there cannot be a greater contrast in style than between Macaulay's and Addison's, for Mr. Macaulay's is fussy and ambitious, I did and do very much admire his notice of the "Life of Lord Clive." He put more true and genuine stuff, I think, into those few pages than was contained in the whole work that suggested the essay.) I cut out of the *John Bull* a letter which I have this moment fallen upon by chance. On Thursday last, the day after I had written to you, two letters came, one from Elton, the other from Brigham; the first alarming Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, who were with us, as to the state of Miss Hutchinson; the second a summons for Dora. These disconcerted our plan of going to the Duddon, &c. Professor Wilson and his daughter, Miss Wilson, dined with us on that day, and we found them very agreeable company; but the cheerfulness of the Professor, I fear, is rather assumed. I understand that he has never recovered the shock of his wife's death. He was in this country a few days only. He is no Bacchanalian now, if he ever were so. He drinks no wine, nor spirits, nor even beer—nothing but water or tea, or coffee. Both Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth were very glad to meet so old a friend. Mrs. Wordsworth has always been an admirer and lover of Wilson. Don't be jealous; her husband is not. On Friday, Mr. Wordsworth accompanied Dora and me by water to Low Wood, whence Dora went to Rydal in a car, and thence to

Macaulay's style.

Professor Wilson.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

Brigham with James, in her father's phaeton. She went to take care of her brother's children, according to promise, while John and his wife are absent, or such part of the time as may be arranged. Very inconvenient and desolate for me is her absence, but it was a duty that called her away. Had she been here, I should have thought I could not find time to write to you such a "lengthy" prose.

H. C. R. TO QUILLINAN.

August 30th, 1843.

Your last very entertaining letter reached me just as I was in the act of nibbing my pen, to write to Mrs. Wordsworth. . . . . .

You have amply apologized for the seemingly contemptuous language you used towards a man who is on no account to be despised. If he has wounded you in your hobby, you have a right to your revenge, and I allow it to you; only, feel the truth of Montaigne's fine saying, and keep within bounds. I want no more.

H. C. R. on Pope.

After all, Pope is, or rather *was*, as great a favourite with me as any one English poet. Perhaps I once knew more of him than of any other English classic.

Referring to an early period of my life, before I had heard of the Lyrical Ballads, which caused a little revolution in my taste for poetry, there were four poems which I used to read incessantly; I cannot say which I then read the oftenest, or loved the most. They are of a very different kind, and I mention them to show that my taste was *wide*. They were, "The Rape of the Lock," "Comus," "The Castle of Indo-

lence," and the "Traveller." Next to these were all the Ethic Epistles of Pope; and with respect to all these, they were so familiar to me, that I never for years looked into them,—I seemed to know them by heart. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to confess that at that period I was much better acquainted with the *Rambler* than the *Spectator*. But warm admiration of Johnson has been followed by almost disgust, which does not extend to the Johnson of Boswell.

CHAP. VIII. 1843. *Change of taste.*

But I must not forget to say what I wanted to hear from Mrs. Wordsworth, and which in fact you will be able to tell me quite as well as she can, though neither of you can do more than state an intention and a probability. When are the Wordsworths likely to be again at Rydal? I have been asked by two persons to make the inquiry. One of these is a man of some rank in the world of German literature—Ranke, the historian. It is a proof of eminence, certainly, that one of his great works, the "History of the Popes," has been twice translated into English, and one of the translations (Mrs. Austin's) has gone into a second edition; and yet this popularity has not been obtained by any vulgar declamation. He is a cool thinker, and much more temperate than religionists like writers to be. I find, on chatting with him, that he is seriously an *alarmist* on the occasion of the progress of the Papal power; but it is rather a secular than a spiritual feeling. It is not from a fear that the Protestant religion would be undermined, so much as that the Protestant states would be disturbed by the usurpation of the priestly authority. . . . . .

Ranke.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

'Your account of a tour to the Duddon quite fidgets me. Do you know I have never seen the Duddon? Another fidgets-producing thought is, that of Wordsworth making a tour in Wales. My first journey was in that country; I must go again, for I had not then learned to *see*. I fear I have not learned yet; but I have learned to enjoy, which I know on the highest authority is better than understanding.

To enjoy better than to know.

To go back to Macaulay. Of course you have read his article on the very book of Ranke I have been writing of? There is one passage, not above a page in length, which I have among my papers, and will send you if you are not already familiar with it. It begins with the remark (I quote from memory), that the Church of Rome alone knows how to make use of fanatics whom the Church of England proudly and foolishly repels; and he concludes with a sarcastic summary. In Rome, John Wesley would have been Loyola; Joanna Southcott, Saint Theresa; Lady Huntingdon would have been the foundress of a new order of Carmelites; and Mrs. Fry presided over the "Sisters of the Jails." . . . . . .

Rome knows how to use fanatics.

I must own, however, that in this very article Macaulay contrived to offend all parties,—Romanist, Anglican, and Genevan: a proof of his impartiality, at least.

Faber.

Thanks for your account of Faber; it amuses me much. But what right has he to abuse the *second* city in Italy? Certainly not more than Macaulay has to fall foul of one who, you will acknowledge, is far from being the second poet of England.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

But Naples is an *uncomfortable* place, with all your admiration of it; you never feel at home in it; the sensations it produces are all centrifugal, not centripetal.

There is no accounting for the accidental feelings of men; Herder, a great thinker, as well as a pre-eminently pious and devout man, and no contemptible poet, could not be made to love Rome, but wished to live and die in Naples. . . . If I have a pet in the South, it is Sicily. To speak again of Faber, and the like, I never feared that they would go over to the Church of Rome, but that they would do a much worse thing—bring over the Church of Rome, or rather the Papacy, into England's Church; import all its tyranny and its spirit of persecution, and, without the merit of consistency, claim the same prerogatives. The Archbishop of Dublin (Whately) said to a friend of mine, "If I must have a Pope, I would rather have a Pope at Rome than at Oxford;" and I heartily join in this. . . . . .

A Pope at Rome rather than at Oxford.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

The Island, Windermere,

Sept. 1, 1843.

. . . . . You may propose a Welsh tour to Mr. Wordsworth. He is so fond of travelling with you that I dare say, once at Brinsop, he would say "Done!" to your offer. Dora is at Rydal now. Jemima, Rotha, and I go on Saturday next; and very reluctantly shall I leave this *perfect* island — I mean this island that has no imperfections about or on it except ourselves. Even Rydal Mount is not so

The island, Windermere.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

charming a "locality," as the Yankees say; and the house here is excellent—a mansion. . . . . .

Any friend of yours travelling in these regions, who, in the absence of the poet, considers it worth his while to look at his house and haunts, will be received with all kindness by the poet's daughter, for your sake; "a man of Ranke"—your pun, not mine, sir—like the historian of the Popes, for his own sake, as well as yours. But *he* will scarcely climb the hill to look at the nest among the laurel bushes whence the bird is flown.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Athenæum, 9th September, 1843.

Martineau's Sermons.

. . . . . I am glad you have mentioned as you did Martineau's Sermons. They delight me much; we seem to entertain precisely the same opinions of them. In consequence of your praise, I read out of their turn the two on the "Kingdom of God within us." They fully deserve your eulogy. If possible, there is another still better, at least it has more original and striking thoughts: it is VII., "Religion on False Pretences." Page 94 is especially noticeable. What a crushing remark is that founded on the difference between *restraining others* and *self-submission!* Equally significant is p. 98, its comforts of religion, and "insurance speculations," on God's service. . . . . In p. 99, Martineau must have thought of Brougham, perhaps unconsciously; of whom else could *strange gambols* have been written? The Economists get a rap on the knuckles in the same page. . . . . .

Sermon III. begins: "Every fiction that has ever

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

laid strong hold on human belief is the mistaken image of some great *truth*, to which reason will direct its search, while half-reason is content with laughing at the superstition, and unreason with disbelieving it." I have been in the habit of saying, and I dare say I have written to you, "When errors make way in the world, it is by virtue of the truths mixed up with them." The interpretation of the doctrine of incarnation, which follows (p. 33), is in the same spirit, and most excellent. . . . I was not aware that John Wesley had ever said anything so bold as your quoted words, that "Calvin's God was worse than his Devil." . . . . . .

Truth in all popular error.

In the yesterday's papers there was a long account of a very excellent and eminent person, with whom I lately became acquainted, Canon Tate,—a very liberal clergyman. He was a residentiary of St. Paul's, a great scholar, and a zealous abolitionist. He professed great esteem for Mr. Clarkson. By-the-by, that reminds me that I have made a purchase of a portrait of our old friend, which I believe is an original,—a repetition of the one now at Playford, and which was engraved in aquatint in 1785. It was taken when he was in his work, and therefore will be to posterity more valuable than the portrait of him in old age. I gave £10 for it.* I do hope you will come and see it this autumn. . . .

Portrait of Clarkson.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

15th September, 1843.

Miss Aikin gave me a little MS. poem, by Mrs. Barbauld, in answer to one by Hannah More. It is a

* Bequeathed by H. C. R. to the National Portrait Gallery.

CHAP. VIII. 1843.

severe attack on the Bishops. Hannah More had, in Bonner's name, affected to abuse the Bishops for no longer persecuting heretics. "Much thanks for little," say the Bishops, in this their answer to Bishop Bonner: "we would if we could." The following stanzas contain the pith of the whole :—

1.

'Tis not to us should be addressed
Your ghostly exhortation;
If heresy still lift her crest,
The fault is in the nation.

The good old times!

2.

The State, in spite of all our pains,
Has left us in the lurch;
The spirit of the times restrains
The spirit of the Church.

3.

Our spleen against reforming cries
Is now, as ever, shown;
Though we can't blind the nation's eyes,
Still we may shut our own.

4.

Well warned from what abroad befalls,
We keep all light at home;
Nor brush one cobweb from St. Paul's,
Lest it should shake the dome.

5.

Would it but please the civil weal
To lift again the crosier,
We soon would make those yokes of steel
Which now are bands of osier.

6.

Church maxims do not greatly vary,
Take it upon my honour;
Place on the throne another Mary,
We'll find her soon a Bonner.

I took advantage of the day to call on ———, a very

religious person, who invites me, though she must hold me to be a suspicious character at least. But she was evidently pleased with the attention. I have long remarked that the saints are well pleased to be noticed by the sinners.

Saints and sinners.

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

30, *Russell Square, 24th October*, 1843.

. . . . . I met yesterday Strickland Cookson, who informed me of the sudden death of Jane—a new and very serious calamity. The death of an old and attached servant of her description is one of a very serious character indeed, and I fear, in a degree, irreparable. It shows the vanity of our artificial classifications of society. How indignant you would feel were any one to say, by way of consolation or remark on your sorrow, that she was *only* your servant!

Death of an old servant.

You have been sadly and often tried of late. Let us hope that you will, for a time, be spared any fresh attack on your spirits and domestic comfort.

You are not, you cannot be, so selfish as not, amid your own sorrow, to be pleased to hear good news of your friends. I was yesterday startled by a letter from my brother, announcing his intention to come up to London next Monday. This is a better proof of the state of his health than a doctor's certificate. He cannot travel without his servant; and that servant has been taken ill. But the illness is not thought to be serious. The loss of his Edward would be to him what the loss of your Jane is to you. These constantly occurring events make me feel so insecure, that I am habitually

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making that reservation to myself which, as a mere form of words, has become almost ridiculous, in the shape of a "Deo volente." But so it is; the veriest of forms originate in earnest feelings. Only one cannot always tell when the sentiment degenerates into the form; and, what is worse, the form is apt to become the hypocritical substitute for the feeling. But, as Mr. Wordsworth exclaims in his part of your letter, "Such is poor human nature!" . . . . . .

November 18th.—An idle day. Continued reading, as usual, and took a short walk with Mayer, and another with my brother. The single incident was dining with Miss Meredith, at Miss Coutts's. There I met Charles Young, who made himself very agreeable. He has great comic talent; took off Scotchmen admirably; and told anecdotes of the actors of his day with great spirit. I found that we agreed on all matters of taste as to the Drama,—Mrs. Siddons, Kemble, Kean, Miss O'Neil, &c., &c.,—no difference whatever. The conversation was very lively. Miss Costello also there. With her I chatted pleasantly enough about France; but she rather expects too much, for she wants us to read *all* her writings—novels and travels.

Charles Young.

Costello.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Ambleside (Saturday night), December 9th, 1843.

. . . . . I have been dining at Rydal, after walking about a considerable part of the morning, through the waters and the mists, with the Bard, who

seems to defy all weathers, and who called this a beautiful, soft, solemn day; and so it was, though somewhat insidiously soft, for a mackintosh was hardly proof against its insinuations. He is in great force, and in great vigour of mind. He has just completed an epitaph on Southey, written at the request of a committee at Keswick, for Crosthwaite Church. I think it will please you.

Words-worth.

They—all the Rydalites—Mr. Wordsworth, Mrs. Wordsworth, and Miss Fenwick, have been quite charmed, affected, and instructed by the Invalid's volume, sent down by Moxon, who kept his secret like a man. But a woman found it out, for all *that*—found you out, Mr. Sly-boots! Mrs. Wordsworth, after a few pages were read, at once pronounced it to be Miss Martineau's production; and concluded that you knew all about it, and caused it to be sent hither. In some of its most eloquent parts it stops short of their wishes and expectations; but they all agree that it is *a rare book*, doing honour to the head and heart of your able and interesting friend. Mr. Wordsworth praised it with more unreserve—I may say, with more *earnestness*—than is usual with him. The serene and heavenly-minded Miss Fenwick was prodigal of her admiration. But Mrs. Wordsworth's was the crowning praise. She said—and you know how she would say it—"I wish I had read exactly such a book as that years ago!"

Miss Martineau's "Life in the Sick Room."

I ought to add, that they had not finished the volume—had only got about half through it—as many interruptions occur, and they like to read it together; one, of course, reading aloud to the rest. It is a *genuine* and touching series of meditations by an

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invalid, not sick in mind or heart; and such, they doubt not, they will find it to the end. When I said *all* the Rydalites, I ought to have excepted poor dear Miss Wordsworth, who could not bear sustained attention to any book, but who would be quite capable of appreciating a little at a time. . . . . .

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square*, 9*th Dec.* 1843.

. . . . . I receive your congratulations about my University College occupations *as* you offer them. It is a satisfaction to me that I am conscious of growing more sympathetic, instead of becoming more selfish as I grow older. And this is a happy circumstance, for what otherwise would life be? You have heard me quote a fine motto by Goethe to one of the volumes of his Life: "What in youth we long for, we have plenty of in old age;" and he explains this by the remark *in* the volume, that in his youth he loved Gothic architecture, and stood alone in that taste. In the advance of life he found the rising generation had the start of him. "So it would always be if we attached ourselves to objects *un*selfish, and which concern society at large. We should then never be disappointed." . . . . . .

Age increasing sympathy.

I have had a most interesting letter from Harriet Martineau, which I mean to send you next week. . . . . She has published anonymously a most admirable book, "Life in the Sick Room." I mean to bring it with me when I come down next. It unfolds the feelings of those who are condemned to a *long seclusion* from the world by sickness. It does not apply to

persons who, like you, have had sharp but short diseases. Nevertheless, it will excite you to comparisons between yourself and her. It has me, I am conscious.

I have seen Miss Weston again. She inquires very kindly after you. She is living in St. John's Wood. . . . . .

The Times now and in former days.

Have you not remarked how much the style of the *Times* is changed now from what it was? One no longer sees those fierce declamations which caused Stoddart to get the name of *Doctor Slop*, and the paper the title of *The Thunderer*. It has become mild, argumentative, and discriminating. I wrote lately to Walter, to tell him that I thought the paper better than it has been ever since I have known it, that is, thirty-six years. He has thanked me most warmly for my *encouragement* and commendation. . . . . .

Accident to H. C. R. at Rydal.

*Rem.**—I made a visit to Rydal Mount this year. It was uneventful, with one exception. Lodgings were taken for me in a neat cottage, where an old man and his wife lived. On the very first night, December 24th, just as I was on the point of getting into bed, I missed a volume I had been reading. I stepped to the landing-place to call to Mrs. Steele, when, being in the dark, I slipped down the stairs. I had a severe blow on the left side; then I fell head foremost, and rolled down several stairs. I was stopped by two severe concussions—one on my left shoulder, the other on my heart, or as near as may be to it. The good old couple were too much frightened to render me

* Written in 1859.

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any assistance. I was in severe pain, and, they say, as pale as death. I managed, however, to get up to my bed, and would not allow any message to be sent to the Mount. I had a light in my room, and passed a night of pain and watchfulness.

Attention of Rydal friends.

December 25th.—I sent for James early; he came, gave notice to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth, and they followed soon. I had from them every consolation that friendship and kindness can administer. They had sent for Mr. Fell, and with him came Dr. Davy (the brother of Sir Humphry, and son-in-law of Mrs. Fletcher), who was by accident with him. Mr. Fell felt my body, and declared there was nothing broken. That may be, but I am by no means sure that I have not received a very serious injury. I had a call from Quillinan in the evening, as well as several from Wordsworth. My second night was not better than my first, except that, by James's aid, I managed to have my pillows laid more comfortably.

H. C. R. nursed at Rydal Mount.

December 26th.—In the forenoon Mr. Fell came again, and he induced me to allow James to dress me, and then I was put into Miss Wordsworth's carriage, and drawn up to the Mount. A room was given me adjoining James's sleeping-place. He is an excellent nurse, and here I have felt myself infinitely more comfortable than in the cottage, where the kind-hearted but feeble old couple only made me more sensible of my own helplessness. During the day I have found it difficult to talk. Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth have therefore been short in their visits. I have learnt the practical meaning of what hitherto has been only a

phrase—*smoothing the pillow.* He who does it as James does is a benefactor.

December 30th.—This was, comparatively, a busy day. I had calls in my room from Miss Fenwick, then from Mrs. Quillinan, and Mrs. and Miss Fletcher; and, in the evening, hearing that Mrs. Arnold was below, I got James to dress me, and surprised them at their tea. I was cordially greeted, and in excellent spirits.*

1844.

H. C. R, TO T. R.

Rydal Mount, 19th Jan. 1844, 3 A.M.

Wordsworth's servant James.

I must tell you something about James. He is forty-five years of age, and is really a sort of model servant for a country situation like this, as he is very religious and moral, as well as an excellent servant (Wordsworth's man-servant). He is a great favourite with the family, and will, I dare say, never leave them. He told me his history. He was brought up in a workhouse, and at nine years of age was turned out of the house with two shillings in his pocket. When without a sixpence, he was picked up by a farmer, who took him into his service on condition that all his clothes should be burnt (they were so filthy), and he was to pay for his new clothes out of his wages of two pounds, ten shillings per annum. Here he stayed as long as he was wanted. "I have been so *lucky*," said James, "that I was never out of place a day in my life, for I was always taken into service immediately. I never got into a scrape, or was drunk in my life, for I never taste any liquor. *So*

His early history.

* H. C. R. did not continue his "Reminiscences" beyond this year; but he wrote a Diary till within a few days of his death.

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

that I have often said, I consider myself as a favourite of fortune"!!! This is equal to Goldsmith's cripple in the Park, who remarks of his own state—you will recollect what it was—"'Tis not every man that can be born with a golden spoon in his mouth." But James has acquired his golden spoon. He has saved up £150, which he has invested in Railroad Shares. He can both read and write, plays on the accordion, sings, has a taste for drawing, paints Easter eggs with great taste, and is a very respectable tailor. "I never loved company," said James, "and I cannot be idle; so I am always doing something." He is not *literate*, though he can read and write, for he seems hardly to know that he is in the service of a poet, though he must know something of song-writing.*

James and his golden spoon.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Ambleside, March 19th, 1844.

I am going to write you a short letter about nothing for Mrs. Wordsworth, who has it on her conscience that she has not lately written to you, though she has nothing to say except what you know, that a letter from you is one of the most acceptable things her post-bag ever contains. How are you and your brother? Both well, we hope; and we never fancy you quite well when your brother is otherwise. We have had a roaring storm of wind here, which lasted two or three days, and did mischief among trees, but most at Rydal Mount.

Storm at Rydal Mount.

* When I took leave of him on this visit, I hung round his neck a silver watch. He was so surprised that he was literally unable to thank me.—H. C. R.

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

The two largest of those fine old cherry-trees on the terrace, nearest the house, were uprooted, and spread their length over the wall and orchard as far as the kitchen-garden; two fir-trees also, both ornamental from their position, and one especially so from its double stem, have been laid prostrate. With proper appliances, these might be set up again, but the expense here and inconvenience would be greater than the annoyance of their removal. Such losses will sound trivial at a distance, but they are felt at home. Those cherry-trees were old servants and companions. Dora and the birds used (in *her* younger days) to perch together on the boughs for the fruit. . . . . Mr. Wordsworth has been working very hard lately, to very little purpose, to mend the versification of "The Excursion," with some parts of which he is dissatisfied, and no doubt justly; but to mend it without losing more, in the freshness and the force of expression, than he will gain in variety of cadence, is, in most cases, I believe, impracticable. *It will* DO, in spite of my Lord Jeffrey and its occasional defects in metrical construction, &c.

Revising the Excursion.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Ambleside, April 7th, 1844.

. . . . . As to Article 3 in the *Prospective Review* on "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," it is about as bad as the wretched book itself. I wish wicked people (like you) were not so clever, or clever people (like you) were not so wicked. That volume of "Thoughts on the Vestiges of Creation" is a book of hypotheses grounded mainly on the modern

"Vestiges of Creation."

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

discoveries in geology; a grand and solid foundation, on which free-thinkers build nebulous towers that reach the skies, and from those airy observatories pry into the Holy of Holies, peruse the inner mind of the Almighty, and look down with pity on the ignorant multitudes who have nothing to help them in their heavenward aspirations but blind faith in the truths of revealed religion. "Leave me, leave me to repose!" . . . . . .

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

14th July, 1844.

Wordsworth on Arnold.

. . . . . Dr. Arnold's "Life" Mrs. Wordsworth has read diligently. The first volume she read aloud to me, and I have more than skimmed the second. He was a truly good man; of too ardent a mind, however, to be always judicious on the great points of secular and ecclesiastical polity that occupied his mind, and upon which he often wrote and acted under strong prejudices and with hazardous confidence. But the book, notwithstanding these objections, must do good, and *great* good. His benevolence was so earnest, his life so industrious, his affections, domestic and social, so intense, his faith so warm and firm, and his endeavour to regulate his life by it so constant, that his example cannot but be beneficial, even in quarters where his opinions may be most disliked. How he hated sin, and loved and thirsted after holiness! Oh, that on this path he were universally followed! . . . . . .

August 28th.—(Bury.) Began a task which I set

myself for my Bury visit—that of looking over a few years' letters. I find difficulty in determining which I should preserve, and which destroy. Sometimes the friend is dead, and sometimes the friendship. CHAP. VIII. 1844. *Sifting old letters.*

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

30, *Russell Square*, 18*th September*, 1844.

. . . . . My month there (at Bury) was broken in upon by a short visit to Playford, Yarmouth, and Norwich. Old Clarkson is really a wonderful creature, were he only contemplated as an animal. There he is, in his eighty-fifth year, as laborious and calmly strenuous in his pursuits as he was fifty or sixty years ago. By-the-by, I am afraid I am writing nonsense; for this is not an *animal* habit or quality. I meant to refer to that strength of bodily constitution, without which all the powers of the mind are insufficient to produce the effects by which a great mind or character is known. I have often applied this remark to your husband, in connection with another—that I believe all the first-rate geniuses in poetry, the fine arts, &c. &c., have been strong and healthy, and might have been good labourers; while it is only the second-rate geniuses who are cripples, or deformed, or defective in their bodily qualities. What a digression this is! You'll think I can have nothing to say. However, to go on: Clarkson was busy during the three days I was there, writing letters assiduously both to private friends and for the press, and all for his "Africans." He is happy in this, that he cannot see difficulties, or dangers, or doubts in any interest he has embraced, or in any *Clarkson in his eighty-fifth year.* *Clarkson.* *The slave-trade.*

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

act he has to do. No one ever more faithfully discharged the duty of *hoping* which the poet has laid down. He does not believe that Texas will be united to the States. He will not see that France and America are doing all in their power to get rid of their reciprocal obligations to annul the slave-trade. However difficult the hill may be to climb, he toils on, and has no doubt of reaching the summit.

Sperat infestis.

* * * * * *

Archæological Society.

I returned to London on the 4th of this month, and was very soon pressed to join the British Archæological Association, which was to hold its first solemn meeting or sitting at Canterbury on the 9th. What a pity it is that I cannot tell whether you, in fact, know anything about this learned body or not, or whether you in your, be it ignorance, or be it knowledge, care anything about it or not. You know, that is, you will in a second, that this is an imitation of the Scientific Association, which, in defiance of the penal statutes against vagrants, goes from place to place annually, haunting the great towns successively, and inflicting on the inhabitants tremendous long speeches —or rather papers, worse than speeches—on matters appertaining to Natural History and Science. The Antiquaries, on the other hand, discourse on antiquities; and their journeys will have a local propriety or object, because the Association assembles for the purpose of investigating the antiquities of the spot. They began very wisely with Canterbury, for this city and its immediate vicinity abound in almost every variety of antiquity; and the Association had the cordial co-operation

Canterbury.

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

of all the local authorities. The Dean and Chapter opened their cathedral to us without any restriction—an act that had never been done before; and every part of that glorious structure was open to the freest inspection, without the annoying fee-exacting companionship of verger or attendant, male or female. The Mayor, in one of his speeches in public, declared that there are thousands of the citizens of Canterbury who have never seen the interior of the Cloisters. A change, there is no doubt, will now take place. I never saw any religious edifice to so great advantage before. In every part it is a marvellous building.

Canterbury Cathedral.

On the second day we made a sort of supplemental pilgrimage. We explored barrows at two places—one in Bourne Park, the seat of our President, Lord Albert Conyngham, who very hospitably entertained us at his mansion. I had now—what in one's seventieth year is not to be lightly prized—new impressions. Some half dozen barrows were opened, and most of them were productive. Standing round the diggers into the chalk soil, my attention was revived by a cry,—"Take care! there's something." I looked, and distinguished a reddish spot in the chalk. The operator very carefully dug with his fingers all around, and shortly brought up a whole urn, filled, as such are, *really*, with ashes and bones. There had been before picked up teeth, fragments of glass, probably lachrymals, bits of metal which the learned alone can properly describe or even name.

Barrows opened.

Another barrow revealed to us a skeleton lying on its back.

Among our leaders at this meeting was an old

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

acquaintance of yours, the Dean of Hereford. He presided over this very class of what is called the "Primæval Section," and finding that he was going to preside on one of the mornings, I bethought myself that I might contribute to the enjoyment of the audience, in the degree of their accessibility to such impressions. I wrote down from memory one of my favourite sonnets,—

"How profitless the relics that we cull,"—

and took it to him. He heartily thanked me for it, and read it with effect.

On the Thursday I accompanied a select party, led by Lord A. C., to look over the Castle of Dover, where we were admitted into the recesses of that *living* fortification (most of such buildings are mere antiquities) by the Governor, who fêted us into the bargain.

The entertainment of another day consisted, among other things, in the unrolling of a mummy,—so that you will allow there was no want of a variety of objects to interest us; and we had a number of pleasant men. *Dr. Buckland.* Dr. Buckland combines so much good-humour with his zeal, and mixes his geological with his antiquarian researches with so equal an interest, as to be quite unique among scholars and men of science. The whole went off very pleasantly, and I have no doubt wherever we go we shall spread the love of antiquities.

BARRON FIELD TO H. C. R.

Meadfoot House, Torquay, 21st October, 1844.

You do me no more than justice in saying that I shall not be unhappy by being left without interruption

to my books. I have here, for the first time, got my portion of my father's library, who was deacon of an Independent church, and am devouring Baxter's "Life and Times." What a liberal though orthodox Christian was he! Why was not the Church reformed by him and the rest of the London ministers at the Restoration? Nothing has been done since, for now nearly 200 years. What a noble passage is the following!—"Therefore I would have had the brethren to have offered the Parliament the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Decalogue alone as our essentials or fundamentals, which at least contain all that is necessary to salvation, and hath been by all the ancient churches taken for the sum of their religion. And whereas they still said, 'A Socinian or a Papist will subscribe all this,' I answered them, 'So much the better, and so much the fitter it is to be the matter of our concord. But if you are afraid of communion with Papists and Socinians, it must not be avoided by making a new rule or test of faith which they will not subscribe to, or by forcing others to subscribe to more than *they* can do, but by calling them to account whenever in preaching or writing they contradict or abuse the truth to which they have subscribed. This is the work of Government, and we must not think to make laws serve instead of judgment and execution; nor must we make new laws as often as heretics will misinterpret and subscribe the old; for, when you have put in all the words you can devise, some heretics will put their own sense on them, and subscribe them. And we must not blame God for not making a law that no man can misinterpret or break, and think to make such

Baxter's "Life and Times."

Baxter's comprehensiveness.

The same words will have as many interpreters as readers.

CHAP. VIII. 1844.

a one ourselves, because God could not or would not. These presumptions and errors have divided and distracted the Christian Church, and one would think experience should save us from them.'"

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

November 30th, 1844.

Sam Rogers.

Rogers said after his loss,* "I should be ashamed of myself if I were unable to bear a shock like this at my age. It would be an amusement to me to see on how little I could live, if it were necessary. But I shall not be put to the experiment. Let the worst come, we shall not be ruined."

[In a letter written about the same time, H. C. R. says,] "Rogers loves children, and is fond of the society of young people. 'When I am old and bedridden,' he says, 'I shall be read to by young people—Walter Scott's novels, perhaps.'"

* The Bank robbery.

CHAPTER IX.

1844.

DISSENTERS' CHAPELS ACT,

7 & 8 Vict. ch. 45.

[MR. ROBINSON used often to say that, during his long life, he had never done anything of the slightest use to his fellow-men, except in the cases of the Dissenters' Chapels Act, the Flaxman Gallery, and the establishment of the Hall (University Hall) in Gordon Square, for residence of students of University College, London. He had collected and set apart large bundles of papers and letters relating to these subjects, meaning, no doubt, to use them if he should feel able to continue his Reminiscences. The passing of the Chapels Bill was to him the most interesting event of his life. "My interest in this Bill rises to anxiety;"—"It is the single subject in which I take a warm interest;" and similar expressions now occur in almost every page of his diary and letters. Though not expecting that the subject can excite much general interest, the Editor still feels it his duty to give a few extracts from the papers so collected by Mr. Robinson, on a subject so very dear to him. To the end of his life, it was to him a matter of anxiety and perplexity to whom his papers should be entrusted, and it is believed that such anxiety arose mainly from a fear that all mention of his share in affairs such as those now coming under relation, and of his views on them, and on other matters not of popular interest, might be suppressed.

The debates on the passing of this Bill through Parliament, with a number of illustrative documents, were published in a separate volume. Mr. Robinson was one of its editors. The first of the extracts about to be given from Mr. Robinson's collections are from a paper, possibly of Mr. Robinson's composition, which seems to have been intended for an introduction to this volume:—

"Before this Act was passed, the Law Courts had refused to recognise the possibility of men meeting for religious exercises, each unfettered as to his individual ideas of dogmas. They insisted that the mere words, *worship of God*, used by any religionists in their deeds, must essentially mean the annunciation

CHAP. IX.
1844.

Object of the Bill.

of some peculiar metaphysical views of faith, and that the duty of the Law Courts was to find out and define these views, and to confine such religionists and their successors within them for all futurity. This Act recognises, in the clearest manner, the full Protestant liberty of private judgment, 'unfettered by the accident of ancestral creed, and protected from all inquisitorial interference.'"

"By the effect of the legal decisions in the cases of the Lady Hewley Trust Fund, and of the Wolverhampton Chapel, the Nonconformists of England and Ireland, who held religious opinions at variance with the doctrinal Articles of the Church of England, found that the title to the chapels, burial-grounds, and religious property which had been created by their forefathers, and upheld and added to by themselves, was bad."

"Though its invalidity had never been previously suspected, those decisions showed that it had been bad for nearly, if not quite, a century."

As it had been made illegal by the Toleration Act, and continued illegal until 1813,* to impugn the doctrine of the Trinity, no Unitarians could be entitled to retain possession of a chapel built before that time.]

Bill brought into the Lords.

March 12th.—I learned to-day that the Bill lately brought into the House of Lords for the relief of Dissenters by the Chancellor is intended for the benefit of Unitarians. It is hardly conceivable that the orthodox will not have power to throw it out.

March 23rd.—How strange, that I should have actually forgotten till now a very remarkable incident! I was requested by Edwin Field† to accompany him and Mr. Thornley‡ on a deputation to Lord Brougham to secure his interest on behalf of the Unitarian Relief Bill. This, I believe, the Unitarians will have; but I have not the slightest hope of ultimate success. The orthodox will be too powerful. But I shall have opportunities of reverting to this subject, as I am requested on Tuesday to go to the Bishop of London.

* In this year Mr. Smith's Act passed, 53 Geo. 3, c. 160.

† A solicitor under whose charge the Bill was chiefly placed, and afterwards one of H. C. R.'s executors.

‡ M.P. for Wolverhampton.

March 26th.—A busy day and a memorable one, inasmuch as I found myself, *mirabile dictu*, in the study of the Bishop of London,* as one of a deputation to discuss with him the Unitarian Bill. There were nine of us.

* * * * * *

Bishop of London.

The Bishop began by being strongly against us in principle. The only point made by the Bishop was the injustice of holding property intended for the promotion of one set of opinions, and maintaining the very opposite. At the same time, he allowed the utility of a limitation on litigation, and that it was not right to make orthodoxy the subject of litigation in secular courts.

(On the 25th of April, a very long and able letter of H. C. R.'s on this subject, signed "a Barrister," appeared in the *Times*. From it the last sentence only shall be extracted. Many other letters and papers of his were published, but space will not allow any enumeration of them.)

Letter in the Times.

"The Unitarians maintain, certainly, very obnoxious opinions, and thereby expose themselves to obloquy; while their adversaries, in violation of all the professed principles of dissent, are striving to turn a penny by means of their pretended orthodoxy; and that after a silence, an acquiescence, a fellowship, an acting in concert with those they seek to plunder, of more than a century's duration. Is this to be permitted?"

June 6th.—I went as early as four to the Commons. There I stayed till twelve, when I came home with

* Bishop Blomfield, son of H. C. R.'s old Bury schoolmaster. *See* Vol. I., p. 5.

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House of Commons' Debate.

Cookson. A most interesting debate, but a sadly one-sided one. For the Bill, Attorney-General* admirably luminous. Macaulay eloquent and impressive, but still not quite what I liked—a want of delicacy. Monckton Milnes ingenious and earnest—an unexpected speech. Gladstone historical and elaborate. Sheil wild, extravagant, and funny, especially in an attack on Sir Robert Inglis. Sir Robert Peel very dignified and conscientious. Lord John Russell—not much in his speech, beyond his testimony to the merits of the Bill. *Contra.* Such a set! Not a cheer elicited the whole night. They consisted of Sir Robert Inglis, Plumptre, Colquhoun, and Fox Maule. Lord Sandon spoke, but it is not clear on which side he meant to speak. On the whole, it was an evening of very great excitement and pleasure, and I shall have now a few days of pleasure in talking over this business.

Stanley, Bishop of Norwich.

July 6th.—I went to carry papers to the Bishop of Norwich, on whom Mark Phillips and I had previously called. He received me with great personal kindness, but said, "I shall take no part in the measure. I cannot oppose a Bill which is to extend religious liberty, but I cannot assist a Bill which is to *favour* Unitarianism."—I gravely said, "I should have a very bad opinion of any bishop who did."—"How do you mean that?" he asked.—"Thus, my lord. This Bill will merely extend to Unitarians the same protection which all other Protestant Dissenters enjoy. To be relieved from persecution is a great blessing, but surely not a *favour*."—"Certainly not. And is that all that

* Sir William Follett.

your Bill does?"—"Your lordship shall judge." I then put into his hands several papers, which, as I was the next day informed, kept him up all night, and ultimately he voted for, and spoke in favour of, the Bill.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

11*th May*, 1844.

. . . I never felt so strong an interest in any measure of legislation. Not, if I know my own feelings, from any great interest I take in Unitarians, as such, but because they are standing in the breach in a case of religious liberty. Surely, if there be such a thing as persecution, it is that of saying that people are to be robbed of their own property because they have thought proper to change their opinions, or, be it, their faith! . . . . . .

Grounds of H. C. R.'s interest in the Bill.

June 24th.—I wrote to Mrs. Fletcher, giving her an account of the Bill. I ventured to remark on the single defect of Wordsworth's character. He has lost his love of liberty, not his humanity, but his confidence in mankind.

WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

14*th July*, 1844.

I wrote to you at some length immediately on receipt of your last to Mrs. Wordsworth, but as my letter turned mainly on the subject of yours—the Dissenters' Chapels Bill—I could not muster resolution to send it, for I felt it was reviving matter of which you had had too much.

Wordsworth on the Chapels Bill.

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"I was averse to the Bill, and my opinion is not changed. I do not consider the authorities you appeal to as the best judges in a matter of this kind, which it is absurd to treat as a mere question of property, or any gross material right or privilege—say a right of road, or any other thing of the kind, for which usage may be pleaded. But the same considerations that prevented my sending the letter in which the subject was treated at length forbid me to enter again upon it; so let it rest till we have the pleasure of meeting, and then if it be thought worth while, we may revert to it. . . . . .

Lawyers bad judges on moral questions.

H. C. R. TO WORDSWORTH.

Bury St. Edmunds,
24th July, 1844.

H. C. R. in reply.

I was delighted to receive a letter in your handwriting, though that pleasure was lessened by its bearing marks of being written with uneasiness, if not pain. I am not going to teaze you by discussing a subject you wish to avoid, and therefore I shall leave entirely unnoticed the topic involved in your emphatic declaration that you dislike the Bill which has been the subject of my unremitted exertions for the last two, or rather three, months, and which exertions have been rewarded by a triumphant victory. I perfectly agree with you, that the great lawyers are no authority whatever on any other than a question of property, and of a gross material right. I shall therefore merely try to convince you, that you are under a mistake altogether about the *other*

question which you allude to, and which you and I very well understand; that is, we know what is meant by it, and can allude to it without further statement. Your friend, Sir Robert Inglis, declared expressly, that he considered the Bill merely as a question of property, and the protest of the Bishop of Exeter went almost altogether on the ground that the law of trusts was violated by it. This was treated by the law lords with something like scorn, and you will allow that they are, on such a question, absolute authority.

The question not merely one of property.

But the other question which you have in your mind has for thirty years ceased to be a question arguable either in a court of law or in a legislative body; for, by Mr. Smith's Act, which passed in 1813, Unitarianism is put on a perfect equality with all other varieties of Protestant dissent. And in the Lady Hewley case, it was declared *unanimously* by the judges that, since that Act, Chapels for preaching Unitarianism may be legally endowed, and, by this declaration, all that stuff is at once disposed of which such men as Mr. Plumptre, Lord Mountcashel, &c., are continually repeating, that the assertion of anti-Trinitarianism (that is Arianism as well as Socinianism), is an offence at common law. The only question, therefore, which the legislature was called upon to answer had a reference merely to the material and gross interest in the old chapels built before Mr. Smith's Act.

Effect of William Smith's Act.

The right to preach Unitarianism being ascertained by the statute law and the declaration of the judges on that point, viz., the mere question of property, Lord Lyndhurst and every other law lord, with the

CHAP. IX. 1844.

Grounds of legal decision.

concurrence of the Attorney-General (and Mr. Gladstone on High-Church principles), held that it was a monstrous injustice to take from the Unitarians, merely on a law fiction, the property they had held for several generations; that because, before 1813, Unitarianism was not tolerated, therefore it must be inferred that Trinitarianism was intended, the fact being beyond all contradiction, as Mr. Gladstone asserted, after a long historical investigation, that while the Independents (of William's and Anne's time) inserted in their foundation deeds a formal declaration of their doctrines, the Presbyterians, though the Arian controversy was then carrying on, refused to bind themselves to any faith whatever. In this they acted consistently, as Dissenters (the first principle of Dissent is self-government); and having left the Church because they would not submit to her dictation, neither would they call upon others to submit to *theirs*. Nor would they deprive themselves of the power to change, if they thought proper. Whether this was right or wrong in itself is not the question—but whether, they reserving to themselves the right, utter strangers, and even enemies (such as Independents were), ought to have the power to strip them of their property for doing what they liked in the exercise of that right, even after Unitarianism had become perfectly legal. I do not at all wonder that you, and other orthodox Christians (before you troubled yourselves to learn what the facts were as to the present state of the law, as well as the history of Nonconformity, before and after the Act of Toleration), should be averse to the Bill; but I have met with very few indeed who, after

The Presbyterians retained the power of change.

investigation, did not declare themselves satisfied with the Bill.

* * * * * *

The question one of justice, not of orthodoxy and heresy.

If you had lived when the writ *de hæretico comburendo* was abolished, I am sure you would not have resisted the abolition on the ground that it favoured heresy; though, certainly, it was a great gain to heretics that they were no longer liable to be burned. . . . . .

Whether or not it is right to allow Unitarianism as a form of Christianity is another question—and this would be fairly met by a motion to repeal Mr. Smith's Act and re-enact the old penal Statutes. And as you say you dislike this Bill, you ought in consistency to like such a Bill, which I am sure you would not.

* * * * * *

H. C. R. TO T. R.

27th December, 1844.

The matter talked over with Wordsworth.

Yesterday I went down to Ambleside. There I called on Dr. Davy, and also on Mr. Carr, a very sensible man, whose company I like. He is, however, as well as the poet, a sturdy enemy to the Bill—our Bill. I shall punish him for this iniquity, by making him read my articles in the *Times* on the subject. You may call this a cruel punishment, but he deserves no better. I have had a little sparring with the poet on the subject. He has not thrown any light on it; and, indeed, his erroneous conclusion arises from unacquaintance with the facts. On one point I agree with him, that no Dissenter ought to be allowed to make endowments for the maintenance of

CHAP. IX.
1844.

Limitation to endowments for opinions.

particular opinions, that may make it their interest not to return to the Church. This, in fact, is quite in conformity with the view taken by the Unitarians in support of the Bill. Wordsworth, like most others of the orthodox, has an unreasonable dislike to Unitarians, but really knows very little about them. I have, however, told him that I am now a member of the Unitarian Association, and he receives this kindly, for he really has no bitterness about him. And though he has Puseyite propensities, he by no means approves of the excess to which such ecclesiastical firebrands as ——— and ——— are now driving their adherents. He thinks that if there be not some relaxation, and if the Pusey or Popery party persist, a civil war is likely to be excited, and that it would break out in Scotland. This would be a sad prospect, if it were not pretty certain that these high Prelatists have already excited a reaction that will crush them.

CHAPTER X.

December 26th.—(Rydal.) Slept in the room in which, after my fall, I was nursed last year by that excellent servant, James. Last night heard Wordsworth read prayers from Thornton's collection with remarkable beauty and effect. He told me, that the Duke of Wellington, being on a visit, was informed by his host that he had family prayers in the morning. Would he attend? "With great pleasure," said the Duke. The gentleman read out of this book. "What! you use *fancy* prayers?" The Duke never came down again. He expected the Church prayers, which Wordsworth uses in the morning.

Duke of Wellington.

Family prayers.

Dined at Mrs. Fletcher's.* A party of eight only. Among those present were Mr. Jeffries, the clergyman, and Hartley Coleridge. Young Fletcher, the Oxonian,

Hartley Coleridge.

* Mrs. Fletcher was formerly a lady of great renown in Scotland. Her husband was a Scotch Whig reforming barrister, counsel for Joseph Gerrald in 1793, the friend of Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham, in their early days. His lady was an English beauty and heiress. Brougham eulogizes her in his collected Speeches. I knew her thirty years ago at Mrs. Barbauld's. There are letters to her in Mrs. Barbauld's Works. She retains all her free opinions; and as she lives three miles from Wordsworth's, I go and see her alone, that we may talk at our ease on topics not gladly listened to at Rydal Mount. She is excellent in conversation—unusually so for a woman at seventy-six. Her daughters are also very superior women. One of them has married Dr. Davy, brother to Sir Humphry.—H. C. R.

CHAP. X. 1844.

and future head of the house, also there—a genteel youth, with a Puseyite tendency. H. Coleridge behaved very well. He read some verses on Dr. Arnold which I could not comprehend—he read them so unpleasantly; and he sang a comic song, which kept me very grave. He left us quite early.

1845.

Rydal.

January 5th.—Dined and took tea with the Fletchers. A very agreeable young man, a Swiss, son of a refugee, with them; also Mrs. Fletcher's grandson, the Oxonian.

Parties at Oxford.

I was amused by a playful denomination of the Oxford parties. They consist of Hampden and the Arians, Newman and the Tractarians, Palmer and the Retractarians, and Golightly and the Detractarians. In other respects, it gives me no pleasure to see that the pro-Popery spirit is stirring in the young men at Oxford.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 *Russell Square, 31st Jan.* 1845.

Dinner at S. Rogers's.

I dined this day with Rogers, the Dean of the poets. We had an interesting party of eight. Moxon, the publisher, Kenny, the dramatic poet (who married Mrs. Holcroft, now become an old woman), himself decrepit without being very old, Spedding, Lushington, and Alfred Tennyson, three young men of eminent talent belonging to literary Young England; the

Tennyson.

latter, Tennyson, being by far the most eminent of the young poets. His poems are full of genius, but he is fond of the enigmatical, and many of his most celebrated pieces are really poetic riddles. He is an

admirer of Goethe, and I had a long tête-à-tête with him about the great poet. We waited for the eighth—a lady —who, Rogers said, was coming on purpose to see Tennyson, whose works she admired. He made a mystery of this fair devotee, and would give no name.

CHAP. X. 1845. *The Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

It was not till dinner was half over that he was called out of the room, and returned with a lady under his arm. A lady, neither splendidly dressed nor strikingly beautiful, as it seemed to me, was placed at the table. A whisper ran along the company, which I could not make out. She instantly joined our conversation, with an ease and spirit that showed her quite used to society. She stepped a little too near my prejudices by a harsh sentence about Goethe, which I resented. And we had exchanged a few sentences when she named herself, and I then recognised the much-eulogized and calumniated Honourable Mrs. Norton, who, you may recollect, was purged by a jury finding for the defendant in a *crim. con.* action by her husband against Lord Melbourne. When I knew who she was, I felt that I ought to have distinguished her beauty and grace by my own discernment, and not waited for a formal announcement. You are aware that her position in society was, to a great degree, imperilled.

BARRON FIELD TO H. C. R.

Meadfoot House, Torquay, 16th Feb. 1845.

I thank you for your great friend's "Railway Letters" and "Sonnets." . . . . . How can

CHAP. X. 1845.

The railway sonnet controversy.

the man who has been constantly publishing poetry for the last forty years, and has at last made that poetry part of the food of the public mind, call himself a man of "retirement," if he means to include himself? And, if not, how can he complain that he has at last, by his Lake-and-Mountain poetry, created a desire for realizing some of those beautiful descriptions of scenery and elements in the inhabitants of Liverpool and Manchester, which may possibly bring them in crowds by railway to Windermere? My objection to the reasoning of the "Letters" is that,—1. There is no danger. 2. It would be a benefit to the humbler classes, greater than the inconvenience to the residents, if there was any danger. Lastly, I have a personal argument against Mr. Wordsworth, that he and Rydal can no more pretend to "retirement" than the Queen. They have both bartered it for fame. As for Mr. Wordsworth, he has himself been crying *Roast meat* all his life. Has he not even published, besides his poems which have made the district classic ground, an actual prose "Guide?" And now he complains that the decent clerks and manufacturers of Liverpool and Manchester should presume to flock of a holiday to see the scene of "The Excursion," and to buy his own "Guide-book!" For I utterly deny that the holders of Kendal and Bowness excursion railway tickets would require "wrestling-matches, horse and boat races, pothouses or beer-shops." If they came in crowds (which I am afraid they would not), it would be as literally to see the lakes and mountains as the Brighton holiday-ticketers go to see the sea.

Should the world be excluded from ground now classic?

CHAP. X.
1845.

March 13th.—Talked with Rogers of Sydney Smith, of whose death we had just heard. Rogers said, in answer to the question, how came it that he did not publicly show his powers? "He had too fastidious a taste, and too high an *idea* of what ought to be." But to that I replied, "He might have written on temporary subjects as a matter of business; he might have written capital letters." Rogers spoke highly of Mrs. Barbauld, and related that Madame D'Arblay said she repeated every night Mrs. Barbauld's famous stanza,—

Rogers on Sydney Smith.

"Life, we've been long together."

April 25th.—Called on Wordsworth at Moxon's. The Poet Laureate is come on purpose to attend the Queen's Ball, to which he has a special invitation, and for which he has come up 300 miles. He goes from Rogers's this evening with sword, bag-wig, and court-dress.

The Laureate at Court.

May 2nd.—My second breakfast. Wordsworth was kept away by indisposition. I had with me Archdeacon Robinson, our new Master of the Temple, Quayle, S. Naylor, Dr. Booth, &c. The last mentioned a mot of one Sylvester: "When people tire of business in town, they go to *re*tire in the country."

May 13th.—This day I attained my seventieth year, and from this I consider old age is commencing; and I hope I shall be able to keep the resolution I have formed, from henceforth to be more liberal in expense to myself, and not fear indulgences which I may practise without harm to myself or others. As far as others are concerned, I less need this admonition.

H. C. R.'s seventieth birthday.

CHAP. X.
1845.

H. C. R. TO A FRIEND.

30, *Russell Square, 2nd June,* 1845.

My dear Friend,

It would be an abuse of the privilege of friendship were I to say a word in reply to your letter as far as it is an explanation of your conduct; of that, indeed, all explanation is superfluous. It would be inconsistent with my sincere regard for you, to suppose for a moment that you do not precisely what you ought to do. But, in perfect consistency with this feeling, I am anxious to say a word on a suggestion in your letter, which seems to imply a general rule of conduct, which I should deprecate as tending to disturb all our notions of right and wrong, and even the relations of life. It is this:—

Charitable contributions.

That a person in the enjoyment of a large income, which enables him both to accumulate a fortune, and hold a distinguished place in society—forming, in fact, one of the aristocracy, and allowing himself all the indulgences of that class, and having at the same time considerable family claims on him—is warranted in considering the consequent expenditure, *not as deductions from his income,* but as the objects of that charitable fund which, in some proportion to their income, personal expenditure, and accumulation, all men set apart, as a self-imposed social tax. This has been the sense of the better part of mankind ever since there have been rich and poor, which sense Moses first, among legislators, formalized by instituting tithes, and so changed its character.

Now I feel strongly this, that if wealthy men *encourage* such an idea as this, they may be led to stand aloof from their fellow-citizens in works of beneficence, even those of a *local* description which seem to be most imperative; and these they may allow persons infinitely their inferiors in station, and of far smaller means, to perform alone. In a word, with them, charity would not only begin, it would end, at home.

My dear friend, I could not be comfortable until I had put this one thought into clear language; begging you again to be assured that I say this, not as bearing on the particular occasion of my former letter, but simply as an earnest protest against the general idea as a rule of conduct.

H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

30, *Russell Square*, 11*th November*, 1845.

. . . . . Of your London friends I have very little to say. I shall breakfast to-morrow with Mr. Rogers, and I hope have a tolerable account of Miss Rogers to report. But she is becoming very feeble. Last week I called, and was at first told she was *out;* but the old German butler could not lie in German, whatever he could do in English, and confessed that it was her power of enjoying her friends' company that was not at home.

"*Not at home.*"

[Reference has already been made to Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, noted in his day, not only as a writer and a preacher, but also as a sayer of good things. "I can testify," says H. C. R., "that, half a

CHAP. VI
1845.

Robert Robinson of Cambridge.

century ago, in all Dissenting circles, the *bons mots* of Robinson formed a staple of after-dinner conversation, as now do in all companies the *facetiæ* of the Rev. Canon of St. Paul's, against whom Episcopal ill-will has been unable to produce any retort more pungent than the character of a facetious divine." During the year 1845, H. C. R. put on paper a few anecdotes, which had been "floating in his memory between forty and fifty years," and they were printed in a monthly periodical entitled the *Christian Reformer*.* He did not pledge himself for their authenticity, nor their verbal accuracy. The Editor has been repeatedly urged not on any account to omit these characteristic stories.]

When Robinson first occupied the pulpit of the Baptist meeting at Cambridge, he was exposed to annoyances from the younger gownsmen. They incurred no danger of rustication, being put out of sizings, or even suffering an imposition, for irregularities of that kind. He succeeded, however, in the course of a few years, in effecting a change, and, Mr. Dyer says, became popular with a large class. It was soon after his settlement there that a wager arose among a party of undergraduates. One of them wagered that he would take his station on the steps of the pulpit, with a large ear-trumpet in his hand, and remain there till the end of the service. Accordingly, he mounted the steps, put the trumpet to his ear, and played the part of a deaf man with all possible gravity. His friends

* Then under the editorship of the Rev. R. B. Aspland.

were in the aisle below, tittering at the hoax; the congregation were scandalized; but the preacher alone seemed insensible to what was going on. The sermon was on God's mercy—or whatever the subject might have been at first, in due time it soon turned to that, and the preacher proceeded to this effect:—

"Not only, my Christian friends, does the mercy of God extend to the most enormous of criminals, so that none, however guilty, may not, if duly penitent, be partakers of the divine grace; but also there are none so low, so mean, so worthless, as not to be objects of God's fatherly solicitude and care. Indeed, I do hope that it may one day be extended to"—and then, leaning over the pulpit, he stretched out his arm to its utmost length, and placing it on the head of the gownsman, finished his sentence—"to this silly boy!"

The wager lost.

The wager was lost, for the trumpet fell, and the discomfited stripling bolted.

A well-known member of the Norfolk Circuit, Hart, afterwards Thorold, related to me, that he once fell in with an elderly officer in the old Cambridge coach to London, who made inquiries concerning Robinson. "I met him," said the stranger, "in this very coach when I was a young man, and when my tone of conversation was that universal among young officers, and I talked in a very free tone with this Mr. Robinson. I did not take him for a clergyman, though he was dressed in black; for he was by no means solemn; on the contrary, he told several droll stories. But there was one very odd thing about him, that he continually inter-

CHAP. X. 1845.

"Bottles and Corks."

larded his stories with an exclamation, *Bottles and corks!* This seemed so strange, that I could not help at last asking him why he did so, saying they did not seem to improve his stories at all.—'Don't they?' said Mr. Robinson; 'I'm glad to know that, for I merely used those words by way of experiment.'—'Experiment!' said I; 'how do you mean that?'—'Why, I will tell you. I rather pride myself on story-telling, and wish to make my stories as good as they can be. Now, I observed that you told several very pleasant stories, and that you continually made use of such exclamations as, G—d d——n it! B——t me! &c., &c. Now, I can't use such words, for they are irreverent towards the Almighty, and I believe actually sinful; therefore I wanted to try whether I could not find words that would answer the purpose as well, and be quite innocent at the same time.'—All this," said the officer, "was said in so good-humoured a tone, that I could not possibly take offence, though apt enough to do so. The reproof had an effect on me, and very much contributed to my breaking myself of the habit of profane swearing."

Things undreamt of.

Robinson was acrimonious against the supporters of what he deemed the corruptions in the Church and State, and especially intolerant of dulness. Arguing awhile with a dull adversary, who had nothing better to allege against Robinson's reasonings than the frequent repetition of, *I do not see that,*—"You do not see it!" retorted Robinson,—"do you see this?" taking a card out of his pocket and writing GOD upon it.—"Of

course I do," said his opponent; "what then?"—"Do you see it now?" repeated Robinson,—at the same time covering the word with a half-crown piece,—"I suspect not."

Among Robinson's most eminent qualities were his didactic talents, as well out of as in the pulpit. He was a great favourite with children. It is many years since I heard the following relation:—

"I went one morning into the house of a friend. The ladies were busy preparing a packet for one of the children at school. Betsy, a little girl between five and six years old, was playing about the room. Robinson came in, when this dialogue followed:—Well, Betsy, would not you like to send a letter to Tommy?—B. Yes, I should.—R. Why don't you?—B. I can't write.—R. Shall I write for you?—B. Oh yes! I wish you would.—R. Well, get me some pen, ink, and paper.—The child brought them.—R. Now, it must be your letter. I give you the use of my hand; but you must tell me what to say.—B. I don't know.—R. You don't know! though you love your brother so much. Shall I find something for you?—B. Oh yes! pray do.—R. Well, then, let's see: *Dear Tommy—Last night the house was burnt down from top to bottom.*—B. No! don't say that.—R. Why not?—B. 'Cause it isn't true.—R. What! you have learned you must not write what's not true. I am glad you have learned so much. Stick to it as long as you live. Never write what is not true. But you must think of something that *is* true. Come, tell me something.—B. I don't know.—R. Let's see—

A child's letter.

Don't invent.

CHAPT K. 1845.

Let it have interest.

The kitten has been playing with its tail this quarter of an hour.—B. No, don't write that.—R. Why should not I write that? It's true; I have seen that myself.—B. 'Cause that's silly; Tommy don't want to know anything about the kitten and its tail.—R. Good again! Why, my dear, I see you know a great deal about letter-writing. It is not enough that a thing is true; it must be worth writing about. Do tell me something to say.—B. I don't know.—R. Shall I write this—*You'll be glad to hear that Sammy is quite recovered from the small-pox and come down stairs?*—B. Oh yes! do write that.—R. And why should I write that?—B. 'Cause Tommy loves Sammy dearly, and will be so glad to hear he's got well again.—R. Why, Betsy, my dear, you know how to write a letter very well, if you will give yourself a little trouble. Now, what next?"

This is part of a story told after dinner at the table of the late Mr. Edward Randall, of Cambridge, an old friend of Mr. Robinson, and one of his congregation. I have repeated as much as suits a written communication.* A pretty long letter was produced, and the little girl was caressed and praised for knowing so well how to write a letter; for she was made to utter a number of simple truths, such as an infant mind can entertain and reproduce. I recollect it was remarked by one of the company, that this little dialogue was in the spirit of Socrates; and it was added by another,

Socratic method.

* In repeating the story, H. C. R. represented one of Robert Robinson's suggestions to be—"Brother ——— has been very naughty, and would not learn his lessons." To which the little girl objected that it would be *unkind*. So the letter was to include nothing unkind.

what no one disputed, that such an anecdote, embodying such a letter, and found in Xenophon, would have held a prominent place among the Memorabilia.

In the days when Robinson flourished, an imputation of scepticism as to the existence of a personal Devil influencing the actions of men was fatal to religious character. It was at a meeting of ministers that Robinson once overheard one of them whisper to another, that on that essential point of faith he was not sound. "Brother! brother!" he cried out, "don't misrepresent me. How do you think I can dare to look you in the face, and at the same time deny the existence of a Devil? Is he not described in holy writ as the accuser of the brethren?"

The accuser of the brethren.

On another occasion, a good but not very wise man asking him, in a tone of simplicity and surprise, "Don't you believe in the Devil?" Robinson answered him in like tone, "Oh dear no! *I* believe in God—don't you?"

Mr. Robinson was in the habit of delivering an evening lecture on a week-day, and on such occasions, after the service, enjoyed a pipe in the vestry, attended by a few of his hearers. It was from one of these, then present, a young aspirant to the ministry, that the following anecdote was derived. One evening the party was broken in upon by an unexpected visitor. A young Church divine, who had just descended from his own pulpit, came in full canonicals, in a state of excitement. He said he was threatened with a prohibition

CHAP. V. 1845.

Charles Simeon advising with the Non-con.

of his lectures by his bishop, on the ground that they led to acts of immorality; and he wanted to know from Mr. Robinson whether he had any cause, from his own observation in his own chapel, to think that there was any foundation for the pretence. Robinson, having answered his inquiry, took the opportunity of expatiating on the obstruction thus threatened against the preaching of the gospel, and went so far as to exhort the young divine to relieve himself from such oppression and come out from among the ungodly; pointing out to him that the means would not be wanting; among the persons then present were those who would assist in procuring a piece of ground and erecting a building, &c. &c. The seed, however, was cast on stony ground and produced no fruit. The young divine departed, exclaiming as he left the room, *The Lord will provide!* And, whether it came from the Lord or not, in the end there was an ample provision. In a few years he became the most popular preacher in Cambridge,—the founder of an Evangelical and Low-Church party, which was for many years triumphant, but is now threatened with discomfiture by the successful rivalry of a youthful Arminian and High-Church party, known by the name of Puseyites. The young divine was CHARLES SIMEON.

Pig language.

Robinson was desirous of repressing the conceit which so often leads the illiterate to become instructors of their brethren; yet, on one occasion, in opposition to what seemed to him a disposition to undue interference, he said, "I have in my pigsty ten white pigs

and one black one. The other morning, as I passed by, I heard the black pig squeaking away lustily, and I thought to myself, That's pig language: I don't understand it, but perhaps it pleases the white ones: they are quiet enough."

CHAP. XI.
1846.

CHAPTER XI.

1846.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rydal Mount, January 2nd, 1846.

. . . . . It would answer no purpose to tell you day by day with whom, and where, I ate and drank, for it would be but ringing the changes on the same names—the Wordsworths, Fletchers, Arnolds, and Martineaus, in a variety of combinations. And were I to tell you of my several walks between Ambleside and Grasmere, as you unluckily do not know the country, the names would not bring to your mind the images which they raise in the minds of all who do know it.

Rydal society.

On Wednesday, H. Martineau dined here to meet Moxon, who has been on a week's visit, and leaves us to-day. She was very communicative on Mesmerism. On Monday, I took her to Mrs. Fletcher's. The friendship of these ladies ought to be strong, for it is tried as well by politics as by physics. Though both are Whigs, they embrace different sides on the last question of public interest. H. Martineau swears by her friend Grey; Mrs. Fletcher is an out-and-out admirer of Lord John, and therefore cannot forgive the young Earl for breaking

up the new-born Cabinet. Miss Martineau says, the *Spectator's* account of the breaking up is the true one. I hope you read the admirable article on Sir Robert Peel in last week's *Examiner*. If not, go to the Pigeons to read it. Even Wordsworth applauds it, because, he says, there is a substratum of serious truth in the midst of a profusion of wit and banter. H. Martineau, as well as H. C. R., is a sort of a Peelite, but the Wordsworths are utterly against him. However, you know that my love and admiration of the poet were never carried over to the politician. He is a Protectionist, but much more zealously of the Church than of the land. I go to London with great expectations of what the revived Ministry will effect. The Whigs will to a man support Sir Robert. The agricultural party will not succumb tamely. It will be the country against the town, and the contest will be to the full as much an affair of interest as of principle.

The poet worshipped, not the politician.

January 7th. — (Rydal.) This evening, Wordsworth related a pretty anecdote of his cookmaid. A stranger, who was shown about the grounds, asked to see his *study*. The servant took him to the library, and said: "This is master's *library*, but he *studies* in the *fields*."

Open-air Study.

February 18th.—I spent an agreeable afternoon at Edwin Field's. A very rising and able man was there, just beginning to be one of the chiefs of the Chancery Bar. His name is Rolt. He has been employed by Edwin Field in the Appeal in the Irish case coming on before the Lords. I have seldom seen a more

Sir John Rolt.

CHAP. XI. 1846.

impressive person. I walked from Hampstead to town with him.

April 5th.—I went to the Essex Street Chapel, and heard a sermon on the sin against the Holy Ghost. I enjoyed it much, and thought with regret how much I have lost by not attending before.*

Donaldson.

April 14th.—(Bury.) I had a three hours' walk with Donaldson, the head-master of the Grammar School. We walked round by the Fornham Road, and back by the East Gate. Our talk was on religion. His liberality surprised and delighted me. He showed me the proof of his forthcoming article on Bunsen's "Egypt" in the *Quarterly Review*. He goes beyond Kenrick in liberality. He wishes Kenrick to know hereafter that the article was written last September, and finished and in print before the appearance of Kenrick's work on primeval history. In this article he has expressed himself strongly against plenary inspiration. He declares himself to be a believer in all Church doctrines, but avails himself of the glorious latitude which the Church allows. He maintains that only the Calvinist and the Romanist are excluded from the Church; the Calvinist on account of the doctrine of election and denial of baptismal regeneration. He referred to a Bampton Lecturer,

Latitudinarianism.

* H. C. R. became after this a regular attendant at Essex Street Chapel, and frequently expressed the great pleasure he had in the services of the Rev. T. Madge, the successor of the Rev. T. Belsham. Mr. Madge was, at one time, minister at Bury St. Edmunds, H. C. R.'s native place; and another ground of sympathy between the two was a warm admiration of Wordsworth, in the days when the appreciators of Wordsworth were few. When H. C. R. was on circuit at Norwich, he frequently used to call on the Rev. T. Madge, then minister of the Octagon Chapel, to talk about the productions of their favourite poet.

Archbishop Lawrence, in proof that the Anglican Articles are not Calvinistic. He says many of the Anglican Articles are in the words of Melancthon, whom Calvin hated. He declares himself a Trinitarian, but in his explanation he does not deny what is called Sabellianism; and regeneration is not sanctification. He blames Dissenters for needlessly leaving the Church.

Non con dinner.

June 4th.—I took the chair at a dinner, at which there were many of our friends. I must have spoken too much, for scarcely any one else spoke. I had at my right Booth and Field, at my left Robberds and James Heywood. I gave the Queen and Prince Albert with becoming brevity, and then the three toasts,* all at some length. I began by joking on requiring conformity to Non-con toasts, and on our name; according to Goethe, the Devil being the old original Non-con. I eulogized the 2,000, not for their theology, but for their integrity alone. I was most at length on Milton. I stated why we had elected him to be our patron saint, not for his great poems (characterized), but for his labours for liberty. In the third toast, "Civil and Religious Liberty," &c., I asserted that liberty had nothing to do with popular power.

Raymond's dinner-party.

June 13th.—I dined at Raymond's† with a singular variety of notabilities, viz., Macready, Talfourd, Madge, Forster of the *Daily News*, Pettigrew, Ainsworth, Pryce, and, at the bottom, Sir Thomas Marrable, or something like it. What a mixture!—representatives of the stage, the Bar, Unitarian preaching, the periodical press, and Newgate school of romance; but, before

* *Vide ante* p. 185. † Author of "Life of Elliston."

CHAP. XI. 1846.

that, I should have said, antiquarian and medical literature.

Mr. George Field.

June 16th.—An interesting day. I breakfasted early, and at ten was at the White Horse, Piccadilly, and went by an omnibus before eleven, which set me down near Mr. Field's.* I spent seven hours with him. I was delighted with his *ménage* and his account of himself. He is living in a small house under the Duke of Northumberland, and leads a life of study. He has improved his income by making colours for painters, and all his philosophy has sprung out of his perception of the law of nature—a triplicity in colour as in sounds. He calls himself a Trinitarian, but his doctrine is perfectly philosophical. He gives no offence by explaining himself to those who could not but misunderstand him.

T. R. TO H. C. R.

Bury St. Edmunds, Thursday, June 10th, 1846.

I have now passed another night, and fully believe that I am stronger, but still liable any moment to a seizure, out of which I shall never recover. I contemplate death, and all its consequences, with perfect composure, and have certain conceptions of a *future existence*, which I imagine would not have arisen in my mind without foundation. I read with pleasure, un-

Calm contemplation of death.

* George Field is an elderly gentleman, a character, living in retirement at Isleworth, where he writes philosophical books. He is a metaphysician of the Greek school, and is a sort of unconscious partisan of the German philosophy, of which he in fact knows nothing. He has written practical works on Chromatics, and has earned an independence by preparing colours for artists. He is a man of simple habits, and lives a sort of hermit life.—H. C. R.

known before, such sentiments as are expressed in the Psalms and other devotional parts of the Holy Scriptures. But still I feel no disposition to build any hopes of a hereafter upon a *book;* and without the experience of what has passed of a sort of revelation in my own mind, I should not think much of any *written words.*

Internal conviction.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, 12th June.*

The tone of the last three letters from you has been so serious, that I am now sensible that my last few letters have been of too light a character, and that I ought not to have dwelt so exclusively as I have done on the amusements of the current week. Whether this be so or not, I ought not certainly to go on in the same way, without answering especially your last letter. You remark on the serious convictions which, with unusual strength, have of late forced themselves on your mind, and add that, *without these personal convictions,* the truths or facts stated in a *mere book* could not produce any such effect.

Now, I believe that what you here state as a personal feeling is a general impression; and that, in almost all cases, those ultimate impressions which have obtained the name of *faith,* or belief, are to be ascribed to the *correspondence* of the evidence or doctrine stated in revelation with the moral or religious sentiments which have grown up in each individual, and which constitute his personal character. And this fact it is which serves to explain the great diversity of opinion that arises in individual minds contemplating the very same

Individual impressions really general.

Difference of opinion arising from difference of character.

CHAP. XI. 1846.

external thing, be it called doctrine or proof of doctrine. It is otherwise quite incomprehensible how it has happened that so great a variety, amounting even to a contrariety, of opinion has been formed concerning the doctrines contained in the same work or book. All the Christian sects maintain that their peculiar doctrines are at least not at variance with the Scriptures; some confess that their opinions are founded on the decision of the *Church,* in which are found doctrines that are developments of what exists only in a seminal or rudimental state in the Scriptures; but most sects assert that all their opinions and doctrines are in the Scriptures. Now it seems at first very strange that two systems so opposed as Calvinism and Unitarianism should be founded on the same Scriptures. This can only be explained in this way—that the Calvinist and Unitarian alike bring a mind strongly imbued with preconceived sentiments, and a predisposition to certain notions, which it is not difficult for a pliant, active, and predetermined mind to find in the Scriptures. In no case whatever can any book carry conviction, unless there be a correspondence or harmony between the book and the mind of the recipient. A man believes because his own heart beats in sympathy with the annunciations of the teacher; and where this sympathy is strong and complete, the believer does not ask for evidence or proof. The doctrines prove themselves; and hence that curious fact, that the most pious and devout of believers are those who never ask for evidence. To inquire for it is in itself the sign of an unbelieving or sceptical mind.

We easily believe what we are predisposed to.

[In the autumn of 1846, H. C. R. made a tour to Switzerland and North Italy. The only extracts which will be made from his journal of this tour are two, in reference to the Rev. F. W. Robertson, whom he met at Heidelberg, and with whom he afterwards became intimately acquainted.]

Robertson.

October 23rd.—(Heidelberg.) I had an interesting companion at the table-d'hôte, in a young clergyman, Robertson, who has a curacy at Cheltenham, and not being in good health, has got a few months holiday. He is now earnestly studying German literature. We were soon engaged in a discussion on the character of Goethe, as a man, and of most points of morality connected therewith. He intimated a wish to take a walk with me next day, and we have since become quite cordial. He is liberal in his opinions; and though he is alarmed by the Puseyites, he seems to dislike the Evangelicals much more. I like him much.

Study of German literature.

Robertson.

October 25th.—(Sunday.) Went to the English chapel—a room in the Museum, where I heard an admirable sermon from Mr. Robertson; one much too good to be thrown away on a congregation of forty or fifty persons. The subject was the revolution in Judæa, when the people required a king, being tired of the theocracy, or government of the Judges. He accounted for this offence; and showed that the people were drawn to the commission of it by the corruption of the priests (who appropriated to themselves a portion of the sacrifice—the fat—which belonged to God), the injustice of the aristocracy, and consequent degradation of the people. All this he applied to the Irish, and

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ascribed their peculiarly oppressed condition to the English Government, for enacting the penal laws. The picture he drew of the poverty even of the English was very striking, and even affecting. I was led to give twice what I intended.

Donaldson and Donne.

December 15th.—(Bury.) In the afternoon took a walk by appointment with Donaldson and Donne to Horringer. A most entertaining walk; for we all three emulated each other in the narration of good things, epigrams, &c. But what I consider of real importance, enough certainly for a note in this book, is that I consider this day as the commencement of an acquaintance with Mr. Donne. (Cowper's mother was a Donne.) The following witticism was related by the latter. Being one day at Trinity College, at dinner, he was asked to write a motto for the College snuff-box, which was always circulating on the dinner-table. "Considering where we are," said Donne, "there could be nothing better than 'Quicunque vult!'"

Lord Dudley.

Londoners speak bad French.

I will add two or three anecdotes by Donaldson. Prince Metternich said to Lord Dudley, "You are the only Englishman I know who speaks good French. It is remarked, the common people in Vienna speak better than the educated men in London."—"That may well be," replied Lord Dudley. "Your Highness should recollect that Buonaparte has not been twice in London to teach them."—"There is no middle course," said Charles X. to Talleyrand, "between the Throne and the Scaffold."—"Your Majesty forgets the Post-chaise."

The middle course. Talleyrand.

Liberales, Serviles.

A German professor gave this etymology of the terms *liberales* and *serviles* among the German politicians,

The one party will *schr viel* haben (have a great deal); the other "lieber alles" (rather everything).

December 20th.—Among my brother's papers I found a MS. by Capel Lofft, in these words, a very characteristic writing: "Rousseau, Euripides, Tasso, Racine, Cicero, Virgil, Petrarch, Richardson. If I had five millions of years to live upon this earth, these I would read daily with increasing delight.—C. L., January 4th, 1807."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Athenæum, London, 26th December, 1846.

Though this is the season of festivity, yet you must not expect a gay letter, or an account of parties of pleasure. This will not be a melancholy, and yet it will be a grave letter, and I will give it the form of a diary, and so I shall bring in all I have to tell you.

Monday.—This was not a very disastrous journey (Bury to Cambridge), but still it was not one of prosperity; Beeton and the proprietor at Newmarket thought proper, in spite of remonstrances, so to overload the "Cornwallis" with turkeys, &c., that the horses could not get on, and we did not reach Cambridge till a quarter of an hour after the two o'clock train had left. We set off again at 3 P.M.; but as to what then occurred—are they not written in the *Times* newspaper of the following Thursday? and would it not be a waste of good paper, good ink, and a good pen, to repeat for your private ear what is there recorded for the public?

Tuesday.—I called this morning at *young* John Walter's, who has taken a house on the opposite side of

John Walter, Junr.

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Russell Square, and I was induced to accept an invitation to join a family party there in the afternoon. In consequence of Alsager's death, it has been necessary to make new arrangements in Printing House Square.

John Walter, Senr.

The next day I dined alone with John Walter, Senr., and his wife, in Printing House Square. I am sorry to say that Mr. Walter is visited by a very alarming malady—a swelling under his chin. He has had the advice of several of the most eminent surgeons. It is a favourable circumstance that his sister some years back had a similar attack, and recovered from it. Walter reminded me of his having known me now within a few weeks of forty years, and intimated in a flattering way that he had had a confidence in me which he had not had in any other of his numerous literary acquaintance. Mrs. Walter thanked me warmly, and begged me to go and dine with them in the same manner next week, which I mean to do.

Walter and I are just of an age. Should this complaint prove fatal, it will be another memento arising from the rapid falling off of one's contemporaries.

Dr. Boott.

But I will now vary with a cheerful subject this gloomy remark. You will receive with this letter a paper signed by my friend Dr. Boott, which he gave me to send to a surgeon at Bury. When you have read it, I will thank you to put it under a cover, and send it to Messrs. Smith and Wing. Assuming, what Dr. Boott seems to have no doubt of, that the discovery the paper gives an account of fulfils all that at the first appearance it seems to promise, this discovery will be felt by you, as it has been by me, to be a personal

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gain ; for, it would seem that, by so simple an expedient as the inhaling of ether, a person may be put into a state of stupor or intoxication, in which the most serious, and otherwise the most painful, of operations may be performed without any suffering to the patient. But read the paper, and then forward it. I have done wrong in keeping it, for perhaps the news may have already reached the members of the faculty at Bury.

Anæsthetics first used in operations.

Yesterday passed very agreeably. My breakfast went off very well, though the omelette which my niece advised me to have was a failure ; I had a *partie quarrée.* To meet Donaldson, I had Sir Charles Fellows, the traveller, and Samuel Sharpe, the historian of Egypt. Fellows and I modestly retreated, and left the field to the two scholars.

I could not bear the idea of dining at my club on Christmas Day, and therefore I invited myself to dine with Robert Procter, and contribute my share to the doing justice to the turkey, which was all one could wish. We had a party of eighteen at dinner, consisting of Procter and John Collier, and their wives and children.

J. P. Collier.

There is no family not allied to me by blood that I feel so much attached to as that of the Colliers and Procters, and they deserve it. John is an excellent man, an enthusiast for literature. He labours, for nothing, that is for no money, in the Shakspeare Society, of which he is the chief.

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CHAPTER XII.

1847.

[During the present and following years, two subjects especially occupied the time and thoughts of H. C. R. One was the foundation of some memorial of the passing of the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. An institution for college residence, which should be connected with University College, and at which the free study of theology should be promoted, seemed to be a fitting memorial of such a triumph of civil and religious liberty. On the 30th of January H. C. R.'s Rydal visit was cut short in order "to join Edwin Field in a mission in favour of a projected college. A whole week was spent between Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham." A visit to the West of England for the same purpose, and in the same company, was made later in the year. H. C. R. was on the committee to form and carry out the plan, and when trustees and council were appointed, he was included in both. The diary frequently has notes of conferences which took place. Only such extracts, however, will be given as are necessary to indicate the chief steps in the progress of the scheme. The other object of especial interest was the carrying out of Miss Denman's wish to have Flaxman's collected works preserved and exhibited to advantage in some public building. An application was made to the Government, and communications took place on the subject with the Hon. Spring Rice; but the project fell through. The idea of having a Flaxman Gallery at University College, London, originated with H. C. R., and by his exertions chiefly, from beginning to end, was carried into effect. Nor was the undertaking by any means a light one. Before the offer to the college could be made there were some legal difficulties to be overcome; and after the offer had been made and accepted, a considerable sum of money—much larger than was at first expected—had to be raised to make the necessary arrangements at the college for the reception and proper exhibition of so fine a collection of art treasures. Not to weary the reader with details, the extracts given in this instance also will be simply such as will serve to report progress.]

Robertson.

January 4th.—Robertson, my Heidelberg acquaintance, took me by surprise at breakfast. A long and pleasant chat—very pleasant indeed. He has given up

his curacy at Cheltenham, but not renounced the Church as a profession.

I had at breakfast with me F. W. Newman, Empson, Donaldson, and Kenyon. It was one of the most agreeable breakfasts I ever had. Newman I was much pleased with, and proud to have at my table. He is an unaffected man, and has a spirituality in his eye, which his voice and manner and conversation confirm. I feel that Donaldson and I are forming a friendship.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rydal Mount, 23rd Jan., 1847.

Dissent better than the Church, Churchmen better than Dissenters.

You make a little mistake in quoting what I had said as if my words were that I preferred the Church to Dissenters. The point is lost by this. What I meant—and I have said the same to Milman—was, I prefer Dissent to the Church, but I like *Churchmen* better than *Dissenters*. He laughed, and said,—"I believe that is the case with many."* I make a similar distinction between the parties in the Church. I am opposed to the pretensions of the High Church, but I like the Puseyites better than the Evangelicals. In this respect also I have no doubt you feel as I do; and this distinction between persons and principles is of great moment, and very sad mistakes are made when it is disregarded. We are perpetually misled when we suffer our dislike to persons to influence our conduct with respect to the principles which such persons profess.

* The saying of Charles II., that Presbyterianism was not the religion of a gentleman, has done more for the established Church than a whole library of polemical writings.—H. C. R., 1852.

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When I say *we*, I mean all men. I suspect that your dislike to the low-bred Rads of Bury, and mine to the intolerant Calvinistic Dissenters, has had somewhat more effect than it ought on both of us. Cookson, Grey, and the Fletchers constitute the liberal party here. They have had a casual reinforcement of two young clergymen of the Whately and Arnold school; one of whom has made this very remarkable declaration, that when he was about to receive ordination he told the bishop that he had difficulties. To me he made the declaration that he did not believe in the Athanasian Creed. The bishop said, he had only two questions to ask him: "Did he approve of an established Church as the means of training up men to be Christians?" He did! "Did he prefer any other Church to the Anglican?" He did not! "That was enough." To this I said that I could on those terms be myself a clergyman. We Dissenters are in the habit of abusing the laxity of principle that allows of this. Now, though I could not on such terms take orders, yet I rejoice that others can. Were all men rigidly scrupulous on such points—I mean the points of heretical notions—the Church would be filled by corrupt or infatuated men, who would alike profess orthodoxy, and the best men would be the most mischievous.

What sufficient for ordination.

Liberal bishop.

January 30th.—(Rydal.) I learned from ——— that when ———* took orders in the Church, he delivered into the hands of the bishop who ordained him a

* A gentleman who now holds a distinguished position in the Church of England.

protest, declaring his disbelief in the Athanasian Creed, to which no objection was taken. CHAP. XII. 1847.

This morning I had more talk with Wordsworth than on any day since I came. He had his usual flow of conversation. We spoke of literature. He delivered an opinion unfavourable to Hallam's judgment on matters of taste and literature in his great history. I have, to-day, read an equally low estimate of Hallam's judgment of Martin Luther, in a note in Hare's "Mission of the Comforter." *Wordsworth on Hallam.*

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, 25th February.*

An old friend, who has had no slight effect on my course of life, is now lying dangerously ill—John Walter, the controller rather than the proprietor of the *Times*. He suffers under a complication of complaints. He is an amiable man. I never saw any act that I could justly characterise as unprincipled. And as to the vulgar notion of bribery, that proves only a low state of moral feeling in those who, without evidence, are so ready to account for what they disapprove of. *Walter of the Times.*

March 18th.—(Devizes.) Mr. Murch's introduction has proved a very great pleasure—I should say, is *proving;* for I am in the middle of the day, having spent a delightful morning, and being in expectation of an equally delightful evening. That introduction was to Dr. Brabant, a retired physician. After breakfasting, and taking a walk by the canal, dug since my school-days, *Dr. Brabant.*

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I left my letter at Dr. Brabant's. I then walked to the Green, which brought to my mind seeing my mother on the stage-coach in the summer of 1788, and thinking her altered, and being for a moment pained.* In my walks about the town I did not fail to notice the old houses in which Mr. Fenner and Mr. Crabb lived. Though everything seemed less to my eye, they are probably even better in reality.

Recollection of boyhood.

It was about ten when I called a second time, and introduced myself to the Doctor; with whom I have become acquainted, in four hours, more intimately than with any other man in so short a time. He is about sixty-six years of age—a slight man, with a scholar-like, gentlemanly appearance, and talks well. He followed my example, and gave me an account of himself. At fifty-six years of age he retired from his profession as a physician. After that he went to Germany, having, by Coleridge, been induced to study German theology. He seems to have known Coleridge well. We talked freely on many interesting subjects. Theology has been his study. In Germany, he became acquainted with Strauss, of whom he speaks highly.

Coleridge.

April 7th.—A day sadly spoiled by my growing infirmity—absence of mind. After going to University College Committee, I went to J. Taylor's, to exchange hats, having taken his last night; but he had not mine there. I took an omnibus to Addison Road, drank tea with Paynter, and then went to Taylor's to restore his hat; and then I found that I had a second time blundered by bringing Paynter's old

Infirmity of memory and attention.

The wrong hats.

* *See* Vol. I., p. 12.

hat; and I lost an hour in going to and from Addison Road, and from and to Sheffield House. Is this infirmity incurable? I fear it is; though I record it here to assist me in becoming more on my guard. It is a wise saying of Horace Walpole's: "There is no use in warning a man of his folly, if you do not cure him of being foolish."

April 10th.—I had a day of exertion—I might say fatigue. I went at ten o'clock, with Field and Davison,* to Donaldson,† and we had a conference about our College scheme.‡ Donaldson's account of the expense has, I see, a little damped Davison's hopes. Nothing can extinguish Field's, so sanguine is he.

April 14th.—Called on the Miss Allens, and then on Mrs. Coleridge, with whom I had a long chat about her father's poetry, philosophy, &c. Read Green's recent Hunterian Oration, which has been so much admired for its eloquence, and which is a more luminous exposition of some of Coleridge's principles than has been yet given to the world. I have been writing to Green to-day, congratulating him on the work, and the prospect of public opinion in favour of the Master's notions.

Green's Hunterian Oration.

April 26th.—I went early to Wordsworth, at his nephew's, in the West Cloisters, and sat with him while young Wyon took a model of his head, for a bas-relief medallion.

Words-worth.

May 16th.—My brothers were together great part of the day. They are both old men in appearance, but

H. C. R.'s Brothers.

* Translator of Schlosser's "History of the Eighteenth Century."

† Professor of Architecture at University College.

‡ Scheme of building University Hall.

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Hab looks the oldest. What strangers may think of me, in company with them, I cannot tell. Our united ages are 225 years, viz., 77, 76, 72,—an unusual family life.

First steps towards the Flaxman Gallery.

May 25th.—This day devoted entirely to Miss Denman's sad affair with her brother's creditors. I early received a note from her, stating that Flaxman's casts, &c., must all be sold. I went to her, and found her in a state of great distress. On this I accompanied Captain Sinclair to Erskine Forbes. I then went to Edwin Field, who took up Miss Denman's case with warmth. He took me to Mr. Bacon,* Q.C., who, as well as Field himself, from pure love of fine art, will, without fee or reward, do all that can be done for Miss Denman, or rather to preserve Flaxman's works for the public.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

29th May, 1847.

Mary Lamb's funeral.

Yesterday was a painfully interesting day. I attended the funeral of Mary Lamb. At nine a coach fetched me. We drove to her dwelling, at St. John's Wood, from whence two coaches accompanied the body to Enfield, across a pretty country; but the heat of the day rendered the drive oppressive. We took refreshment at the house where dear Charles Lamb died, and were then driven to our homes. I was fatigued, and glad to rest before going to a feast. The attendant *mourners* (a most unsuitable word, for we all felt that her departure was a relief to herself and friends) were,—I, Tal-

* Now Commissioner of Bankrupts.

fourd ; 2, Ryal and Arnold (East India clerks), Charles Lamb's two executors ; 3, Moxon, whose wife is residuary legatee of the property, which will consist of a few hundreds, perhaps a thousand pounds ; and 4, H. C. R. (we four occupied the first carriage) ; 5, Martin Burney, a very old friend ; 6, Forster, the clever writer of the critical articles in the *Examiner*, and author of "The Lives of Cromwell and other Republican Heroes of the Seventeenth Century ;" 7, Allsop, author of two volumes on Coleridge, an old crony of S. T. Coleridge and Charles Lamb—a worthy enthusiast and injudicious writer. The eighth place was intended for Procter, *alias* Barry Cornwall, but he failed to attend. His place was filled by a person I never saw before, an uninvited guest—Moxhay, the person who has built the Commercial Hall near the Bank, an institution I have not space to write about. There was no sadness assumed by the attendants, but we all talked with warm affection of dear Mary Lamb, and that most delightful of creatures, her brother Charles,—of all the men of genius I ever knew, the one the most intensely and universally to be loved.

MRS. ARNOLD TO H. C. R.

June 1st.

Mrs. Arnold about Wordsworth.

Dear Mr. Wordsworth comes forth occasionally to see his old friends, and yesterday morning, when I saw him slowly and sadly approaching by our birch-tree, I hastened to meet him, and found that he would prefer walking with me around our garden boundary, to entering the house and encountering a larger party. So we

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wandered about here, and then I accompanied him to Rydal, and he walked back again with me, through the great field, as you can so well picture to yourself. This quiet intercourse gave me an opportunity of seeing how entirely our dear friends are prepared to bow with submission to God's will. No one can tell better than yourself how much they will feel it, for you have had full opportunities of seeing how completely Dora was the joy and sunshine of their lives; but, by her own composure and cheerful submission and willingness to relinquish all earthly hopes and possessions, she is teaching them to bear the greatest sorrow which could have befallen them.

Dora Quillinan's illness.

The Flaxman casts in Basinghall Street.

June 5th.—Denman's bankruptcy case came on before Commissioner Goulburn. Field there. It was agreed that the casts, moulds, &c., should be delivered up to Miss Denman on the payment of £120 (or £130) to the official assignee, to abide the decision of the Commissioner. I paid the money. The official assignee behaved very kindly, said he thought the question of law very doubtful, and that the creditors would be well off if they got £120.

June 10th.—Had a call from Watson,* the sculptor, about Miss Denman's casts. I went with him to University College, and showed him the things there. He is a zealous admirer of Flaxman, and has made a statue of him, and would be glad to have it placed with the works of the master.

* Watson's statue of Flaxman is now at the entrance of the Flaxman Gallery.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

18th June, 1847.

. . . . . I have spent more time than usual in reading at the Athenæum; and the book which is now interesting me is Mrs. Coleridge's new edition of her father's "Biographia Literaria." It has many additions, and is well worth reading by all the admirers of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Whoever admires one admires both. The criticism on Wordsworth's style is elaborate, and by no means unqualifiedly in favour of the poet; but it is, in the main, just. Coleridge and Wordsworth ought never to have been coupled in a class as Lake-poets. They are great poets of a very distinct, and even opposite, character. Southey, as a poet, was far below them both. Lamb had more genius than Southey, and, as a prose-writer, was even superior to the two great poets; for he wrote three styles, or rather, as I heard Dr. Aikin say, he excelled equally in the pathetic, the humorous, and the argumentative. Of that knot of great men only Wordsworth lingers, and he will not attempt to write any more. But there is an unpublished poem of great value.

Coleridge's Biographia Literaria.

Lamb's genius.

June 19th.—Talking of Archdeacon Hare, Mrs. T——, in answer to my remark that he is prone to idolatry, said: "Oh yes; he acknowledges that. He says he has five Popes—Wordsworth, Niebuhr, Bunsen, F. Maurice, and Archdeacon Manning. But how when the Popes disagree?

Archdeacon Hare's five Popes.

June 30th.—The most interesting occurrence of the

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day was one not looked for: I had an intimation that Mr. Walter was willing to see me. I called at John Walter's, and accompanied him to Printing House Square; and there I saw my poor old friend on a sofa in the drawing-room, his voice inarticulate, Mrs. Walter repeating what he said. He wished me to speak with Mrs. Walter, so that he could hear. He said he did not feel devout enough; my answer was that his fear proved him to be devout. I did not stay many minutes. I have a satisfaction in having had this kind leave-taking, for I have a very friendly feeling towards him—indeed, towards the whole family. Went to a Non-con: meeting, held at the Star and Garter. It was a thin meeting—ten members and four visitors—but it was agreeable. Madge was in the chair; he said but little, but that little was good. E. Taylor brought with him the German composer, Spohr—a burly man in appearance, but his conversation was lively, and he professed liberal principles.

Walter's death-bed.

Madge at the Non-con: meeting.

Spohr with the Non-cons.

July 1st.—By eleven I was at Dr. Williams's Library, where a meeting was held of the subscribers to the proposed College, which takes the name of *University Hall.* The meeting was a successful one, inasmuch as all the resolutions proposed were in substance adopted, and there was very little speechifying. The actual subscriptions were announced to be eight thousand three or four hundred pounds. A council nominated, and trustees appointed for receiving subscriptions and buying land. I am both a trustee and in the council.

University Hall scheme set afloat.

July 10th.—This morning I received a short note from Quillinan, dated yesterday: "At one A.M., my

Dora Quillinan's death.

precious Dora—your true friend—breathed her last." Hardly a word more.

H. C. Andersen.

July 15th.—I was gratified by a call from J. E. Taylor, who brought with him the Danish romance-writer Hans Christian Andersen to see my Wieland.

July 19th.—Between two and three at Field's, where we were till six. An important meeting. We signed the contracts with the Duke of Bedford and the builder, for the hiring of the land (in Gordon Square) and erecting the University Hall. The signers were Mark Phillips, James Heywood, M.P., myself, James Yates, Le Breton, Busk, Cookson, E. Field, &c.

University Hall.

John Walter.

July 30th.—Read in the *Times* a long eulogy of my friend John Walter, who died on the preceding day. The article was eloquently written; with some exaggeration in the tone, pardonable on the occasion; but not widely deviating from strict truth. The topics were judiciously chosen; his integrity affirmed; his humanity eulogized; his active energy not unjustly represented to have been the source of the unexampled prosperity of the concern. Neither his age, nor any of the ordinary details of a life, mentioned. I certainly would add my testimony to his sincerity and his benevolence.

Donaldson and Donne.

August 22nd.—(Bury.) After dining with my brother, I took a long walk with Donaldson and Donne: they are two capital talkers, both scholars and Liberals. One *mot* Donaldson repeated, which I recollect. Some one peevishly complaining, "You take the words out of my mouth," Donaldson replied, "You are very hard to please; would you have liked it better if I had made you swallow them?"

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Miss Fenwick. Words-worth. Quillinan.

September 30th.—I walked from Kew to Mortlake, where I found Miss Fenwick half-expecting me. I dined with her and Mrs. Henry Taylor, and had a very interesting chat with her, partly tête-à-tête. She spoke with great kindness of Mr. Quillinan, to whom she is going to give the notes on Wordsworth's poems which he dictated to her, for she had promised them to Mrs. Quillinan.

Sermon by Madge.

October 3rd.—Heard an excellent sermon from Madge. It was the more remarkable to me, because the sermon was the expansion of a thought which I had extracted from Bunsen, so well expressed and so significant, that it deserves to become an axiom:—"Let it never be forgotten that *Christianity is not thought, but action; not a system, but a life.*"

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Oct. 14th, 1847.

New volume of Lamb's letters.

. . . . . I have been closeted with Serjeant Talfourd, both yesterday and to-day, preparatory to his bringing out a new volume of Lamb's letters. They will include those he wrote to Coleridge, both before and after the dreadful act of his sister's killing his mother. They will enhance our admiration and love of the man. It appears, from these letters, that Lamb was himself once in confinement for insanity, which lasted a few weeks. Talfourd has doubted whether it is right to give publicity to these letters. I have given a strong affirmative opinion, and I have no doubt they will soon appear.

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October 20th.—Met to-day my Heidelberg acquaintance, Mr. F. Robertson, and had a most interesting chat. He is as liberal as ever, and has already made himself popular; but he has become the object of denunciation by the High-Church party. He told me of his having been engaged to preach at a church at Oxford; but having the offer of a chapel at Brighton, he, with permission of the Bishop, gave up his Oxford incumbency. The Bishop acted liberally in regard to the Oxford church. Before undertaking it, Robertson frankly told him his views on the question of baptism, and the Bishop took no umbrage, but said he liked a difference of opinion on some points.

Rev. F. Robertson.

October 21st.—I had a letter from Edwin Field, informing me that he had succeeded in buying off the claim of Denman's creditors to Flaxman's works. The sum to be paid £50. This I think an admirable compromise, and I did not grudge paying for it £6 to the official assignee. I wrote to Field, to thank him for his successful exertions.

Flaxman's works taken from Basinghall Street.

October 24th.—I had this morning a letter from Miss Denman. She is almost out of herself with joy at the idea of having her casts, &c., taken by the University College, which I told her I would endeavour to effect.

Their final destination proposed.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

10 *Western Cottages, Brighton, 22nd Oct.*

. . . . . Your letter was not written in your usual good spirits. . . . . There is no arguing against low spirits. They are very illogical, and never listen to reason; so you must e'en let them have their

Good and bad spirits

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way; that is, you must not scold, or bully them; there is no use in that. The best thing is to laugh them out of countenance; but then that's not my forte, as you once said of my forensic exertions: "Henry, you are always as unsuccessful when you are jocular as Storks is when he is serious." Not that I perfectly assented to your criticism. What poet, or orator, ever did to censure of any kind? . . . . . .

It gives me pleasure to hear that Mrs. Clarkson is in such good spirits. We must not forget that good spirits are a better test of health than low spirits are of illness. There is frequently a low state of the spirits, without a really bad state of health; but good spirits—different from hysterical *high* spirits—are a sign of health not to be disregarded.

23rd October.

. . . . . The only incident belonging properly to Brighton has been my finding settled here, as incumbent of one of the Chapels of Ease, the Mr. Robertson of whom you will find an account in my letters written from Heidelberg when I was last there,—the eloquent preacher, who delivered a remarkable discourse in favour of the Irish. He is a most liberal man; so liberal that I must apply to him the words he has used of Dr. Channing, of whose writings he is a great admirer: "I wonder how he can believe so much, and not believe more;" only substituting "disbelieve" or "doubt" for "believe." I repeated to him yesterday words which I had uttered to Dr. Arnold, "I am as convinced as a man can be on any matter of specula-

Mr. Robertson of Brighton.

Belief in orthodoxy.

tion, that the orthodox doctrines, *as vulgarly understood*, are false;—but I have never ventured to deny that possibly there is an important truth at the bottom of every one of those doctrines of which they are a misrepresentation." He interposed between the first and second part of this assertion, "And so am I;" and he said nothing when I concluded. He might have said, and I am perplexed that he did not, "I go farther than saying it is possible; I have no doubt that they are all substantially true;" but he did not. This Robertson has already made a sensation, and is popular. He says his popularity cannot last. He has already driven away some High-Church ladies—no men—and he preached last Sunday in favour of the Irish, and against the Protestant English, in a way that must have given great offence. He will be a powerful rival to Sortaine.*

Robertson's preaching.

MR. ESTLIN TO H. C. R.†

Bristol, October 27th, 1847.

. . . . . I am very glad to learn from you Dr. Boott's opinion upon the slavery question. In the *infallibility* of Mr. Garrison's judgment I certainly do not place full confidence, but *unlimited* in his singleness of purpose, his noble disinterestedness and his indefatigable zeal in the anti-slavery cause. I am,

* A very popular and eloquent preacher in Lady Huntingdon's Chapel at Brighton.

† On the outside of this letter H. C. R. has written:—"One of the best of the Abolitionists, being a very able surgeon, besides an exemplary man in discharge of the common duties of life as well as the special obligations imposed by the possession of superior abilities in public matters. Son of Dr. Estlin, of Bristol, a Unitarian minister."

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however, compelled to confess that, as regards his *judgment* on this subject, what he has effected by his fifteen years of labour ought to plead for his wisdom; and those friends who have longest and most minutely watched his course are very accordant in their decision that his views have evidenced a *prophetic sagacity*. . . . . .

H. C. R. TO T. R.

28th October, 1847.

On Sunday I heard Mr. Robertson preach, and I was very much pleased with him. He has raised quite a religious tumult here. He is fully aware that his Liberalism will make many enemies; but he ought to rely on it, that for every enemy so raised he will gain two friends. His eloquence is such as to seduce a large class who will be neutral on all points of doctrine that require consideration and intelligence. He has been several times to see me, and there is no abatement of his cordiality.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

5th November, 1847.

A playfellow of C. Lamb's.

On Tuesday there dined at Masquerier's a clergyman, a man of family and fortune. He was connected with old Plumer, the Herts M.P., whom he visited as a boy, when he played with Charles Lamb, whose grandmother was the housekeeper.* I found him familiar with the name of Fordham, as that of a large Whig family, and in connection with one of whom

* *See* "Blakesmoor in H——shire," in the "Last Essays of Elia."

he related a good electioneering anecdote. There was a Fordham who kept a shop, and who, being canvassed, stiffly refused his vote. And why? "Because you voted against the Repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts." It happened there was standing in the shop a journeyman with a pimply nose. Plumer called to him: "How long have you been here?"—"More than twenty years!"—"Tell me, don't you like a drop?"—"Oh yes!"—"And every now and then take a little more than is quite prudent?"—"Oh yes, now and then!"—"See, now," cried out Plumer, "how much better your master treats you than he does me; he has kept you for twenty years, who every now and then have done what you ought not, and he turns me off for a single fault!" The appeal with either its equity or its humour was successful, and Plumer got forgiveness from the Non-con. My other acquaintance at Brighton you already have heard enough of. By far the most remarkable is the Mr. Robertson I have already named to you. Who would credit such a thing of me?—I heard three sermons last Sunday!!! I went in the evening to hear Sortaine. In the morning and afternoon I stood in the gallery of Robertson's church.

Pardon after repentance.

Three sermons in one day.

The morning discourse was one of the best I ever heard. It was on the deterioration of character, evidenced in the life of Saul, and excellently developed. His showy and popular virtues, which made him the people's favourite at first, had not their origin in any genuine and pure motive, and therefore they all left him. It was delivered without any apparent note, and was full of striking thoughts. The afternoon sermon

Two of Robertson's sermons described.

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was on the Prodigal Son. A good sermon, but in every respect inferior to that of the morning. I have, as emphatically as I could, advised him to adopt the practice of writing his second sermon; on the ground chiefly that otherwise he will again contract a serious illness from over-labour, and also because he must not neglect the power of composing with rigid propriety, in conformity with the rules of art, while he cultivates that of immediate composition without the aid of pen.

Written and extempore discourses.

Flaxman Gallery.

November 6th. — I attended a University College council meeting. The Flaxman remains were mentioned by others, and I was therefore led to speak of Miss Denman's intended gift. There was but one opinion as to the value of the works.

November 17th. — I attended a University College Committee this morning, and there presented Miss Denman's letter, offering to the College Flaxman's works in sculpture, which we had agreed on. The offer was well received by the Committee.

November 18th.—I found occupation in the forenoon, in putting papers in order and in drawing up resolutions of the council accepting Miss Denman's gift.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 *Russell Square, 20th Nov.* 1847.

. . . . . On Wednesday I carried to the University College Committee a letter from Miss Denman, making an absolute gift of Flaxman's works to the College, imposing no condition; though, as she states

that her object is the preservation of these works, and the keeping them together, an implied condition arises of carrying out this intention to the best of the power possessed by the College. . . . . .

S. Rogers helps in the Flaxman affair.

I breakfasted yesterday with Sam Rogers, who has promised to be with me at two to-day, in order to see the works, as they are now *warehoused* in the College, that he may give an opinion how this warehouse may be converted into a gallery of exhibition. This done, our next and final step will be to raise, by subscription, the sum requisite for adapting the apartments to the reception of the works, and repairing them to be fit for the rooms.

Senate of University College.

On Thursday I attended the *other* body of functionaries of the College, that is, the *Senate*, being the Professors. You know that the Senate cannot legally meet but under the presidency of a member of Council. I am the first Vice-President nominated by the President, who, now that he is a member of the Cabinet, very seldom attends. I was detained late, and, as on this day the Professors dined together in the Council-room, I invited myself to be of the party, though not as a guest. We had a very pleasant day. Our Vice-President was Dr. A. Todd Thompson, whom Sarah knows, the President being Newman,* whose lecture you read and liked.

Kenyon.

One day recently I dined with Kenyon. A *partie quarrée* more agreeable than one larger or more genteel. Moxon and Hall, the Librarian of the Athenæum, were our companions. One *mot* was reported, so significant

* F. W. Newman.

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Material notions of heaven and hell.

that I think it worth repeating. Some one at a party abusing Mahometanism in a commonplace way, said :— "Its heaven is quite material." He was met with the quiet remark, "So is the Christian's hell;" to which there was no reply.

Flaxman's works accepted by University College.

November 20th.—Attended a Council meeting at University College, with draft resolutions about the Flaxman works. The vote accepting the works passed without opposition, and the resolutions also, except that a few passages were struck out, and verbal alterations made, which I quite approved of. The business went off to my satisfaction. After taking a hasty dinner at home, I went to Miss Denman to inform her of the proceedings, and she was delighted. But I am afraid I shall have some difficulty in raising the money (*i.e.* for adapting the College to the reception of the works).

November 24th.—I went early to Lord Brougham, and told him the history of the Flaxman remains, and Miss Denman's exertions to have them duly preserved. He expressed a strong feeling about these works, and the value they would be to the College. He signed the resolutions.

November 30th.—Went with E. Field to Miss Denman's to tea, and there, with Atkinson,* we had a very pleasant evening in looking over Flaxman's drawings, and the casts, &c., in the house. I need not say that both Field and Atkinson had great enjoyment. At the same time we had a talk about the future work of putting up in the University College the things already

* Secretary to the College.

given to the College, which is to be our immediate business, if possible.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rydal Mount, December 31st, 1847.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

I have to state to you a fact which is worth knowing. Miss Arnold tells me that Madame Bunsen assured her that the Archbishop had distinctly told her that he had read the Bampton Lectures, in consequence of the charge against Dr. Hampden, and that he had found no heterodoxy in them. He found only a great deal of charity, and he did not think that could do a great deal of harm. Now, if you compare this anecdote with what the Dean stated to the Chapter, that he knew the Archbishop had written a remonstrance against the appointment, you will find there is no inconsistency whatever.* The Archbishop might very well say, "I see no heterodoxy, and I do not approve of the charge, which may have its source in party spirit; but still there *is* a charge brought by a very powerful body in the Church, and it is very indiscreet to make enemies of so pugnacious a set as the High-Church clergy have in all ages shown themselves to be."

Dr. Hampden.

The Dean was very manifestly wrong in considering a remonstrance as equivalent to a protest. They are obviously very different in their character. You will

* Dr. Hampden, whose appointment to the Bishopric of Hereford, at this time, met with the disapproval of a considerable party in the Church. The greater part of the episcopal bench joined in a remonstrance against it, and Dr. Merewether, the Dean of Hereford, went so far as to memorialise the Queen against it, and even to vote against him in the Chapter; but he afterwards withdrew his opposition.

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1847.

have seen, in the papers, that more than 700 members of Convocation have addressed Dr. Hampden very respectfully. And Julius Hare, Archdeacon of Surrey, has written a pamphlet in his favour, which I am in the midst of, and only laid down to write to you. It is admirable!

A pamphlet society proposed.

By-the-by, there is nothing of which you stand more in need at Bury than a *pamphlet* society. Pamphlets are things of the day, of the greatest interest at the moment, and yet of so transient an interest that one does not like to encumber himself with them. I think you might have a circulating subscription *pamphlet* society, not extending to books, which the public library may supply. When at Bury, I will mention this to Donaldson and Donne.

If there must be an absolute power somewhere, I would much rather it should be in the King's Ministers than in the clergy or Churchmen (commonly, by a mischievous misnomer, called the *Church*).

Liberty in danger from the sincerely religious.

We have more to fear for the liberties of the country from the clergy (and the more pious they may be in their habits, and the more orthodox in their pretensions, the more dangerous they are) than from any other body in the community. What a blessing it is that there should be such a schism in the Church as to neutralize their efforts at dominion! You will, of course, understand that, when thus characterizing the clergy, I would comprehend among them the leaders of the Scottish Free Church, and give a prominent place to Jabez Bunting and other Methodistic and Congregational leaders.

[The visit to Rydal this Christmas was a melancholy one. Mrs. Wordsworth was anxious that it should not be omitted, as she hoped it might have a cheering effect. At the Birthwaite platform, H. C. R. fell over the side of a turn-table and was stunned, but suffered no serious injury. The poet seemed hardly able to bear the society even of those friends of whom he was most fond. One brief extract, showing James as a comforter, is all that will be given from the journal.]

January 8th.—I rose early and packed my things, before James brought me the hot water. Talked with him about his master's grief. James said, "It's very sad, sir. He was moaning about her, and said, 'Oh, but she was such a bright creature.' And I said, 'But don't you think, sir, that she is brighter now than she ever was?' And then master burst into tears." Was a better word ever said on such an occasion?

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CHAPTER XIII.

1848.

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

30, *Russell Square, London,*
15th January, 1848, A.M.

I AM in a strait. I must either suffer the whole week to elapse without writing at all, and you to suppose that there is something wrong at all events, either in what has occurred to me, or in me, or I must hastily write a few lines in bed; for I must instantly set out on a melancholy journey, to attend the funeral of one of the oldest of my friends, whose name may possibly be recollected by you, William Pattisson of Witham. He was of my own age, an amiable man, and my attached friend; he was the father of the bridegroom who, with his bride, met with the sad accident in the Pyrenees on their wedding tour.

Funeral of W. Pattisson.

It will give me pleasure to learn that your son William, and his wife, have been able to communicate some cheerfulness to your sad abode. It quite vexed me, I came away without any leave taken of you, and from Mr. Wordsworth with one of tears, not words. Let us hope that the strong nature which Providence has blessed him with, both in his body and mind, will enable him to

Rydal mournings.

endure an infliction imposed on him by a Being he equally loves and venerates.

Dr. Hampden.

I have not heard what the Londoners say on the Hampden farce; but the last act I read a report of, by the actual confirmation in Bow Church. I have seen Murray, the Bishop's secretary: he was present. The scene was quite ludicrous. After the judge had told the opposers that he could not hear them, the citation for opposers to come forward was repeated, at which the people present laughed out, as at a play.

And this is the legal system which we Dissenters are reproached for attempting to reform; at all events, such monstrous absurdities can be no longer endured. The *Times* speaks of Dr. Hampden's "mission to expose the Church." But surely exposure is the necessary step to reform.

Talfourd.

January 24th. — I went early to Talfourd's, where was a party, not large, but including Lord Campbell, Kelly, and Storks, who were met to see a performance of "Ion." A neat little theatre was formed in the large drawing-room. Talfourd's eldest son played Ion with a good deal of grace, and one Brandreth played the King very well indeed. Afterwards a "Macbeth" travesty was performed. The same Brandreth played Macbeth, and made good fun of the character. Talfourd, Junr., played Lady Macbeth.

Private theatricals.

The Lamb and Wordsworth Correspondence.

February 5th.—Called on Talfourd, and gave him all those letters of Lamb to Wordsworth, &c., which I thought might without giving offence be printed. I found Talfourd at work on Lamb's papers, and I believe

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he will complete his publication of Lamb's letters with the love with which he began it.

February 8th.—Had at breakfast with me Professor Newman, James Heywood, and Edwin Field. They came to talk about our proposed University Hall. We obtained from Newman the declaration that he was willing to accept the office of Principal of the Hall, discharging as such the duties of a tutor at Oxford or Cambridge. He would require a dwelling-house.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

February 12th, 1848.

. . . . . Lately hearing a young man declaim very vehemently in favour of liberal notions, uttering all the commonplaces of the day, and he appealing to me, I quietly said, "I should have thought so fifty years ago, and I like you the better for not thinking as I do now;" and I evaded further explanation.

Age softens political views.

You and I must both smile and sigh, when we recollect with what ardour we looked forward in our youth to the great blessing that was about to be showered upon mankind by means of the free States of America—glorious and happy land, without kings and lords and prelates—the curses of mankind! A new era was to commence—perfect equality and peace and justice. "Let thy servant depart in peace, for he has seen thy salvation." Then the next glorious event was the French Revolution; which made me blush for being an Englishman, in the face of an enlightened and wise nation, above all our vulgar and brutalizing superstitions,

Liberal expectations of the United States,

of the French Revolution.

social, political, and religious. I do not view the relative character of the Englishman and Frenchman as I did fifty years ago; and yet I am not so old, after all, as to be entirely without hope that the apparently approaching crisis in the South and West of Europe may have a favourable issue. It *may* end well (I can use only the optative mood): I am by no means sure that it will. If Austria and France should dare to combine their forces, I fear England, Prussia, and Russia would look on, and *laisser faire*. But Austria *may be* deterred by the fear that the people of all Italy would be united against them; and that Hungary and Bohemia would avail themselves of the opportunity to reassert their claims. France may be deterred by the universal unpopularity of the King, and the fear that the army would not be stanch; Prussia might not be sorry to see her old rival dismembered; and Russia might think it prudent to leave the distant states to themselves, and attend to Turkey. Our Ministry would, I hope, be prudent enough to keep aloof; and they would have good reason, being assured that, in case of a war, Ireland would be in immediate rebellion.

The approaching crisis.

There's a dish of politics for you, all arising out of a rather low-spirited *old-man-ish* view of human life and society.

February 25th.—At the Athenæum, I found political excitement stronger than any I have witnessed for years. Yesterday it was known that Guizot had resigned. To-day the report was general, and affirmed in a third edition of the *Chronicle*, but not in the *Times*,

French politics.

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that Louis Philippe had abdicated; and there were various other reports, not worth repeating.

French Revolution.

February 28th.—During all this day the French Revolution has nearly monopolized my attention. The *Moniteur* of the day announces all the proceedings of the Provisional Government as in the name of the *République Française*, and the narrative of the last day of the Chamber of Deputies reads like a continuation of the proceedings of the National Convention, as if fifty years were annihilated. It seems that the late nomination of the Provisional Government was the work of the mob.

H. C. R. TO MRS. WORDSWORTH.

7th March, 1848.

You are not to expect any news of *to-day*, in the stricter sense of the word; for I am not aware that this day's post brings any new fact of importance. But the present state of things on the Continent is tremendous. I may partake too largely of the cowardice of old age; but I cannot without intense anxiety look forward to what is likely to occur. Yet it is not a fear altogether, without an accompanying hope. It does seem that the great powers of the Continent have learnt this lesson—that they will not attack France; which, in case of attack, would be united as one man. The difficulty will be to keep the French people from attacking the other states. As far as I can learn from several acquaintances, who allege a personal knowledge of the members of the Provisional Government, they are not *bad men*. In their personal character, they

Affairs on the Continent.

The Provisional Government in France.

are respectable; that is, they are honest men. That may be true; but they may not therefore be the less dangerous. A fanatic, both in religion and politics, may be the more dangerous on account of the perfect integrity of his character, and the purity of his motives. In all these cases, as Goethe says of speculative theology, "The poison and the antidote are so much alike, that it is not easy to distinguish them."

Wordsworth a Chartist.

I recollect once hearing Mr. Wordsworth say, half in joke, half in earnest, "I have no respect whatever for Whigs, but I have a great deal of the Chartist in me." To be sure he has. His earlier poems are full of that intense love of the people, as such, which becomes Chartism when the attempt is formally made to make their interests the especial object of legislation, as of deeper importance than the positive rights hitherto accorded to the privileged orders. . . . . .

Mr. Robertson of Brighton on the Temptation.

March 12th.—I heard two sermons by my acquaintance, Mr. Robertson. The one in the morning was on the Temptation in the Wilderness. It was admirably practical. He held the Temptation to be a vision addressed to Christ's inner, not his external, sense. His doctrine is substantially that of Hugh Farmer. As he expressed a wish to see that discourse, I have sent him that and the one on the Demoniacs, as well as Madge's two sermons on the Union of Christ with God. Robertson unites a very wide liberality in speculation with warm piety and devotional eloquence. He is very popular. His second sermon, being one of a series on the life of Samuel, was on the abdication of his government, and consequent

On the life of Samuel.

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choice of a King. Very decorously, and in a highly religious tone, he alluded to *the* abdication which still fills us with anxiety, and spoke of it with great earnestness, and with ardent Christian aspirations for liberty and peace and order. In this sermon he exhorted the rich and great to the discharge of their duties towards the lower orders. And I have no doubt that many thought he went too far; but I thought his sermon excellent, though not like that of the morning in felicity of application and in power of expression. I spoke to him in the vestry, and accepted his invitation to take tea with him. I had a very agreeable chat, both with him and Mrs. Robertson. I thought him looking thin, and again urged him to spare his strength, in which Mrs. Robertson joined. He is still very popular, and as liberal as ever.

Fear for Robertson's health.

Bunsen.

March 15th.—The interesting call of the day was on Bunsen, who received me most kindly, and expects me in future to attend Madame Bunsen's Tuesday evening *soirées*. He quite comforted me by the assurance that Germany is in a healthy state as respects reform and revolution,—that there is no disposition to unite with France, but a strong determination to have political reforms. It is a pity that Princes do not concede till the concessions are demanded by the masses. When the people demand no more than what is right, one cannot blame them.

Bunsen's soirée.

March 22nd.—In the evening at Madame Bunsen's first *soirée*. I got into a disagreeable talk with an American, whom I left abruptly, because, in defence of slavery, he spoke of "Our Saviour." On this I bolted,

saying, "There is no use continuing the subject," and I added, loud enough, I fear, to be heard, "This is disgusting." CHAP. XIII. 1848.

March 26th.—I breakfasted with Rogers, and met there, by my introduction, Layard, and also Moxon and Carrick, who has been making the most striking likeness I have yet seen of Wordsworth—a miniature full-length; but it is too sad in expression. *Carrick.*

March 30th.—I found "The Life of Erskine" one of the most agreeable of Campbell's lives, because it brought to my recollection my early admiration of that wonderful creature who shared my love with Mrs. Siddons. *Campbell.* *Erskine.*

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30 *Russell Square, 22nd April,* 1848.

. . . . . It was with a feeling of predetermined dislike that I had the curiosity to look at Emerson at Lord Northampton's, a fortnight ago; when, in an instant, all my dislike vanished. He has one of the most interesting countenances I ever beheld—a combination of intelligence and sweetness that quite disarmed me. I was introduced to him. . . . . *Emerson in company.*

May 2nd.—I dined at the anniversary dinner of the Antiquarian Society. I took Emerson with me, and found he was known by name. I introduced him to Sir Robert Inglis, and afterwards to Lord Mahon. The evening passed off with great cordiality. There was mention of Amyot's retirement from the Vice-Presidentship. When, therefore, the Vice-President's health *Antiquarian Society.* *Amyot's retirement.*

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was given, I rose to respond, and saying I had been his friend fifty-two years, delivered a short eulogy on him. Collier took the chair when Lord Mahon retired, and we were merry; good-natured sparring between Disney and myself; Dwarris took part. I gave the law to him. He was very civil. Emerson retired early, after responding to his health, briefly and well.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

6th May, 1848.

Value of diaries.

I am particularly pleased with your illustration of the value of anecdotic letters, by imagining our enjoyment had we found a family record of that glorious old Noncon, De Foe, sharing with Bunyan the literary honours of the sect, and acknowledging no other chief than John Milton. The extreme facility of printing, and consequent habit of making everything known in this age, will place our posterity in a different state from our own. They will be oppressed by the too much, where we suffer from the too little.

Robertson.

May 6th.—I had at breakfast Robertson and Joseph Hutton. When they left me, I called on Boott. I was deeply concerned at the opinion he expressed of Robertson's state of health.

E. Field.

May 13th.—I had a very agreeable breakfast this morning. My friend E. Field accompanied Wilkinson and Phillips (house-mate with Wilkinson), and they stayed with me a considerable time. Wilkinson developed his Swedenborgianism most inoffensively; and his

J. G. Wilkinson.

love of Blake is delightful. It is strange that I, who have no imagination, nor any power beyond that of a logical understanding, should yet have great respect for religious mystics.

The mystics.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, 9th June*, 1848.

. . . . . Tuesday, I heard Emerson's first lecture, "On the Laws of Thought;" one of those rhapsodical exercises of mind, like Coleridge's in his "Table Talk," and Carlyle's in his Lectures, which leave a dreamy sense of pleasure, not easy to analyze, or render an account of. . . . . I can do no better than tell you what Harriet Martineau says about him, which, I think, admirably describes the character of his mind. "He is a man so *sui generis*, that I do not wonder at his not being apprehended till he is seen. His influence is of a curious sort. There is a vague nobleness and thorough sweetness about him, which move people to their very depths, without their being able to explain why. The logicians have an incessant triumph over him, but their triumph is of no avail. He conquers minds, as well as hearts, wherever he goes; and without convincing anybody's reason of any one thing, exalts their reason, and makes their minds worth more than they ever were before."

Emerson's Exeter Hall lectures.

Miss Martineau's impression of him.

June 27th.—I heard a lecture by Emerson on domestic life. His picture of childhood was one of his most

Emerson's second lecture.

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successful sketches. I enjoyed the lecture, which was, I dare say, the most liberal ever heard in Exeter Hall. I sat by Cookson, and also by Mrs. Joseph Parkes. Those who have a passion for "clear ideas," shake their heads at what they cannot reduce to propositions as clear and indisputable as a sum in arithmetic.

Massacre in Paris.

The frightful massacre at Paris has confirmed our worst fears. The Government has succeeded, at a much larger expense of blood than it would have cost Louis Philippe to succeed also. How well Shakespeare has said the thing :—

> "We but teach
> Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
> To plague the inventors."

University Hall.

July 20th.—This was a busy and interesting day. Were I forty or thirty years younger, it would be most interesting; for there are grounds for hoping that it will be a memorable day. It began to me by Madge, his wife, the two elder Miss Stansfelds, and Miss Hutton, breakfasting with me. At half-past twelve, we all repaired to Gordon Square, where the first stone of University Hall was laid. The actors were Mark Philips and Madge on the ground. Then an adjournment to University College, where Newman delivered an inaugural address, which seems to have conciliated every one. It will be printed. It resembled, as I told him, the egg-dance of Mignon, in "Wilhelm Meister." I was so impressed by the speech, that I moved the thanks of the meeting for it; and though what I said had nothing in it, and was very short, yet the warmth of my manner obtained it applause. There were

First stone laid.

several hours between the meeting and our dining, that is (about thirty of us) at the Freemason's Tavern, and this time I spent at the Athenæum.

Dinner after it.

The dinner was also very agreeable. I was placed next Newman, who was next the Chairman, Mark Philips: Madge, and John Taylor, opposite; and next me, Busk. The dinner went off well, as, indeed, everything did, from the beginning to the end. The Chairman in his opening address at the ground, and Madge in his short address, and particularly in the prayer, were both what they ought to be, so that no one seemed to be disappointed. The excellence of Newman's address lay in the skill with which he asserted, without offence, the power of forming an institution open to all opinions whatever, even Jew and Mahometan. It will be curious, when the speech is printed, to look more closely at this than can be done when one only listens. At the dinner, I was called upon to propose the health of the Chairman; and that I did also feelingly. We had several visitors at the dinner, Madge, Newman, Davison, Atkinson, Donaldson, and Jay (builder). Dr. A. T. Thompson was also present. The speech-making was not wordy. I believe the general impression was, that the opening was a good augury.

Open to all religions.

Robertson.

July 21st.—While I was at dinner Robertson from Brighton called. He is on his way to the lakes. I have given him a line to Quillinan, and shall write to Mrs. Wordsworth about him. Having engaged him to take tea with me, I also asked him to bring with him Mr. Roscoe, and two of the young ladies, which he did; and we had a pleasant cup of tea together. I like the

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conversation of Mr. Roscoe.* We talked of old times; and when they left me, I went to Hunter's, with whom I sat up late. He talks candidly about the University Hall. He, of course, thinks that our hall will be patronized only by the centrifugal Unitarians. He and Robertson differ much.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Lincoln, 28th July, 6 A.M.

. . . . . We left London at half-past eleven, A.M., and were here, at Lincoln, at five.† These rapid movements have already ceased to excite wonder. My drive was pleasant enough: I had companions I knew —Britton, the author of "Ecclesiastical Antiquities;" Hawkins, of the Athenæum; and Hill, brother of the Sheriff of London, a bustling, good-natured man, who has taken the labour of managing off my hands—a service I gladly receive.

Meeting of the Archæological Society.

We walked *up* the hill on which the glorious cathedral stands, the west front of which is much praised; but I have had pleasure in learning that it was to have been pulled down, if a *reforming* bishop had not died prematurely. This Norman front is quite incongruous, considered as one with the rest of the edifice.

Lincoln Cathedral.

Tuesday was the day of initiation, and of long speeches; we had only too much of them. The Bishop of Norwich resigned his post to the Earl Brownlow, as President, and the Marquis of Northampton was a frequent and very respectable speaker; and also the

Speeches.

* *See* Vol. II., p. 199.

† To attend a congress of the Archæological Society.

Bishop of Lincoln (Kay). These four were the matadores of the whole meeting.

There was also a public dinner, at which were 240 ladies and gentlemen. Here the same noble and prelatical orators. The Bishop of Norwich as playful as a schoolboy, with a kindheartedness and social benignity that pleased me infinitely more than the religious tone of an after-dinner speech from the would-be Bishop, the Dean of ———, whose speech at such a time and place was cant.

Researches.

On Tuesday the business of the meeting began. We had very learned and most interesting lectures on this marvellous cathedral, and these lectures will spread a taste for antiquarian studies, which will do good.

Yesterday we made our first excursion, viz., to Gainsborough, an ugly uninteresting town on the Trent. But it has an old mansion, famed in history for certain visits to it by Henry VIII., of which Hunter gave us an account in a paper.

But we had a double attraction—first, in a very interesting old church on the road; and on our return we were entertained at the seat of Sir Charles Anderson with a capital cold collation or luncheon. We had a merry party in a four-horsed carriage; for these excursions are by no means dry and pedantic parties, as you may imagine. I confess to all I meet, I make these journeys merely on account of the social pleasure I receive; and I perceive that it is because I give as well as take in this respect, that I am well received, though certainly one of the least learned of the Archæologians who attend these meetings.

Social pleasures the real motive.

CHAP. XIII.

1848.

H. C. R. TO TALFOURD.

30, *Russell Square, 3rd August*, 1848.

Talfourd's Memorials of Charles Lamb.

The "Final Memorials" were sent me as I was setting out on the Archæological excursion to Lincoln, and I packed them up. But I thought it a profanation to expose them to a noisy, busy crowd. It was after I had spent hours in the cathedral that I first ventured to look into them, and I have read them through, in nearly entire solitude, with an enjoyment not weakened, but chastened, by tender recollections. Every page of your own composition exhibits the congeniality of spirit that qualified you to be the biographer of Charles and Mary Lamb.

Of your characterizations, I was especially pleased with those of George Dyer, Godwin, and Coleridge. In this part of your work, I thought I perceived a subtlety of discrimination which did not jar with that flow of sentiment in which you elsewhere indulge when brooding over the objects of your attachment.

Great rule of true criticism.

Even when I could not respond to *all* the praise, I loved you the more for the *will* to praise; and recollected that you wrote on the principle which characterizes all Goethe's critical writings—that of expatiating on the good, the positive, and of passing over in silence the defective, or the mistaken, as if it was a nonentity—a mere negation. . . . . .

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme, August 12th, 1848.

. . . . . I devour newspapers with uncomfortable appetite. France, Italy, Germany, Ireland; what

a mess! I wish Smith O'Brien had run away and escaped, for though he deserves to suffer the extremity of the law (if he is not of unsound intellect), it is not wise, if it can be avoided, to make Lord Edward Fitzgeralds, Emmets, &c., of Irishmen. Hanging in Ireland, for political offences, is a great glory, and endears the martyr to the millions. Yesterday, as I happened to be on the terrace at Rydal Mount, no less than fifty or sixty (I counted forty-eight, and then left off) cheap-trainers invaded the poet's premises at once. They walked about, all over the terraces and garden, without leave asked, but did no harm; and I was rather pleased at so many humble men and women and lassies having minds high enough to feel interest in Wordsworth. I retreated into the house; but one young lady rang the bell, asked for me, and begged me to give her an autograph of Mr. Wordsworth. I had none. "Where could she get one?" I did not know. Her pretty face looked as sad as if she had lost a lover.—Excuse great haste, for I am very busy working at Camoens; and though I do little, the day seems too short, there are so many visitors.

Smith O'Brien and Irish martyrdom.

Excursionists on a Rydal pilgrimage.

P.S.—When you see Mrs. Clarkson, tell her, if you like, that I remember well that week when she went more than once to sit by the bedside of the dead mother of my children.* It was a fancy of hers which touched me greatly.

A touching message.

* Quillinan's first wife was a daughter of Sir Egerton Bridges, and a few weeks after giving birth to her younger daughter,—

"she died
Through flames breathed on her from her own fireside."

CHAP. XIII. 1848.

Conformity and latitudinarianism.

August 24th.—Took a walk with Donaldson. An interesting chat on religion, he striving to reconcile conformity with extreme liberality of opinion. I know no man who more ingeniously explains the Trinity, which, from him, is harmless, as an insignificant doctrine.

Donaldson

September 2nd.—In the afternoon I was taken a drive by Donaldson, I riding with him on the box, Mrs. Donaldson, &c., within. The more I see of him, the more liberal I find him; and of his talents, my estimate rises. His book on the Greek Drama was written when he was twenty-four; he is now thirty-seven years old. Yet he lost five years in a lawyer's office, from fourteen to nineteen.

J. G. Wilkinson.

September 27th.—I heard a lecture on digestion (part of a course on the physics of human nature), by Wilkinson, at the Whittington Club. I was very much pleased with him: his voice clear, manner collected, like one who knew what he was about; his style rich, a good deal of originality in his metaphors, and a little mysticism, tending to show that there is in the universe a digestive or assimilative process going on, which connects man with nature, and the present with the other life.

Rogers.

October 9th.—I went out early and breakfasted with Rogers; a small and agreeable party—only Samuel Sharpe, Harness* and sister, and Lord Glenelg. Samuel

* The first time I dined with Harness was in 1839, and I met Babbage. Harness was preacher at Regent's Square Church. In youth he was a friend of Lord Byron, and has himself written some elegant poems. He was and is a man of taste, of High-Church principles, and liberal in spirit. Among our common friends were John Kenyon and Miss Burdett Coutts.—H. C. R.

Sharpe said but little, but what he said was very good. The recent conviction of Smith O'Brien was a matter of doubt, but most thought an execution necessary, though Samuel Sharpe thought it would lead to murders of landlords. CHAP. XIII. 1848. *On Irish heroes.*

October 17th.—I heard an admirable inaugural lecture from De Morgan, worth a more elaborate notice than I can take of it. Its object was to repress the system of carrying on college education by the aid of rewards, as only one degree less bad than the exploded system of punishments; and he represented as mischievous the system of studying for an examination. The students should be directed to the specific study by their sense of its worth, without the aid of fellowships, scholarships, or rewards. He affirmed that the best rule for a student would be, to disregard any expected or probable examination. The spirited style, the striking illustration, altogether rendered this a most remarkable exhibition. I whispered to Newman at the close, "Though the cholera is not contagious, yet boldness is." The lecture gave general satisfaction. *De Morgan's inaugural lecture.* *College studies.*

October 30th.—(Brighton.) I called on Robertson, Senr.,* and Miss Levesque, and I had a long and very agreeable walk with Rev. F. Robertson. We talked to-day on religion; he spoke of the happiness he felt in being able freely to be a member of the Church of England, which implies a harmonious consent to all its doctrines. How he can be this, and yet entertain such liberal opinions and, what is much better, liberal feelings, I cannot comprehend; but this is not, perhaps, of *Robertson.*

* Formerly a lawyer in the West Indies, where he made his fortune.—H. C. R.

CHAP. XIII. 1848.

much moment. He was as cordial as ever, and seemed not at all offended by the freedom of my expressions. In this respect there is a correspondence between him and Sortaine, who is also quite liberal; but then Sortaine refuses to read the Athanasian Creed, and on baptism entertains opinions contrary to the Church. Still, Robertson is as liberal as he—I should think even more so. I am not at all anxious to reconcile these seeming incompatibilities.

Sortaine.

Miss Goldsmid.

November 2nd.—I called on Miss Goldsmid (the Baron being from home). An interesting chat with her. On my objecting to her that I could not respect a national God and a system of favouritism, her reply was, that the vocation of the Jews was to be the teachers of the unity of the Godhead, but the lesson was to be taught for the benefit of the whole world. There is no favouritism for the sake of the individual chosen to be the instructor.

Judaism not an exclusive religion.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Brighton, 3rd Nov. 1848.

. . . . . You have been led by the annual borough elections to express regret at the abandonment of the old system of self-election. Now in this I can by no means agree with you. Whatever inconveniences follow from the present system, it has at least the merit of inducing a large proportion of the people to give some attention to public matters, who would otherwise be absorbed by practices of the intensest and grossest selfishness, far exceeding in malignity all the evils that arise out of the present system.

Enlargement of franchise.

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This visit to Brighton has been somewhat shorter than usual—of only nine days; but it has been quite as pleasant as ever. My time has been fully occupied. *Masquerier.* My kind host, Masquerier, is in very good health, though not quite so active as he once was. He is very much devoted to his wife, whose health he watches with anxious care, and who has shown the power of a strong constitution in resisting severe and dangerous chronic diseases.

Sortaine. On Friday I made some interesting calls—one on the very clever preacher Sortaine, in Lady Huntingdon's connection—a great favourite with the Haldanes, and at the same time with me. He combines zeal with liberality in an eminent degree. To-day also I called *S. Rogers and Miss Rogers.* with Masquerier on Sam Rogers, who is here with his sister. She is wonderfully recovered from paralysis; that is, she can receive visits in her chair, and is amused by *hearing*, though she is scarcely able to hold a conversation. Rogers is very friendly, though he retains his powers of sarcasm. It has been said of him that he is the man of generous actions and unkind words.

On Sunday morning I heard Sortaine, and in the afternoon that very remarkable man, Mr. Robertson, of *Robertson.* whom I have written frequently of late. He is an admirable preacher, and every seat in his chapel is taken. While he gives great offence to High Churchmen and Conservative politicians, he has lately delivered an address to the Working Man's Association,* remarkable

* "An Address delivered at the Opening of the Working Man's Institute, on Monday, October 23rd, 1848." *Vide* "Lectures and Addresses," p. 1.

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for the boldness with which he avoided all *courting of the people*, while he advocated their cause. He attacked the ballot and other popular delusions. I shall take to town some copies of his address. I spent one evening with him, and had several long walks. I have urged him in vain to give up his church, and go to Madeira. Dr. Watson, however, and Dr. Hall say his lungs are not affected; and though his friends wish it, he will not go while he thinks he is able to do good. I used the strongest persuasive: I told him frankly I thought his sermons unequal in power to those I heard formerly.

His self-disregard.

H. C. R. TO T. PAYNTER, ESQ.

Athenæum, 12th December, 1848.

Prison discipline.

I awoke early this morning, and thought at once of the *Times* article on Prison Discipline. I mused for a time on what I recollected of the paper, and brought myself to the conviction (confirmed by the perusal of the whole article), that, well written as it is, and well put as one or two points are, still as an investigation of the subject the whole thing is altogether worthless—and that because the one or two leading ideas, of which the rest of the composition is a mere amplification, are left unproved, being mere assumptions and not going to the bottom of the subject. The one thought, indeed, on which everything turns, is that it is not prevention, or correction, which is the main rule or guide in the measure of punishment, but a *sense of justice*;—and no attempt is made to ground this sense of justice on any

Rule in the measure of punishment.

* A police magistrate. *Vide* ante, p. 8.

law of nature, any abstract rule of right derived from the will or law of God; but this moral sense, or conscience of society, is in terms declared to be determined through regular legislative and judicial institutions! This is either very foolish or very monstrous. I will take one palpable example or illustration. In America, a Christian country, it is proclaimed by their "legislative and judicial institutions" that it is a crime to receive stolen goods, knowing them to be stolen; and therefore a man is sentenced to capital punishment who robs a slave-owner of his property by assisting the slave in stealing himself from his lawful owner. The law of the land declares that a man has a right to buy the child at the mother's breast, and sell it as soon as it is a valuable commodity; and the master punishes with cruel tortures the woman who will not breed children for his service, he having a right to the fruit of her body; though, when he bought her, he knew that she, or her ancestor, had been stolen.

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Illustration from slavery.

I take this example, because it shows the extreme absurdity of resting the principle or measure of punishment on law.

We have, in our own country, enormously unjust laws, though none so atrocious as this. But we have atrocities of our own, more directly bearing on the subject of Prison Discipline, which show the worthlessness of the rule laid down by this writer.

To go back to the question. The writer maintains that we have a *natural sense of justice;* where there is guilt, there ought to be retribution, and we are more anxious for this than for either correction or prevention.

Natural sense of justice.

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For the sake of argument, let it be granted; but then the author of this rule ought to show us in what guilt consists, and how it is ascertained. What is the measure of the guilt of a poor child bred in a night-cellar, who has from his infancy lived only with thieves and prostitutes? Sympathy and imitation are instincts appertaining to our common nature. Your son was made happy by your and his mother's praises, when he brought home the certificates of his good character at school. A child such as I have mentioned, at his age, being sent out by his parents to beg or steal, is flogged if he comes home at night without anything, and rewarded by their praises, or perhaps a dram or other luxury, when he brings home plunder. He has never heard property spoken of but as something which gentlefolks have got, and which he ought to get from them if he can. Of law and magistrates, and right and wrong, he knows nothing but what he has heard from thieves and prostitutes. It is sheer cant and nonsense to say that his natural conscience should have taught him better. The natural conscience of the clerical and legal slaveholder has not taught him the iniquity of slavery, which is a much greater iniquity than the thefts of the poor boy, and more opposed to natural justice. Yet the writer in the *Times* would condemn the boy to punishment, as just, and he would perhaps honour the American slaveholder. I say "perhaps," because I know not how he thinks. I know that I have heard you often apologize for, and apparently justify, slavery, while you abuse abolitionists; and yet, in other respects, I believe you to be a conscientious and upright

Natural conscience.

man. Therefore, I say, I cannot admit the force of the argument, that the child *ought*, in spite of his lamentable education, to be sensible of the wrong he does in thieving.

I, on the contrary, say, that whether the child be guilty or not, he must be stopped in his thievish habits, both for his own sake and the sake of society. In a case like that I have stated—not a fancy case, but one which you know to be of daily occurrence—I do not consider the child as at all guilty. The *act* is culpable, but the *guilt* is to be imputed to the mass of society, which has not given him an education. The *real* criminals are the legislators and the magistrates, who have made no provision for the masses.

The public guilty for not giving education.

I do not deny that cases may be imagined, in which we have a right to require a moral sense, even in the uneducated. Recollect, however, that *property* is a creature of the *law*, not founded on any *natural sense*, but on the experience of its necessity for the well-being of society. The law of nature is that of Rob Roy :—

Property the creature of necessity.

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

Society steps in, but it shamefully neglects its duty when it proclaims a law, and makes no provision for its being known, in order to its being obeyed.

Society to blame.

The individual in whom a moral sense has never been generated (for it is not innate—at least it does not extend to the rights of property) ought not to be tortured because he has not what he could not give himself, and society has neglected to give him.

Moral sense not innate.

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The question of responsibility is the most difficult that is ever forced on our consideration; but the interests of society require that men should provide for the emergencies of life, and not wait till metaphysical problems are solved. In correcting the criminal, society does but supply a duty it had neglected before, when it permitted or caused him to become criminal. In preventing crime, it attains one of the great ends of social existence. We put a maniac into a straight waistcoat, though we know him to be morally innocent. We restrain a wilful offender, without troubling ourselves to answer the question, how far his offence has been an act of necessity or free-will.

Moral guilt not the question, but injury to society.

And we ought to persevere in the correction of all offenders, for the sake of themselves and of all mankind.

As to retribution, we may safely leave that to the only perfectly wise Judge. He judges not according to appearances. He who made the distinction between *the many stripes and the few stripes*, would, I am sure, not at all sympathize with the *Times* reviewer.

Retribution not for us.

I have written with great rapidity, and have not time to read what I have written.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Rydal Mount, December 28th, 1848.

The Christmas visit to Rydal.

On Tuesday I came to Westmoreland by rail. A dull but mild day. Riding in a first-class carriage, I was, as usual, nearly alone. But I had sufficient amuse-

ment in lounging over the "Life of William Collins, R.A.," the landscape painter, whose acquaintance I made in Italy, when I was with Wordsworth. I was at Ambleside soon after nine the next morning, and rejoiced to find my friends far more cheerful than a year ago. In the two days I have spent here already, I have had more conversation with Wordsworth than I had during the whole of my last visit; and at this moment that I am writing, he is very copiously discoursing with a neighbouring clergyman on the Irish character, as he found it on a visit to Ireland. I found him and all others deeply excited by the supposed danger of Hartley Coleridge, who was thought to be dying of diarrhœa; and we went to Grasmere to inquire about him. The rest of the day I spent for the most part in calls, and I have seen nearly all my old friends. . . . . .

Words-worth.

Hartley Coleridge.

Fox How is the head-quarters of Whiggery in this corner, as Rydal Mount is of High-Churchism. I am held to be a sort of anomaly among the varieties of goodness here, with the *licentia loquendi* which is given to the fool of the drama, or the old bachelor and self-willed opinionist of the novel.

Fox How.

H. C. R.'s licentia loquendi.

The firm handwriting of your letter does not permit me to ascribe its being only half its usual size to weakness. In regard to what you say of health, I should, in your place, feel vexed at the announcement that I should survive my complaint. I know none on the whole less painful. The *euthanasia* of the Greeks—the beautiful death, that is, of mere old age—is not in the catalogue of maladies in any of our modern bills of

Euthanasia.

CHAP. XIII. 1848.

mortality. Therefore I should well like to come to a compromise with the old enemy, and bargain for submitting to him, after *your* fashion, about five years and three months afterwards.*

* H. C. R. was about five years and three months younger than his brother Thomas.

CHAPTER XIV.

1849.

January 2nd.—I spent my night well by writing a long letter to Henry after I was left alone.* It was my first letter to him, and I have given it an extraneous value by asking Wordsworth to add his autograph.

January 6th. — After finishing Clough's poem in hexameters,† I heard from Dr. Green that Hartley Coleridge was just dead. He died between two and three o'clock. He was in his fifty-second year. Everybody in the valley pitied and loved him. Many a one would echo the words,— *Death of Hartley Coleridge.*

"I could have better spared a better man."

January 11th. — The funeral of Hartley Coleridge took place. His brother Derwent, Wordsworth, Quillinan, and Angus Fletcher were present, besides the medical men.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Athenæum, 12th January, 1849, P.M.

I took leave of the poet yesterday morning at twelve, when he attended the funeral of Hartley Coleridge.

* H. C. R.'s great-nephew. † "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich."

CHAP. XIV. 1849.

Funeral of Hartley Coleridge.

During the performance of the ceremony I sat with dear Mrs. Wordsworth, and had more than two hours' quiet chat with her. I barely caught a glimpse of Wordsworth on his return. It rained while the solemn service was read, and I shall be glad to know that the attendance did him no harm. I had observed before that his spirits were not, as I feared they would be, affected by the occurrence, and I left Rydal with the comfortable assurance that his grief is now softened down to an endurable sadness.*

I have no anecdotes worth reporting of my last week at Rydal.

Anticipations of change.

I made the round of calls and visits. The last day I attended a grand party at Mr. Harrison's, the magistrate and squire of Ambleside. I am known generally there, and on the great poet's account noticed. But how soon will this end! how soon will everything end! at least everything of which we have *definite* knowledge. The *infinite* sphere belongs to our aspirations; the also infinite circles of our hopes, wishes, and feelings, certainly of higher character and deeper importance than our knowledge!

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme, January 12, 1849.

You were unluckily gone before I returned to Rydal Mount after Hartley Coleridge's funeral. It was a bitter day. I hope you got home without accident or inconvenience. I dined at the Mount, and your cheer-

* This was H. C. R.'s last visit to Rydal during Wordsworth's life.

ing presence was much missed by your host and hostess, as well as by myself. . . . . CHAP. XIV. 1849.

But I write to you now merely to thank you for having given me a great and unexpected pleasure, by leaving with me "The Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich," which Mrs. Arnold, too, had recommended me to read. I was very unwilling to commence it, for I detest English hexameters, from Surrey's to Southey's; and Mr. Clough's spondaic lines are, to my ear, detestable too —that is to begin with. Yet I am really charmed with his poem. There is a great deal of mere prose in it, and the worse, to my taste, for being prose upon stilts; but, take it for all in all, there is more freshness of heart and soul and sense in it than it has been my chance to find and feel in any poem of recent date—perhaps I ought to say than in any recent poem of which the author is not yet much known; for I have no mind to depreciate Alfred Tennyson, nor any other man who has fairly won his laurel.

A. H. Clough.

Hexameters and spondees.

Mr. Wordsworth, to-day, came to me through snow and sleet, and sat for an hour in his most cheerful mood. Some talk about his grandchildren led him back to his own boyhood, and he related several particulars which it would have done you good to listen to; for some of them were new to me, and, probably, would have been so to you. He talked, too, a good deal about the Coleridges, especially *the* S. T. C. If I had been inclined to Boswellize, this would have been one of my days for it. He was particularly interesting.

Words-worth's talk about his boyhood.

I hope all the Flaxmans will soon be lodged to your mind. You should tell your brother to make a

Flaxman Gallery.

CHAP. XIV. 1849.

bequest of the marble bust of yourself to the London University, to be placed in the same room with them, as a record that it was you who were mainly instrumental in securing them for the said University, or in getting them worthily installed there. The bust is excellent as a likeness, and more than respectable as a work of art, though it is not by a Flaxman.

H. C. R. TO MISS FENWICK.

30, *Russell Square*, 15*th January*, 1849.

Account of visit to Rydal.

The account I have to give of our friends is so much better than that of last year, that I should certainly have sent it, even if I had not received a friendly intimation of your wish to hear from me.

I found Mr. Wordsworth more calm and composed than I expected. Whatever his feelings may be, he appears to have them under control. I feared that the visit to the churchyard last Tuesday with Mr. Coleridge, to fix on the spot where Hartley might be interred, would overset him; but, on the contrary, I returned with him alone, and he talked with perfect self-possession. Dear Mrs. Wordsworth is what she always was; I see no change in her, but that the wrinkles of her care-worn countenance are somewhat deeper. Poor Miss Wordsworth I thought sunk still further in insensibility. By-the-by, Mrs. Wordsworth says that almost the only enjoyment Wordsworth seems to feel is in his attendance on her, and that her death would be to him a sad calamity. I thought our friend James a shade younger and more amiable than ever. He had an opportunity of rendering himself very useful, by his at-

tendance on poor Hartley, during all my stay at Rydal. Derwent Coleridge spent a great part of his time with us at the Mount, and helped to keep off the sadness which seemed ready to seize its inmates. He has this advantage over his brother—and, to a degree, over his father also—that he has full power over his faculties.

Derwent Coleridge.

Quillinan was, as usual, quietly poring over his laborious work, his version of Camoens' epic, from which he never can gain emolument or fame.

Quillinan.

Dear Mrs. Arnold is supplied with daguerreotype representations of her three wandering boys—the soldier, the sailor, and the colonist—and seems to have an anxious enjoyment in dreaming over the possibilities of their condition in the varieties of their adventurous lives. Mrs. Fletcher is as lively as ever, and seems quite happy in her children.

Mrs. Arnold.

Mrs. Fletcher.

Miss Martineau makes herself an object of envy by the success of her domestic arrangements. She has built a cottage near her house, placed in it a Norfolk dairy-maid, and has her poultry-yard, and her piggery, and her cow-shed; and Mrs. Wordsworth declares she is a model in her household economy, making her servants happy, and setting an example of activity to her neighbours. She is at the same time busy writing the continuation of Knight's "Pictorial History of England," and has just brought out a small volume, entitled "Household Education," which has proved successful, and probably with good reason.

Miss Martineau.

February 7th.—Finished Macaulay's delightful volumes to-day. One sentence I must here copy, as the wisest

Macaulay.

CHAP. XIV. 1849.

in the work. Commenting on the famous declaration of the Convention Parliament, that the throne was vacant by the abdication of King James the Second, he says: "Such words are to be considered, not as words, but as deeds. If they effect that which they are intended to effect, they are rational, though they may be contradictory. If they fail of attaining their end, they are absurd, though they carry demonstration with them. Logic admits of no compromise. The essence of politics is compromise."

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme,
June 20th, 1849.

. . . . . I am much amused with the extract you have sent me from Southey's "Commonplace Book." Two or three months ago, at a missionary charity sermon in a church in this neighbourhood, I heard the preacher (a good and worthy man he is, too) advocate the cause of the mission on the ground that if we did not Christianize the rising generation in the East, eight hundred millions of Oriental babies would infallibly be doomed to eternal perdition! What would Southey have said to this startling announcement? . . . . . .

Startling announcement.

July 19th.—(Bury.) A break in the uniformity of my Bury life. I read to the ladies at Sir John Walsham's Burke's letter on the Duke of Bedford's motion on his pension. I read it with the same delight I felt more than fifty years ago. It is unequalled for the

Burke.

union of wisdom and eloquence, pathos and sublime satire, and is as fascinating as it was when written in 1756. I believe my party of ladies enjoyed it too. I then accompanied Lady Walsham to Hardwicke House, and took a dinner-luncheon there. CHAP. XIV. 1849.

I read early in bed Wordsworth's "Waggoner," with great pleasure. Donne had praised it highly. It used not to be a favourite of mine; but I discerned in it to-day a benignity and a gentle humour, with a view of human life and a felicity of diction, which rendered the dedication of it to Charles Lamb peculiarly appropriate. *Wordsworth's "Waggoner."*

July 26th.—I wrote a letter of congratulation to Mrs. Talfourd, the news having arrived that her husband had been appointed judge,—an appointment that seems to give general satisfaction. My ground of felicitation was, that the repose of judicial life harmonizes better than the wranglings of the bar with the temperament of the poet. Talfourd is a generous and kind man, and merits his good fortune. *Talfourd a judge.*

August 11th.—I concluded the evening by a late call on Hunter. He was pleasant as ever, and his notions as odd. This evening he asserted, in the most absolute terms, that he considered baptism to be the only test of a Christian, and that whatever the privileges were, they were conferred by the mere formal act. What is not Christianity made by such formalism? *Hunter.*

August 28th.—I rose early, and packed up my few things for my short journey (to Bear Wood), and then I breakfasted with Rogers. A small, agreeable party—Luttrell, Dyce, Samuel Sharpe, and Moxon, all in good *Rogers.*

CHAP. XIV. 1849.

humour. To-day, or about this time, Rogers told us that Sydney Smith said to his eldest brother, a grave and prosperous gentleman: "Brother, you and I are exceptions to the laws of nature. You have risen by your gravity, and I have sunk by my levity." I went by the South-Western Railroad to Farnborough, where I arrived before five, expecting to go off in a few minutes; but I had to wait there two hours and a half. I lounged into a gentleman's park, and took a luncheon at a small inn. I went by rail to Oakingham, and then had three miles to walk. I took the walk without inconvenience, and had a cordial reception from Mrs. Walter. She had almost given me up, not being aware of the change of hour for the train.

Farnborough.

Mrs. Walter at Bear Wood.

August 29th.—I spent the whole of the forenoon strolling about the grounds, which have been greatly improved by opening the woods, &c. I was engaged reading the "Summer in the Country," by the incumbent, Mr. Wilmott—of whom hereafter—a book of sentimental criticism. I also read part of Mr. Wilmott's "Life of Jeremy Taylor," also a book which I read through with interest. He came to dine with us. I had formed a very favourable opinion of him from his works. He and I were engaged in full talk all the afternoon. There were, besides, a Captain Ford and his lady at the house, genteel people and agreeable; but Mr. Wilmott was the object of interest on this visit.

Rev. Mr. Wilmott.

August 30th.—This day, like the preceding, I kept upon the Bear Wood grounds. Mrs. Walter took me into the very pretty church. The funeral sermon by

His sermon.

Wilmott, on Mr. Walter's death, which I am now reading, is in a tone of exemplary hope and cheerfulness. CHAP. XIV. 1849.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square,*
7th September, 1849.

. . . . . Now to answer both your letters at once. I entertain no fears of the cholera, and do not think that here in Russell Square I am exposed to any greater danger than you are at Bury. It is only in *especial* quarters that this epidemic rages. But, in truth, there is no assignable reason why the cholera should visit one district rather than another. A calm submission to the will of Providence seems to be the frame of mind most favourable even to a successful endurance of an attack, and is what is called for by reason as well as religious convictions. That in your eigthieth year your mind is in so calm and happy a state, I rejoice. Those who have been brought up in a more gloomy creed, or who, trained in a happier school, have sunk into that wretched faith, would rather pity than envy you this state of mind. We may regret these diversified feelings, but it were unwise to mourn over them. In every age this variety of sentiment has prevailed. And this, as well as the more material and physical evils which afflict men, also belongs to the inscrutable dispensations of that Supreme Being in whom we believe, while we awfully recognise our incapacity to fathom His will. Submission to that will is our duty, not to attempt to comprehend it. . . . . *The cholera.*

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1849.

30, *Russell Square,*
15th September, 1849.

. . . . . I had a chat with Gallenga last night. He thinks despairingly, as I do, of the affairs of the Continent. It is hard to say where they look worst—in France, Germany, or Italy; or who have acted worst, the French, German, or Italian Liberals. Enthusiasts still say, "Oh, in the end the *people* will be victorious; the *good cause* will triumph!" Two follies lie hid in this pious sentiment: first, in supposing that the cause of the people—that is, the masses—and the good cause mean the same thing, which is a *violent presumption;* the other is, referring to the *end*, as if the *end* were ever to be contemplated in our speculations. In our considerations of the past we look in vain for a beginning, of which we know nothing; in our anticipations of the future, we can take no care for the end. All we can do practically is to provide for that which is to follow *immediately*—on which the remotely future must depend. All that we can ever know historically of the past, with any degree of certainty, is how the present has sprung out of the immediately preceding.

Affairs on the Continent.

Do right, and trust to consequences.

October 4th.—I walked to Westbourne Terrace, and dined with Gibson. Only his father and mother, Newman and Clough, were there. I enjoyed the afternoon much. Clough is modest and amiable, as well as full of talent, and I have no doubt that in him we have made a very good choice of a Principal for the University Hall.

F. Newman and A. Clough.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Sunday night, October 14th, 1849.

Froude has been here this summer. He was lodged, as I was informed—for I did not see him—at a farm-house at or near Skelwith Bridge. Mrs. Gaskell, the author of "Mary Barton," was also, for some weeks, in that neighbourhood, and I got Mr. Wordsworth to meet her and her husband (a Unitarian minister at Manchester). She is a very pleasing, interesting person. I cannot lay my hand, at this moment, on your former letter, to which I have only delayed replying for want of leisure, for we have been much occupied with taking visitors walks, and climbs interminable (as some of them seemed), ascents of Helvellyn, &c. &c. I wanted to talk to you on the subject of sonnets and *sonnetteers*. What do you mean by that fling, Mr. Sneer? A sonnetteer, you will answer, means a writer of sonnets. And you will not argue on high politics with a sonnetteer. Indeed! yet it is just possible that a man may write sonnets, good or bad, and yet be as able as his neighbours to give, in plain prose, a reason for the political faith that is in him. But do you sit down, friend Crabb, and try your hand at a sonnet. That is the punishment I should like to inflict on you for your sauciness. But we will talk over the art and mystery of sonnetteering at Christmas—the best season for cracking hard nuts. You are expected here—*due* here as a matter of course. Mrs. Wordsworth has two or three times, and to-day again, charged me to remind you of this. As to me, I always sing the same

Mrs. Gaskell.

Sonnets and sonnetteers.

CHAP. XIV. 1849.

"No Crabb, no Christmas."

song (for I, too, have my constancy)—No Crabb, no Christmas!! But you *will* come about the 18th of December—that is settled. Mrs. Arnold, since her return from the seaside, has had several visitors. . . . Poor Johnny Harrison (whose name was John Wordsworth Faber), poor child! was seized with his last convulsion on Monday morning, the 8th inst. Mr. Wordsworth and I attended his funeral, at Grasmere, on Friday. He is buried close to Hartley Coleridge. Who would not wish to be as fit to die at any moment as that *sinless* Johnny? Faber used to call him one of God's blessings to that house of Green Bank, and he was right. He kept their hearts alive to love, and pity, and tenderness. His work was done, and he was removed. You will find your old and faithful friend, the poet, pretty much as he was on your last visit. The same social cheerfulness—company cheerfulness—the same fixed despondency (uncorrected). I esteem him for both: I love him best for the latter. I have put up a beautiful headstone to Dora's grave. I wonder if you will like it. God bless you, friend Crabb!

Finis coronat opus.

October 16th.—A busy day. It began with an interesting rather than important occurrence. The University Hall was opened with a religious service by Dr. Hutton—*i.e.* he read chapters from the Bible, and prayed. It was not a *public* occasion; but some dozen ladies were there,—Mrs. Follen and her sister, Miss Cabot, &c. There must be about eight or ten young men. Richard Martineau made a short opening address. James Yates, Gibson, Cookson, Le Breton, Charles

Opening of University Hall.

Bischoff, &c., were present. Many complained afterwards that they had no notice of what was going to take place. CHAP. XIV. 1849.

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme,
October 22nd, 1849.

. . . . . All well, though some of us are sad enough. There is, however, a gracious melancholy about autumn. I wish you could see our golden woods just now. The country was never more beautiful. . . . . *A "gracious melancholy."*

November 5th.—I was led to give Mrs. C. for Mrs. S. ten pounds. I doubt whether I did right; and have since recollected a saying I heard Kenyon repeat of some one who said he could not afford to give in a *hurry!* *Giving "in a hurry."*

QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Loughrigg Holme,
Nov. 12th, 1849.

. . . . . Some one told me, or I somewhere heard, that Dr. Channing was a weak man. I know little of him and of his works, but by his biography and the memoirs of his life, and I find him a strong, and sometimes almost a great, man. I mean in intellect and in character, for he appears to have had but a feeble frame, and that makes his mental energy the more admirable. I hug to my heart such a Unitarian as that. More of my inconsistency, you will say. But though *Quillinan on Dr. Channing.*

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you and I have known each other so many long years, and though I trust we are long friends, you know me but cursorily—by snatches, as it were—or you would not think me so inconsistent. I am not the less nor the more a Papist for my cordial admiration of Channing. He was really what he called himself, a liberal Christian, and thoroughly *consistent*, according to his views, from the commencement of his ministry to the end. The phrase uttered or written by him at a late period of his life, "I am little of a Unitarian," is but another proof of his consistency, though it has been interpreted to his prejudice. It merely meant that as he grew older he grew wiser in charity, that he was still more liberal than before to sincere Christians of all denominations—not that he was the less a Unitarian in his theology. From him I have at last learned what is meant by a Christian Unitarian. I am not going over to you, though. On that rock (of Pope Peter) my faith was built, and there it stands. But I owe you the above admission for a bigoted remark that I once made to you, which your good-nature will have forgotten.

Charity grows with age.

Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth well, and the better for expecting you *soon*.

H. C. R. invalided.

December 25th.—I know not that I ever spent a Christmas Day before as an invalid, yet it has not been an unhappy one, but the contrary. Invalids constitute a privileged class of society. Charles Lamb called them "kings." I have been deeply impressed with the blessings I have enjoyed in life,

compared with which its evils have been very few and insignificant. CHAP. XIV. 1849.

[Towards the close of the year H. C. R. had a swelling on the back, which his medical attendant, Mr. Ridout, said would very likely become a carbuncle, if not attended to at once. Accordingly, on the 9th of December, the lancet was used, H. C. R. having taken chloroform, the beneficent effect of which he was never weary of lauding. He had accepted the usual invitation to Rydal, but his health was not regarded as in fit state for him to undertake the journey.] *Chloroform.*

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, 29th December*, 1849.

It was a great relief to me to read in Sarah's letter that your hand was still too shaky to allow of your writing. And then her letter contained the agreeable notice of there being two, instead of one, of the third generation in your house, which gives me a lively image of your home. Your mansion is large enough to permit the young ones to be on occasion somewhat obstreperous. I did not forget dear Henry on his birthday. I wished him heartily a long and happy series of them. And I have now certainly not a wish only, but a trustful hope that he will have them. I celebrated my twelfth birthday at Devizes—if a school birthday could be a celebration. Oh! what a different boy he is from what I was! In all points but one, how much my superior! A portion of that superiority appertaining to the age, unquestionably, more than to the individual. And yet my niece, I have no doubt, would rejoice to *Nephew's birthday.*

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exchange a quantity of his mental gifts for my bodily advantages. But she must comfort herself with the recollection that it is not in the order of Providence that all blessings should be heaped on one favoured head.

H. C. R. from the sick-room.

I hope I am duly grateful for those I enjoy, though I am sensible they are of a low order. My Pharisaism does not go beyond the body. I thank God that my body is not as other men's bodies are, and yet here am I at the end of an almost three weeks' seclusion owing to a bodily ailment; and that does not look like an exemption from ordinary infirmities. Now, it seems strange to myself, on reflection, that, on looking back on these three weeks, they have none but agreeable reminiscences. They have been weeks of average enjoyment. . . . . That *carbuncle* is a frightful word! aye, it is the name of a fatal malady! Now, it has caused me no pain, owing to *California*, as the modern Mrs. Malaprop has it.

But it is not the absence of pain that surprises me so much as that I have had no *malaise*. I have felt well. So that when my friendly visitors look decorously grave, and begin, "I was very sorry to hear——" I cannot help stopping them, by laughing in their faces. Nor have I felt the least impatience at the seclusion. It is true that I have had the *Times* sent me for an hour every morning. I expect it now. Could I have sat up, instead of being forced to lie down, I should have gone on with my Reminiscences. . . . . Paynter, who said, on my observing how well the people of the house had conducted themselves, and what a happy prospect

it opened of our future bearing towards each other. "Yes," he said, "*it has converted what was a lodging-house into a home.*" . . . . . CHAP. XIV. 1849.

This day, however, unknown to my surgeon, but with the privity of Dr. Boott, I stole to No. 4, Bloomsbury Street.

[In comes the *Times*.]

Here I dined with Mylne,* one of the Lunacy Commissioners. A small party. Dr. Arnott, the stove-inventor; a pleasant talker, whose social warmth I like better than his artificial heat. I lay for most of the time on a sofa.

Christmas Day.—I conferred pleasure on Atkinson's† children by giving them a book each, which their father had chosen. And the family enjoyed their dinner off the turkey, which was highly praised. And I can bear witness to the excellence of the other turkey, of which I partook at Dr. Boott's. No party beyond the Doctor, his wife, and mother (amiable women), four daughters, the husband of one, and the *prétendu* of another. Here I was allowed to lie down and have my nap. Now, that these *escapades* have done no harm is evident from this, that Ridout dates the rapidity of the healing from the Monday. . . . . *Christmas at Dr. Boott's.*

* Son of Professor Mylne, of Glasgow.
† Children of the house.

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CHAPTER XV.

1850.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

January 26th, 1850.

LET me first congratulate you on your having entered a new decennium. Your eighty years are now completed. This is a rare privilege,—considered as such by the popular sentiment,—though *soi-disant* philosophers, some called holy also, treat length of years as length of sorrow. It is true that, as years advance,—

Old age.

"By rapid blast or slow decline
Our social comforts die away."

But is not the residue still a good? I should say it is, judging by my own experience, and adding my observation of you and others, my seniors.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, 2nd February*, 1850.

I agree with you in all your reflections on our old age, and on the *alleviations*, for which I trust we are duly grateful. Of its ordinary evils, I trust that in our latter days we shall all find that, though life must

With age life less, not worse.

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inevitably become *less*, it does not become *worse*. Our senses must become more obtuse, but what we still feel may be as agreeable notwithstanding. This I have said before, but it is one of the truths that will bear repetition. I thank you for the communication of the paragraph on Donne's lecture; I wish I had been there to hear it. It has more than once occurred to me that I might be easily induced, myself, to deliver a lecture on Wordsworth; but I fear I am now too old and too indolent. By-the-by, what is often called indolence is in fact the unconscious consciousness of incapacity: the importunity to overcome it is often as injudicious as to force an unwilling player to the whist-table, to the great annoyance of his partners. . . . . .

Indolence defined.

You mention having read with pleasure Channing's Memoirs. I possess the book, but it is in constant requisition, and I have scarcely had time to look into it.

Dr. Arnold would not for a moment have hesitated in receiving Channing within the fold of his Christianity. The great influence of individual men in determining public taste and opinion is a remarkable fact. This is an unpleasant fact to those who cannot combine with it an assurance that the existence of these individual men is itself an arrangement of a special Providence; because *accident*, ought not to have a wide influence over the welfare of nations and humanity at large. Imagine one single change, viz., that Goethe had been an Italian instead of a German. The literature of those two countries would have been at this day very different from what it now is; perhaps the nations also. . . .

A little leaven leavens the mass.

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H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

Bury St. Edmunds, 12th April, 1850.

. . . . . I should have had great pleasure in going with you to hear Mr. Scott. He is a man from whom you are sure to hear unusual matter. He is always suggestive; and his orthodoxy is never offensive. Amongst his constant hearers is Newman, the arch-heretic, who joins in the singing, and seems most devout. The audience consists of a very select few. You truly say, "The great defect of his views was that they seemed to have no place for evil, and offered no means of escape." I confine my adjective "*truly*" to the first member of the sentence. For, though he did not in his sermon elaborately bring forward his means of escape, it must have been implied. The gospel scheme of redemption (which he never repudiates) constitutes such means. As to the want of "a place for evil," that is not peculiar to *his* scheme. It is the puzzle of puzzles, from which no scheme of faith and no variety of denial of faith is exempt. Evil must be a part of the Divine economy, or God cannot be the perfect Being we assume him to be. But if it be, then the good and the bad alike are fulfilling—— But I am unwilling to complete the sentence. . . . . To recur again to Mr. Scott, your remark, founded on a simple sermon, seems as if you expected, in that one sermon, to have a riddle at once propounded and solved. If you lived in his neighbourhood you would, I have no doubt, seek his acquaintance. I have a high opinion—perhaps I should rather say, a strong impression—con-

F. Newman at Scott's.

The place of evil in the Divine economy.

cerning him. I cannot think that he is a stranger to those feelings of pain which you describe. Every man must have had them at one time or another; though the frequency, as well as the intensity, of such feelings is often, I suspect, the mere result of physical organization. But I doubt whether any life can be so blameless, or any mind can be so pure, as to justify any one's fancying himself exempt from evil and inaccessible to temptation. Would not such a one belong to that Pharisaic class whom Christ seems to have ranked below publicans and sinners? It is against such self-righteousness that the Evangelicals seem successfully to oppose themselves; but, unfortunately, they ruin their cause by the opposite extreme, into which they are ever in danger of falling—that of Antinomianism. I protest solemnly against the imputation of being rendered "insensible to the want of any healing or purifying process" from any Pharisaic self-esteem. It is one thing to be conscious of evil as inherent; it is another to be apprehensive, in consequence of that consciousness, of becoming the associate of devils to all eternity. In other words, I am equally unable to imagine among mortals a fitness for heaven and for hell. The classification is too coarse, and consequently imperfect. It provides only for the ideal extreme. It leaves the great mass of the imperfect without a settlement. I am half-angry for suffering myself to be drawn into so unprofitable a discussion. . . . . .

None exempt from evil.

Effect of consciousness of evil.

The "Sheep and Goats" represent ideal extremes.

The accounts from Rydal are alarming. I fear that the great poet is approaching to what will be the commencement of his fame as a poet. For there

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seems an unwillingness to acknowledge the highest merit in any living man. . . . . .

Wordsworth's death.

April 23rd.—This day will have a black mark in the annals of the age, for on this day died the greatest man I had ever the honour of calling friend—Wordsworth.

Next day I received a letter from Quillinan, announcing the death of my great friend the poet, only an hour before. His sons were with him, and Mrs. Wordsworth had the comfort of having her nearest relations with her. Every consolation which death admits of was here, of which the chief was the full sense that the departure was after a long life spent in the acquisition of an immortal fame—the reward of a life devoted to the service of mankind.

His immortal fame.

Several of the newspapers have excellent articles on the poet, but the best by far is that of the *Times*, which is admirable.

The funeral.

April 30th. — A letter had come from Quillinan informing me of the funeral. Mrs. Wordsworth herself had attended, and I was expected. I regret much I did not go, for in general it seems that it was thought I was there. Every one speaks as he ought of Wordsworth.

Robertson's address to working men.

May 3rd.—I read early a speech by Robertson to the Brighton Working Class Association, in which infidelity of a very dangerous kind had sprung up. His speech shows great practical ability. He managed a difficult subject very ably, but it will not be satisfactory either to the orthodox or the ultra-liberal. I

went to Mr. Cookson, who is one of the executors of Mr. Wordsworth, and with whom I had an interesting conversation about Wordsworth's arrangements for the publication of his poems. He has commissioned Dr. Christopher Wordsworth to write his Life, a brief Memoir merely illustrative of his poems. And in a paper given to the Doctor, he wrote that his sons, son-in-law, his dear friend Miss Fenwick, Mr. Carter, and Mr. Robinson, who had travelled with him, "would gladly contribute their aid by communicating any facts within their knowledge."

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Wordsworth's wishes about a Memoir.

May 10th.—At the Athenæum, I fell in with Archdeacon Hare, who wished for my concurrence in a committee meeting, to concert a plan for a monument to Wordsworth, perhaps on Monday, at the Bishop of London's. Talked afterwards with Arthur Stanley and Dr. Whewell on the same subject.

Monument to the poet.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square,*
11th May, 1850.

. . . . . You speak so strongly about the pleasure which my history gives,* that I begin to think that the narrative gives as much pleasure as the passing through the events narrated. You may recollect that, once on a time, a German prince pensioned a literary man, to enable him to live at Paris among the *philosophers* and men of letters of the witty and profligate

The pensioned letter-writer.

* A part of H. C. R.'s letters to T. R. consisted generally of an account of his doings since the last letter, and this part frequently began with, "Now to my history."

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capital; and in return, the pensioner sent a long letter every day, giving an account of his *parties*, retailing all the *bons mots* and scandal of the day. Hence Baron Grimm's letters—the best and most instructive account of French society in existence.

Baron Grimm.

The Duke of Gotha, perhaps, did not think of the treasure he was collecting—nor Grimm either—and the buyer of the letters had as much pleasure as the writer.

Yesterday, I was accosted by Archdeacon Hare, who said he had been looking out for me several days. He has asked me to attend at a preliminary meeting on Monday, at the Bishop of London's, in order to deliberate on the means of doing fit honour to the great poet by a public manifestation—that is, a *monument* of some kind or other. It is wished to have a representative of every class, and I suppose I am to represent the Liberals. It is remarkable that the most zealous of Wordsworth's admirers have been the Unitarians and High Church. The Evangelicals within and without the Church have been his despisers, in couple with the Rationalists of the Scotch school. I shall from time to time tell you how things go on. . . . . .

Monument to Wordsworth.

Meeting about Wordsworth's monument.

May 13th.—Attended a meeting at Mr. Justice Coleridge's, to consider of a monument for Wordsworth. I made the thirteenth. Present, Bishops of London and St. David's, Archdeacons Hare and Milman, Mr. J. Coleridge, Rogers, Professor Scott, Boxall, and four whose names I did not learn. It was agreed that there should be a bust in Westminster Abbey, and a suitable memorial in Grasmere Church; and if there

should be a surplus of subscriptions (not likely), it is to be considered what is to be done with that. The Bishop of Llandaff suggested a scholarship at St. John's College for a native of the Lakes. The Bishop of London wished for something connected with literature. Rogers was uncomfortably deaf, and understood little of what was going on.

H. C. R. TO MISS FENWICK.

30, *Russell Square,*
20th May, 1850.

There is a sad imperfection in language, after all that men of genius and thought have done.

We want a distinct set of words, by which we may express our feelings at an incident by which pain is assuaged and suffering relieved, and an approach made to enjoyment. I felt this when I sat down just now, to address a few lines to you, for I felt the impropriety of saying that I was *glad* or *rejoiced* to hear of your arrival at Rydal Mount.

Rydal in mourning.

A considerable time must elapse before joy or gladness can be associated with Rydal Mount; yet I have at the same time felt, that the grief at the departure of the husband, the brother, the father, and friend, is, if not overpowered, yet modified by a sense of his greatness, and of the imperishability of such a mind!

"For when the Mighty pass away,
What is it more than this,
That man who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return?"

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H. C. R. TO T. R.

May 24th, 1850.

The self-regard of memorial raisers.

There will be conflicting opinions and tastes about the monument. One set of committee men would willingly make Wordsworth's name available for their sectarian purposes. This man says, "devote the surplus to a *Church*;" "a *School*," says a second; "an *Alms-house*," says a third; "a *Scholarship* in an old University," says a fourth. Against all these my friend Kenyon protests with warmth. "I would give largely to do Wordsworth honour, but nothing to a Wordsworth institute."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

May 24th, 1850.

Project of a Paris tour.

I am now going to startle you, by informing you of a scheme or project which has been formed by Masquerier and me; and if his, and his wife's, and my health all remain as they at present are, we hope to carry it into execution in about a week's time. And this scheme is to engage not more than eight or nine days of our time.

Masquerier.

It is to take a trip—the final visit of both of us, probably—to Paris. Masquerier, you know, is of French origin, and is more of a Frenchman in speech, and intimate knowledge of the country, than any other friend of mine, though he has no near friends or acquaintance there. He has survived most of his old associates; yet he feels an interest in the country, and wishes to see it in its Republican state. And it has been for nearly a year the design of Masquerier and myself to take this journey, leaving Mrs. Masquerier

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in the meanwhile at Dover or Folkestone, where she is to be joined by Masquerier's niece, Fanny.

And lately Mr. Brown, the husband of Miss Coutts's former governess, has agreed to join our party. I suppose I am expected to supply *animal spirits*, and he, by implication, I presume, undertakes to watch over our bodies and health, and do his best to set us right if we go wrong. And, without a joke, it is really agreeable, in one's seventy-sixth year, to have a medical travelling companion. . . . . .

[This visit to Paris was made; the party set out on the 4th of June and returned on the 21st. A few extracts are all that will be given from the journal.]

June 7th.—Visited the Louvre. I saw many old acquaintance, but nothing new that was remarkable, excepting the Nineveh remains, which the French consul sent over. In size they are far superior to our importations. They are quite colossal, and throw ours into the shade. I speak only of the *first* importation. I dare say Layard brought what the consul would have despised—small articles, remains in metal, &c. Layard's last excavations may have been more productive. I remarked with surprise the almost entire absence of English visitors. This was noticeable also in the streets. At our restaurant in the Rue St. Honoré, Poole, the comic writer, was pointed out to me; but he looks a wreck.

Nineveh remains.

June 8th.—On breakfasting in the Tuileries gardens

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The National Assembly.

I learned that Mr. Brown had procured us tickets for the National Assembly, to which we were to go between one and two. We therefore did nothing but lounge over our breakfast, and saunter to the Assembly. We found a back place in the gallery, and sat there till past four. The Hall is spacious, and the spectator sees the whole at once. It was an interesting sight, and merely a sight, for, though I could distinguish a few sentences, I in fact understood nothing. A great deal of business was done. The Speaker (M. Dupin), a busy active man, had much to do. The house was not full, and the members were running about, though each had his seat and desk. Many were writing, and some reading the papers. The President was on an elevated seat or throne, and five or six persons were with him. Some notables were named, but I could distinguish no face. The question under discussion was whether the electoral law should be retrospective. The speech we heard was read from the tribune, which was under the President's seat, as a clerk's desk is under the pulpit; and the reader of the speech, a General ———, received shakes of the hand from his friends on descending from the tribune. On a later occasion (the 10th) I heard Emile Barrot.

Conduct of business.

A read speech.

George Sand out of time.

June 11th.—It is worth mentioning, that on my inquiring for two of the most popular of George Sand's late works, I was told "they were not wanted now: in a time of revolution no one had leisure to read novels." This was repeated, and very gravely. Yet Paris was still the *old* Paris. The gaiety of the Champs Elysées was quite exhilarating.

June 13th.—I went to the Théâtre Français and

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saw "Andromaque." I have no doubt Madame Rachel deserved all the applause she received in Hermione. Her recitation may be perfect, but a Frenchman only can be excited to enthusiasm by such merits. She wants the magical tones, and the marvellous eye, and the majestic figure of Mrs. Siddons. The forte of Rachel, I dare say, is her expression of scorn and indignation. It was in giving vent to these feelings that she drew down thunders of applause.

Rachel as Hermione compared with Mrs. Siddons.

This journey afforded me the pleasure of meeting some of the most agreeable Americans I have ever seen —two ladies, who are well known in connection with the anti-slavery movement, Mrs. Follen and Mrs. Chapman, both friends of Harriet Martineau. Mrs. Chapman is an enthusiast; and there is this drawback in the society of all enthusiasts, that they are discontented if you do not go all lengths with them, and they will seldom allow themselves to talk on any other than their own special topic. Mrs. Follen is going to Heidelberg, and I have given her a letter to Mrs. Benecke.

Mrs. Follen and Mrs. Chapman.

On Thursday, 15th of August, I set out on a visit to Rydal, where I remained a week. I went to see Mrs. Wordsworth, whom I found admirably calm and composed. No complaint or lamentation from her. I went also to talk with Dr. Wordsworth about the Memoir he is writing.

Mrs. Wordsworth.

September 2nd.—Miss Denman informed me of the death of one of the most esteemed of my friends—George Young. He was one of the very best talkers I ever met with. His good sense and judgment were

George Young.

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admirable. Without imagination or lively abilities, his judgment was perfect. I enjoyed his company, and I have sustained an irreparable loss.

Aubrey de Vere.

September 16th.—At Mortlake took a luncheon dinner with the Taylors and Miss Fenwick. Mr. Aubrey de Vere, a very gentlemanly as well as superior young man, was there; the conversation was of a very interesting character. De Vere is a poet and liberal, a thinker and a man of sentiment.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

October 11th, 1850.

I will for once break through all order, by relating what I have heard since I began to write on this second side of my paper. I asked Babington Macaulay, the historian, "What is the fact as to the reputed secession of Henry Wilberforce from the Anglican to the Roman Catholic Church?" Macaulay answering, "I believe he has gone over." Another gentleman said, "He has announced it himself to the Archbishop of Canterbury." Macaulay then added, "I can tell you this,—the Bishop of Oxford wrote to the Archbishop to inquire how he should behave towards his brother. The Archbishop answered, 'Like a brother.'"

How to treat seceders.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

November 1st, 1850.

There was a time when I could not comprehend how it could be possible for a length of time to feed on one's own thoughts, without any aid from books or conversation. I find that I have now a faculty of so

amusing myself, of which I had formerly no conception. Thus much I will say, that I do not consider it so certainly a good thing to be able, without ennui, to pass hours and days in a dreamy and musing state. In a young man it would be evidence of an inert and torpid state of the mind, which is opposed to all useful labour and salutary energy. But there is a period in life at which when a man is arrived he may without reproach allow himself to indulge in this, which has been called a fool's paradise. And if it be allowed to fix an age, surely it may be settled to be that age, viz., three-score-and-ten, which the ancient Scriptures declare to be the boundary of human life, or rather of human activity. So I have comforted myself, when I have been on the point of reproaching myself for inactivity; and so it is that I am inclined to consider all that I now do as a sort of posthumous activity. I should hold forth this doctrine with more satisfaction, if I could fall back on the recollection of an active life in youth.

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1850.

Reverie may be indulged in by old men.

Three-score years and ten.

November 3rd.—I attended the University College Council. The members went up to the Flaxman Gallery, and were warm in its praise. Indeed the casts look very beautifully; and I shall not be reproached hereafter, I am sure, for having drawn the College into this scrape.

Flaxman Gallery.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square,*
30*th Nov.*, 1850.

Though you live very retired, and hear very little of what is going on in the world, yet I own I did

CHAP. XV. 1850.

Papal aggression.

expect you would tell me—or if not you, that Sarah would tell me—something of what is doing and saying in your town about the *Papal aggression* [that is the term]. What do the Evangelicals say who worship under the auspices of Mr. Kemp? and what the High and dry old Church of England who follow the soberer counsels of Mr. Hasted or Mr. Pelew? I am curious in these matters, not on account of the individual men, but because they are the representatives of classes. For the same reason I should like to know whether your orthodox Non-cons follow the sterner Presbyterians of the North, who have lost none of their antipathy to the Pope; or whether they join the Anti-State-Church Association party, who avow that they see little or no difference between the Roman and the Anglo-Catholic Churches. To my judgment, this is the most mischievous of the sects now busy, as the most foolish is that of the men who think that an insignificant matter is made too much of. I confess myself to be an alarmist, and a very serious alarmist too. The Ministry are in a fix—to use the Yankee phrase—a pretty considerable fix: and they have an adversary who will not fail to take advantage of any mistake. Now the Scylla and Charybdis between which the helmsmen of the State have to steer, are, on the one side, the triumph which would be given to the Papal Government by submitting to its assumption; and, on the other side, the sympathy which would be excited by seeming persecution. Yet surely thus much might be done with safety—an absolute prohibition of any territorial title taken from any part of England and Wales. Lord Beaumont, the

How it appears from different points of view.

Ecclesiastical titles assumption.

Roman Catholic, has pointed at this as the gist of the complaint.*

Flaxman Gallery.

The Flaxman Gallery will at least shed a ray of beauty over the College. It will be in its way the most beautiful thing to be seen, perhaps, anywhere, and I shall not grudge the cost, whatever it may be to myself. I dare not hope that you will ever recover sufficiently to come up and see it. But I flatter myself that, some forty or fifty years hence, when you and I shall be dead and forgotten, except by a very few, Henry will look at the beautiful gallery and say,—"It was an uncle of mine that was the prime mover in founding this gallery. It was through his influence that Miss Denman offered, and the College accepted, a gift of the casts."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

December 7th, 1850.

Papal aggression.

I incline to think I should have agreed with Mr. Eyre,† rather than with Dr. Donaldson, on the subject of Papal aggression; for I am an *alarmist*, and fear that the Doctor is not sufficiently aware of the extent of the danger in which the country is placed. You also seem

* On this subject H. C. R. felt very strongly, and wrote a long letter, which was published in the *Christian Reformer*, Vol. VII., New Series, p. 9: "Protest against Unitarian Advocacy of Non-resistance to the Pope's Bull." In this letter H. C. R. says:—"I do not presume to say—what none but a lawyer could dictate—what precise measure of prohibition the Government should adopt. I rejoice to find that the Duke of Norfolk has adopted the wise declaration of Lord Beaumont, who, with admirable propriety, has asserted the important difference between appointing a bishop to rule over the Romanists dwelling within a given district, and erecting *Sees* within Her Majesty's dominions; which these Catholic Peers acknowledge to be an insolence to which the Queen of England ought not to submit."

† A Bury clergyman.

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to me to belong to the class of indifferentists. I have begun an article on this subject, which has been on my mind for the last few days, almost to the exclusion of all others.

* * * * * * *

Dear Charles Lamb once wrote to me, inquiring whether he had not a clear right of action against a certain C. L. for sending very stupid articles to the *Monthly Magazine*, signed C. L., because they were injurious to C. Lamb's literary reputation. I was forced to opine that, according to the English law, a fool does not, by being a fool, lose the right to the use of his own name, however obnoxious that use may be to a wise man having the same, and that this applies to initials.

Initials.

MRS. WORDSWORTH TO H. C. R.

December 30th, 1850.

"My very dear Friend,

Finding from an affectionate letter I have just received from our common friend, *now* Lady Cranworth, that you are in town, I cannot let *this*, to me, year of affliction pass over my head without expressing how much you have been in my thoughts at this *season*, which used to be cheered by your presence. I did not, as heretofore—for I had not the wish—claim a right to your company at our Christmas board. I need not explain why—you would understand the feeling. But, dear friend, I trust it may not be very long before we may see you again as one of us, who for a time remain.

Mrs. Wordsworth.

I have often said this last year has done more to

make a *real old* woman of me than all the preceding *eighty* years of my life put together. However, I have good cause to be thankful for, in other respects, the enjoyment of perfect health and a multitude of blessings in this, my bereaved state. CHAP. XV. 1851.

God bless you, dear friend, for all your kindness to me and mine, and believe me ever to be sincerely yours.

1851.

Death of H. C. R.'s brother Habakkuk.

At the beginning of this year my brother Habakkuk died. He died without pain. He had lost both his sight and his power of walking. Still, when I saw him, he was apparently happy. It is a subject for grateful satisfaction that we are able to accommodate ourselves to such deprivations. A chief gratification with him must have been musing. I have this faculty also in an eminent degree, and exercise it in a way that no one could imagine. And I believe it will be my resource hereafter.

On the 11th I went to Bagshot to be present at the funeral.

Watson's statue of Flaxman.

January 15th.—I was detained in town by the wish to attend a meeting of the committee of the Flaxman statue. It took place at half-past two at Watson's studio. Peter Cunningham, Sir Charles Eastlake, Dr. Darling, and one or two others, were there. A gentleman, in the name of the executor, accepted the offer of the money raised, and to be raised, though it should amount to not much more than £300. Sir C. Eastlake produced an address to the public, solicit-

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ing further subscriptions, and stating that the statue would be presented to the University College, in order to be united to the works in the Flaxman Gallery. This was objected to by Dr. Darling. He thought that should be left open. On this I interposed, and expressed a wish that the Doctor would see the gallery; and it was agreed that we should go there. The moment he entered the gallery he declared his scruples to be at an end. He expected nothing so beautiful. He only hoped it would be open to the public.

Wordsworth's monument.

January 18th.—The business of the Wordsworth monument was gone into, but not much done,—£1,100 subscribed; and the secretaries are to address to artists a circular request for designs. The party was not large.

Ruskin.

The most interesting person was Ruskin, who talks well and looks better. He has a very delicate and most gentlemanly countenance and manners. We talked about the *Quarterly* review of Southey, and the demerit of the article.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, January 18th*, 1851.

. . . . . Mr. and Miss Rogers are returned from Brighton. Both she and he are able to drive out every day. He gives up his *numerous* breakfast-parties, but wishes to have every morning one or two friends, to come at half-past ten. I am going to him to-day. His clever lad Edmund manages everything for him.

Donaldson.

Yesterday I had at breakfast Dr. Donaldson, Dr. Boott, Sharpe the Egyptian, and Edwin Field. The

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morning went off exceedingly well. Dr. Donaldson made himself most agreeable. Boott said he had not for twenty years seen a man with such brilliancy and depth combined. Field I have not seen since, but he looked charmed. It is really a great advantage to have such a man to show to one's friends. He is a greater treat than *pâté de Périgord*. But it is time to get up and dress.

Athenæum, P.M.

S. Rogers.

I have had an interesting two hours with Rogers. There were four of us: the others were Henry Sharpe and Moxon. Rogers talks as well as ever.

Love me, love my book.

I am glad to find that you felt in harmony with my "Protest." Donaldson praises it. The difference of opinion on all writings (almost) is a subject of curious observation. It occurs to me, however, that the opinion of the book is generally more influenced by the sentiment towards the writer than is generally supposed. We think that our opinion of literary men is formed by our estimate of their works. But we often mistake in this. As to myself, I think I can trace both praise to liking, and censure to dislike. Of course I would not establish this into a rule.

Godwin on Sepulchres.

January 22nd.—Amused myself by reading Godwin on Sepulchres. It did not give me the *old* pleasure. The gross materialism is an incurable blot. How monstrous to affirm that every particle of mould has once thought, and that the ashes are the real man! This is as bad physics as metaphysics.

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QUILLINAN TO H. C. R.

Monday, Feb. 3rd, 1851.

. . . . . I have some hesitation in sending you the enclosed, one of many unsuspected *suspiria* of mine;* for such things are almost too sacred for the light in one's own lifetime. These stanzas flowed into and out of my mind yesterday morning of their own accord, as, on looking out when I got up, I found our vale and mountains, as I have occasionally observed them before, a very miniature of the plain of Grenada and the Sierra Nevada, though Ambleside is but a poor substitute for the Saracen city with its Alhambra. You will hardly have time to look at such things now, at the opening of Parliament, when your head is full of war against the Pope.† . . . . . .

Robertson's opinions.

February 15th (Brighton).—I had a three hours' chat with Robertson. A very interesting talk of course. He said:—"I feel myself more comfortable in the Church of England than I did. I feel I have a *mission*, and that, if I live a few years, it will not be in vain. That mission is, to impress on minds of a certain class of intellect, that there is a mass of substantial truth in the Church of England, which will remain when the vulgar orthodox Church perishes, as probably it soon will." He used expressions very like those of Donaldson, and

* These *suspiria* were the *stanzas* in p. 262 of "Poems by Edward Quillinan." The stanzas are very beautiful, especially in the references to the death of Dora and her father.

† Quillinan tells me Landor's witticism about "Quillinanities" (*see* page 114) was not original.

I have no doubt he is with perfect sincerity, and without any constraint, a firm believer in the doctrines he professes. It is true that he understands almost every orthodox doctrine in a refined sense, and such as would shock the mass of ordinary Christians. I told him of my notions on Papal aggression, and he so far agrees that he thinks the Government does right in resisting the assumption of titles.

Faraday.

February 18th.—(At Masquerier's, Brighton.) We had calls soon after breakfast. The one to be mentioned was that of Faraday, one of the most remarkable men of the day, the very greatest of our discoverers in chemistry, a perfect lecturer in the unaffected simplicity and intelligent clearness of his statement; so that the learned are instructed and the ignorant charmed. His personal character is admirable. When he was young, poor, and altogether unknown, Masquerier was kind to him; and now that he is a great man he does not forget his old friend. We had a dinner-party, and an agreeable evening; Dr. King, Dr. Williams, Miss Mackintosh, &c. The interesting man of the party was Ross, the Presbyterian minister, with whom I had much talk on theology, more, indeed, than would seem right; but I am told that we interested the company. Ross is learned in German theology, and a great admirer, as well as friend, of Julius Hare. Therefore liberal beyond the ordinary measure allowed to the ministers of the Scotch Church.*

Ross.

Two of Robertson's sermons.

March 2nd.—Heard Robertson twice. In the morning excellent, but his language too liable to be mis-

* Mr. Ross is now a clergyman of the Church of England.

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taken. For instance, he said,—"That men were not to believe on authority, nor because the speaker was confirmed by miracles, or announced by prophecy, but because what Christ said was true; that Christ did not claim to be listened to but for his word's sake; that what he said was not true because he said it, but he said it because it was true." The point to be established was, that it is the habit of obedience and the will which give the power to know, not the understanding; that is, in spiritual concerns.

Internal evidence.

Words-worth's Life.

April 11th.—I received last night a copy of the "Memoir of Wordsworth." I have as yet read no part but that which respects my journey with him.*

March 4th.—At the Athenæum with Dr. Boott and Dr. Donaldson. The term *sound Divine* being used, I said, "I do not know what is a sound divine," quoting Pope,—

Mot by Donaldson.

"Dulness is sacred in a sound divine."

"But I do," said Donaldson; "it is a divine who is *vox et præterea nihil*."

March 14th.—I made several agreeable calls, one on Chevalier Bunsen, who was even kind, and talked with deep feeling on the sad events of the times. He is zealous in favour of German religion and philosophy; and while he honours the practical philosophy of the English, deplores that their religion is without ideas. He thinks highly of Kenrick—more, I suspect, than of Donaldson; though he thinks, with Donaldson, that the root of the evil, in vulgar orthodoxy, is in the false

Bunsen.

* Mr. Robinson contributed to the Memoir a letter giving a brief account of his tour with Wordsworth in 1837, a fuller account of which has already been given in this work.

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1851.

notions of inspiration and bibliolatry. He quite frightened a poor Evangelical archdeacon by telling him that the Book of Daniel could not have been written earlier than the second century before Jesus Christ.

Verbal inspiration.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, 6th April*, 1851.

. . . . . I never felt myself stronger, and polite people say I never looked better, than now; but it is continually occurring to me that one of these days the *Times* "obituary" may contain one of its *minion* paragraphs:—"On the —th instant, after a few hours indisposition, of a congestion of the brain, aged 7–, H. C. R., &c. &c. &c. &c."

Anticipations of the end.

You won't consider this as a melancholy paragraph, I am sure. The only part of it that I should wish to have otherwise is the substitution of the figure 8 for 7. You have already secured the 8; neither of us wishes for the 9 in his obituary. My attention is now naturally drawn to the condition, and particularly the *mental* condition, of my seniors; and I am led to observe a distinction between that *weakening* of the faculties which is universal and inevitable—such as the loss of memory and slowness of comprehension, which are not particularly distressing, because not very mischievous nor humiliating, and which you and I are conscious of, without being saddened by it—and those *aberrations* and *obliquities* of intellect which are by no means peculiar to old age, and from which indeed old age is generally free. They are a great affliction when they occur. May we be spared the endurance of them,

Failure of mental powers.

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or (frequently the worse calamity) the witnessing them in those we love!

There is another incident frequent in old men, which I hope is not quite so bad, and that is the being prosy and long-winded in their talk and letters. I hear Sarah exclaim, "He gives us the specimen and the observation at the same time." And an impudent scamp at your elbow roars out, "Aye! that he does."

Prince Albert's visit to the Flaxman Gallery.

April 8th.—At three o'clock Prince Albert inspected the Flaxman Gallery. There were some half-dozen in attendance. The architect,* Wood, the Baron, Wyon, Cockerell. E. W. Field was there as honorary secretary. The Prince showed a familiar acquaintance with the works, and with Flaxman. He afterwards went into the library, chemical laboratory, &c. At first there were few, as he wished; but his presence gradually became known among the students. They all rose in the library; and, when he left, they set up a shout. All went off well. This is the most agreeable incident that has occurred to us.

German artists present at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

May 12th.—At the festival given to Kiss, Von Hofer, and other foreign artists, the P.R.A. gave the Flaxman Gallery as a toast, and my name with it, and asked me to make a little speech to the artists in German. I had a very agreeable talk with the great sculptors I have named. Kiss, from Berlin, is a fine fellow, sturdy and vigorous, like O'Connell. In my speech I addressed some remarks, in German, on the reproach against the

* Professor T. L. Donaldson.

English as utilitarians. My praise of Flaxman was well received. CHAP. XV. 1851.

[In 1851 Mr. Robinson made a tour with his friends Masquerier and Brown to Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, Frankfort, &c. At Berlin he saw Jacob Grimm, Ludwig Tieck, and Prof. Ranke; but the passages which will be given relate chiefly to his interviews with the Savigny family, "Bettina," and the Arndts.]

June 8th.—(Berlin.) Between twelve and one o'clock I was at Savigny's, the great lawyer and Minister of Justice. I had written a short note to Frau von Savigny; but she being from home, I gave it to the servant, and in a few minutes he returned. Most cordial was my reception from Savigny—"*Sind Sie der alte Robinson? Ich hielt Sie für stärker.*" (Are you the old Robinson? I thought you were stronger.) And when I left at night, his concluding words were, "*Ihre Ankunft ist eine frohe Ueberraschung.*" (Your arrival is a joyful surprise.) For more than half an hour, inquiries were exchanged and family histories related. Frau von Savigny said at night I was not altered in the least, and such I could honestly assure her was the case with her. As she has marks from the small-pox and is plain, she has been a gainer by old age, as is the case with all of us ugly people. After a talk of between one and two hours, I was invited to come in the evening, and on leaving at night was told that at nine they take tea, and I should be always expected at that hour. This is a most agreeable arrangement. In the evening came the celebrated Bettina. I had an impression that she would not feel very friendly towards me, but she gave me her hand *The Savignys.* *Bettina.*

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cordially. Her manners are odd—those of a self-willed person—as her opinions are those of one who thinks for herself. She is plain—as plain as one so intellectual can be. She lives in constant opposition to the Savignys in all matters of controversy. But they avoid controversy. I observed that when Bettina expressed herself strongly, "die Gundel," that is Kunigunda, was silent. And so when "die Gundel" spoke first, no direct contradiction came from Bettina, though opposite opinions were expressed. Frau von Savigny is a Conservative, holds Lord Palmerston in abhorrence, and thinks that he is the source of all the calamities of the time. Essentially her husband entertains the same opinion, but with a becoming moderation. The Minister thinks that the state of Prussia is not so bad as we imagine; but his wife was unable to defend the King against the charge of abandoning the Schleswig-Holsteiners. Bettina is an oppositionist, and thinks the King misled. All represent him to be a well-intending man. Frau von Savigny speaks of Bettina's works with admiration. In spite of their differences of opinion, she has pride in her sister. Bettina says that the family are Italian, and that "die Gundel" is an apostate for not espousing the Italian cause. Italy will yet rise and become great. "Die Gundel" says Bettina is misled by her humanity,—she thinks the oppressed always in the right. On my admitting that England treated Ireland ill, Bettina said, "No nation can reproach England on that ground; all have their Ireland." I recollect an eloquent defence of the Tyrolese by Bettina.

Opposite political views.

Bettina's prophecy for Italy.

On Ireland.

Bettina's daughters are charming girls. The eldest,

who refused to marry one of the Princes of Prussia, a nephew of the King, is a most interesting girl. And one of them has filled the Savignys' house with original paintings. They may have merit, but the colouring is not agreeable. I saw three of these daughters,—all interesting. I find them admirers of Macaulay and Dickens. They probably share more of their mother's than their aunt's opinions. I saw Savigny's eldest son. He is a handsome young man, as Savigny is a fine man approaching old age. Frau von Savigny, especially in the evening, appeared very agreeable, and revives my youthful impression of her. Her good-humour and vivacity are attractive. And Savigny is the same dignified person he was in youth. I should state that he resigned office as Minister of Justice at the Revolution, and would on no account resume it. He must, therefore, be discontented with the state of things, though rejoicing in the reaction, which indeed, he said, is the salvation of Germany. He praised the conduct of the soldiers. The day after he resigned his place he began again to write,—and in that he is great.

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Bettina's daughters.

Savigny.

June 12th.—Between eight and nine o'clock at the Savignys'. There came Jacob Grimm and others; amongst them the Von Arnims.

Evening with the Savignys.

June 13th.—I called at Professor Ranke's, and first saw Mrs. Ranke, the sister of Graves, who lives near Ambleside, and also of our ex-Professor of Law at the University College, who married a daughter of William Tooke. Soon afterwards her husband came in, but I saw him for a few minutes only, as he had to give a lecture. I stayed a long time with Mrs. Ranke. She

The Rankes.

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is a very superior woman. She praised with warmth Mrs. Wordsworth, thinking her almost greater than her husband. She is now a lover of Wordsworth's poetry, being a convert from Lord Byron. She is in religious matters very liberal, praising warmly Martineau's sermons; and so little of a bigot that she allowed Frau von Savigny to be godmother to her child. And what she said on this matter was confirmed by Herr von Savigny, viz., that in baptism the Roman Catholics and Protestants become godfathers and godmothers indiscriminately. In spite of the strength of their assurance that this is the practice of the Roman Catholics everywhere, I believe this would not be permitted by either party in England.

Sponsors of opposing creeds.

Madame Ranke praised Savigny as warmly as he praised her; but she sees them seldom, owing to her ill health. She lives a recluse life, and therefore my visit was quite an enjoyment to her.

Tieck.

June 13th.—Called on Ludwig Tieck. His memory put mine to shame, though he is more than eighty, and only just recovering from an alarming illness. He was on his sofa. He goes to bed very early, and would have received me in bed, which I should have allowed him to do in the evening, had I not procured the postponement of our journey.

I went again to Savigny's, walking first into the forest or pleasure-grounds (beyond the Brandenbürger Thor), of which I had never heard, but shall, I expect, see more of. They seem to be the Kensington Gardens of Berlin. At Savigny's the same party—that is, the Von Arnims. I am charmed with the young ladies, but the

The Von Arnims.

mother is as odd as ever. Frau von Savigny is too ill to go away to-day, as was intended, but I have formally taken leave.

June 15th.—I had a very interesting lounge and gossip with the second of the young ladies (Von Arnims), to whom I have promised to send a book under cover to Lord Westmoreland.

Goethe's monument at Frankfort.

Her mother came down with her hands covered with clay. She is, with the assistance of Schönhäuser, working on the model for Goethe's monument, to be set up at Frankfort. I saw a large painting of hers in the house. Of the merits of these works I do not pretend to have an opinion; but she is unquestionably a woman of a great variety of talents.

Dresden.

June 16th.—(At Dresden.) Took a short walk after dinner, and found that I remembered much of the city, though a great part of it seems new, and not quite so gay as I had fancied it. In one respect we were very lucky. Schlegel's Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night," called *Was Ihr wollt,* was played, and greatly to our satisfaction. The only mortification was, that I had such a faint recollection of Shakespeare. But Brown, who recollected more, could follow the translation throughout. It seemed to us admirably given. Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Malvolio, all seemed to us quite in conformity with the English conception of the characters. A Madame Meyer Bourke played both Viola and Sebastian; and, when personating the latter, she gave a manliness to her voice and step which would have almost deceived us as to her identity. There was, of necessity, a change in the text at last. Another

Schlegel's translation of Twelfth Night.

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person, who managed to conceal his face, came in as Sebastian.

The Arndts.

July 6th.—(Bonn). A fortunate day. Walked to Arndt's house; there I was met by his son with a smiling countenance. The father was detained from home on business. Arndt, Junr., returned with me to the Star Hotel, and we met the old gentleman near the gate. He engaged me to come and take coffee at four. Accordingly at that time I returned to the Professor's, and had a most delightful talk with them till seven. Our conversation was diversified by the presence of two Schleswig clergymen, who have been banished because they refused to preach in Danish, and teach the Danish language, which the people will not learn, and *they* cannot teach. This is a barbarism worthy the ally of Russia, and which the *Times* has not censured as it ought. Our three hours' talk was in an arbour fronting the Rhine, and affording a view of the Siebengebirge, especially the Drachenfels. We had a second confab of two hours in the house. There were present two other sons of the Professor, his wife, an agreeable, unpretending old lady, and her only daughter —a very pleasing girl.

Schleswig grievance from Schleswig clergymen.

Arndt at eighty-two.

I know not when I have had such a treat as in listening to Arndt, who, being eighty-two years of age, has a youthful vigour and animal spirits which are quite marvellous. The character of his mind is as youthful as his voice and physical qualities. He really inspires me with hope which I had lost for the human race. He acknowledges the sad condition of Germany at the present moment, owing to the follies and mis-

conduct of the people, who abused the power of which they lost possession very soon. And he is not blind to the attempts made by a party to crush the struggling liberties of the people; but he holds it impossible that this should be carried out, and is a most firm and zealous asserter that the civilized world is in a state of progress. He says that he can recollect between sixty and seventy years, and knows that in that interval, in Germany, men eat and drink, and in all respects live, better than they did. They are better dressed, are cleaner, and less corrupt and vicious in their lives. The higher classes cannot oppress the lower as they used to do, and humanity has advanced. This I rejoice to believe, and I try to think that it is all strictly correct, and not to any great degree the delusion arising out of Arndt's peculiar temperament.

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His hopefulness for liberty.

Change in manners.

Arndt also dwelt upon his favourite topic, the original diversity of races, to which he attaches so great an importance, and which goes far towards reconciling him to certain enormities in the history of civilization as inevitable and therefore pardonable.

On diversity of race.

He asserted at the same time his firm belief in God, immortality, and the essential truth of Christianity. He does not shrink from the language of orthodoxy, but it is clear that he cares nothing for orthodoxy. Yet he feels the necessity of order, and holds the *freie Gemeinde* in contempt. He confirmed what I had heard before, that no one is questioned as to his creed, and all who contribute to the maintenance of the Church have a voice in the election of the minister. It is not necessary to take the Sacrament in order to be allowed to

Open Church government.

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vote; and none but an open and scornful enemy would be excluded. Here on the Rhine, where the Protestants are a small minority, there is a legally established Presbyterian form of government. In the other provinces of Prussia, there are superintendents, another name for bishops, who, as the leaders of a clerical body, are acknowledged—but not as a distinct class. These are merely each *primus inter pares*. Arndt speaks as contemptuously as Arnold himself did of the supposed Apostolic succession. I may hereafter, perhaps, recollect more of his conversation. I will merely now repeat a *mot* which he quoted from Luther: "He who is not handsome at twenty, strong at thirty, learned at forty, and rich at fifty, will not be handsome, strong, learned, or rich in this world."

Saying of Luther.

Bonn.

Other notes of Arndt's conversation may be given here. Calling on him in the autumn of 1847, I found him reading Landor's works. Julius Hare had sent him a copy, as well as two volumes of his own sermons, lately published. Arndt was full of admiration of Landor's just perception of the Italian life and character, and was as enthusiastic as ever in his talk. I enjoyed highly the hours spent with him. A bust of Schleiermacher led to the information that Arndt's wife is Schleiermacher's sister. We spoke of the state of religion. Arndt said, "No good, except indirectly, will come of the new German Catholic Church; but a freer spirit is now stirring among the German Protestant clergy. They take the Bible as their *Norm*, but every man puts his own sense on it. So do I. I am a Christian. I believe in a sort of Revelation—*einer Art von*

Arndt on Landor.

Protestants becoming more liberal.

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1851.

Arndt's religious opinions.

'*Offenbarung*. I do not believe that the Maker of heaven and earth was crucified, nor that the Holy Spirit is a person. I worship Christ as a holy person. He is the purest and highest form of humanity ever known; but I do not pretend to know anything of the mystery of his nature. That is no concern of mine. But I take the Scripture as the guide of life; and if I could only act up to one-half of what it teaches, it would be well. I am for the Bible, and against the priests." . . . . . On politics he spoke hopefully. He thinks the world improving. "We have no *Völker-recht* in Germany, but we have a *Prinzen-privat-recht*. This Danish succession question concerns the princes, and they take it up; and it happens that the people and the princes are on the same side. The people won't let Germany be separated: that is all they care for,—not who is Duke of Holstein and Schleswig."

Desire for German unity, the moving force.

In 1856, when I was again in Bonn, old Arndt was living at 34 in the *Coblenzer Strasse*, a handsome suburb. I was recognised by Mrs. Arndt. The old patriot was attending a funeral. It suited all parties that I should be left to my after-dinner nap, from which he awoke me. He was the same as ever, and the more remarkable because of his age (eighty-seven).* His flow of talk, or declamation, was in quantity equalled only by Coleridge; the tone different—Arndt having a sharp, loud, laughing voice; his topics always recurring —the difference of race and the science of ethnology. A lover of liberty and justice, yet conscious of the necessity of submitting to power. He hopes for the future,

Arndt's flow of talk.

* Ernest Maurice Arndt died January 30, 1860.

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but expects nothing from Government. After a long and most interesting talk on these subjects, he proposed my accompanying them on a tea-visit—in fact a supper like those of my youth. The hostess was a widow lady of the name of Hirt—an excellent set of people of the middling class. Arndt talked incessantly, and was listened to with apparent admiration.

Quillinan's death.

July 10th.—Called at Moxon's, where I heard of the death of Quillinan, which Mrs. Wordsworth's note had made me apprehend.* This is a severe blow to dear Mrs. Wordsworth, after her other losses.

* A short obituary of Mr. Quillinan, from the pen of H. C. R., appeared in the *Christian Reformer* for August (1851, p. 512), some extracts from which will interest the reader :—

"July 8th, at Loughrig Holme, Ambleside, aged 59, EDWARD QUILLINAN, Esq. Mr. Quillinan was of Irish birth, and educated in the Roman Catholic Church. His father was a wine-merchant, resident in Portugal, where his younger brother still carries on the business. He entered the army early, but withdrew on his first marriage with the daughter of the late Sir Egerton Bridges. On the marriage of Mr. Quillinan with Miss Bridges, he entered into an engagement (at one time generally, and still occasionally, practised) that the daughters should be educated in the faith of the mother, and the sons in that of the father. And that engagement he most honourably fulfilled. After the death of his wife, Mr. Q. most scrupulously discharged his promise to Sir E. B., and never suffered a priest of his own church to enter his doors. When his daughters were of a suitable age, he insisted on their punctual discharge of the usual duties of social worship; and when he could not find elsewhere a fit companion, would himself accompany them to the parish church. To a friend who, half in jest and half in earnest, treated this as an act of unwarrantable, because inconsistent, liberality, he replied in a letter—'If I had thought the salvation of my daughters endangered by such an education, no scruples originating in false notions of honour would have weighed with me. But should any priest dare to insinuate to me that either of the excellent women with whom it has been my happiness to be united, was in a state of perdition because she had not been an acknowledged member of our Church, I should reply, in the indignant language of Laertes,—

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H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

Bury St. Edmunds,
August 5th, 1851.

It will give me pleasure to hear from you, whatever you have to say, and very great pleasure if you can give me, or I can infer, a good account of your health, both of body and mind. For instance, I shall infer that you are in a more sound and sane state if I hear that you have seen and enjoyed the Crystal Palace—one of the few consolatory and redeeming spectacles in this otherwise gloomy age. I am not sure I should be quite pleased had you attended the festival of the anniversary of the abolition of slavery in our colonies. I should be alarmed, as at a person in too high health—in danger from plethora. But do tell me how you are and have been. I will set you an example. I was six weeks on my trip to Berlin and Dresden; and I should have come back in despair if I had not an internal con-

Hope on for liberty.

> "'I tell thee, churlish priest,
> A ministering angel shall my sister be
> When thou liest howling.'

"Had his sudden and unexpected death not interposed, he would, probably, have undertaken the editorship of Mr. Wordsworth's 'Convention of Cintra' and other prose writings, for which he would have been eminently qualified: he possessed considerable critical talent, and excelled in the epigram, and in the familiar parlour style of fugitive poetry. He did not scruple to compose a satiric poem on the late Papal aggression, in which neither the Cardinal nor his opponents were spared: for he was one of a body, more numerous than is generally supposed, who thought the Papal movement impolitic in its consequences, as well as offensive in its manner. The freedom of his opinions being shackled by no restraints beyond those imposed by his kindly disposition, his shrewd common sense and good taste rendered him a universal favourite. He was a man of leisure, of lively social habits and activity of spirit; he was a medium of communication between those who were otherwise strangers to each other.—H. C. R."

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viction, which I am not able by reasoning to justify, that in spite of the triumph of the regal and military protectionists of Austria and Prussia, and of the ecclesiastical protectionists of Rome and Exeter, there is something imperishable in civil and religious liberty, and in humanity. But certainly there is a dark cloud which is covering the whole political horizon in Saxony. Men are imprisoned for not sending their children to be baptized, and newspapers suppressed for making extracts from Gladstone's letter to Lord Aberdeen. And the worst of all this is, that of late the popular party, whenever they have had power, have acted so foolishly as to make one dread even the destruction of the tyranny they resist. . . . . .

Oppression in Saxony.

The Reminiscences.

I feel no ennui, for I find full employment in my Reminiscences, which make me live over again my very inactive and inert life; but still it is *my* life,—and home is home, be it ever so homely. I see scarcely any one here. . . . . .

H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

Athenæum, 14th Sept., 1851.

. . . . . Whenever you go to your club, inquire for the letter from the Duke of Argyll to the Bishop of Oxford, entitled "The Double Protest." It is a gem! He is an extraordinary man, this Duke of Argyll, being a duke, a Scotchman, and a Presbyterian, and yet a very able man, and still young—an anomaly.

Duke of Argyll.

Sept. 18th, A.M.—I am setting off for Mrs. Wordsworth.

This fine weather is marvellous. If this does not cure

you of the *spleen*—that's your grandmother's name for the disease—I dare say it is hereditary, and therefore no fault of yours. Talking the other day with Sam Sharpe on the complaints of the landowners now, he made me a wise answer: "We all have it in our turn. A few years ago an Act of Parliament took away one-half of our income by legalizing *joint-stock* banks. There was no use making a fuss about it. We submitted then; the squires must submit now. In the end everybody is the better. Individuals must suffer when the public gain." Sharpe is by no means an optimist, and on the Papal question is a great deal worse than you.

The greatest good of the greatest number.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square,*
15*th November*, 1851.

As long as you continue to tell me that my letters give you pleasure, and I continue to have the use of my fingers, and my memory suffices, I shall go on writing, though a third mind, looking over what has been done, might wonder at the patience of both writer and reader. I do not mean to say that this remark is altogether applicable to my present letters; but this is the course of things. Of us seniors, I am the one who retains the most of youthful strength; but still the effects of age on my habits are as manifest. My loss of memory becomes daily more distressing; and coupled with this is the additional evil, that instead of not being aware of it, I imagine it to be worse than it is. Lately I thought I had lost several stamped receipts, which were to entitle me to considerable sums of money from

Loss of memory.

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Baring's. One of the clerks there is a lover of Charles Lamb's works, and I have secured his attentions by giving him autographs. So I revealed my infirmity to him, and begged his assistance. He found that the receipts had never been delivered to me. At this moment I am in trouble, from not being able to find between twenty and forty volumes of the Shakespeare Society publications. They are *somewhere*, but *where?* I have no fear of their being lost; but what we cannot find when we want it is practically lost, though we may be quite sure that it will be found again. This is what Jeremy Bentham, in writing of evidence in law, calls *forthcomingness*, and he would make provision for it in his juridical institutions. With me nothing is forthcoming, and I am perpetually in danger of forgetting the most important and necessary things.

The not found is lost.

Forthcomingness.

Robertson.

November 30th, Sunday.—(Brighton.) Heard Robertson preach an extraordinary sermon, reconciling philosophy with piety in a remarkable way, 1 St. Peter i. His subject was the resemblance between the revelation that had already appeared, and that which is to appear. In the course of the sermon, he uttered a number of valuable philosophical truths, which I cannot reconcile with Church doctrines, though I have no doubt he does so with perfect good faith. He spoke of a divine system of education, in the same way as Lessing speaks in his work on "the Education of the Human Race." And his definition of inspiration and prophecy is precisely such as is contained in the *Prospective Review*, in an article by J. J. Tayler. I know not

Education of the Race.

when I have heard a discourse so full of admirable matter; and this was the impression of others apparently. Yet he was full of Scripture allusions. I have been walking with him to-day. He is greatly improved in health, as his sermon showed, and does not appear to be materially altered in his notions. He acknowledges that he is surprised at being so long permitted to preach: he is aware how much he must be the object of distrust.

Ecclesiastical censure expected.

December 7th.—After breakfast an agreeable call from Dr. King, a sort of philosophical enthusiast. He is a free-thinker in the best sense of the word, but a conformist. He is a constant attendant and a great admirer of Robertson, and calls himself a Churchman; yet to-day he spoke of the English clergy as men who had five millions per annum given them to misrepresent Christianity.

Dr. King.

December 9th.—I heard Robertson both morning and afternoon, and had a conversation with him in the evening. My astonishment at this man increases every time I see him. This morning's discourse was a continuation of the last. He continued his illustration of the doctrine that Judaism indirectly taught what Christianity afterwards directly taught; that the teaching that one day in seven was to be holy, was not to intimate that the other days were to be unholy, but to lead to the recognition that all time was to be the Lord's. As he interprets even the words "without blood there is no remission of sins," they become inoffensive, for it means no more than this,—Christ died to exhibit the perfectest Christian truth, that the essence of Christi-

Robertson.

CHAP. XV. 1851.

Self-sacrifice the essence of Christianity.

Christianity and Atheism.

anity is self-sacrifice. It is the Divine principle; God and man are united wherever this principle reigns. I have told him that on Trinity Sunday, if possible, I will go to Brighton, to hear him expound, in his way, the Trinity. He considered the Christian and Atheistic ideas of progress to differ in this,—Christianity teaches that man could not be progressive of himself, *i.e.* without Divine aid, whereas the Atheistic doctrine is, that man could do it of himself, and requires no aid.

CHAPTER XVI.

1852.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, London,*
10th January, 1852.

. . . . . When you write that, next to the pleasure I have in paying visits, is that you have in reading about them, you remove all temptation to abstain from writing an account. This feeling of yours proves that in whatever way the old age, to which you have arrived, beyond that of any of our known ancestors, may affect you, as it *must*, in one way or other, all of us, it does not affect your *moral feelings*, which are, after all, the best part of man. It shows that you are free from envy. It never occurs to you, as it might, and the like does to others—"There is my brother, younger by only five years and four months, able to go into company continually, without any apparent injury, while I lead a life of comparative solitude." When this does occur to me, there occurs to me at the same time, in the spirit of Mrs. Barbauld's famous essay, which Henry cannot too soon have impressed on him, that I and you chose diverse courses, each having its advantages

Freedom from envy.

Against inconsistency in our expectations.

CHAP. XVI. 1852.

and disadvantages. You have through life had the comforts of domestic life—union for nearly thirty years with a very superior woman, by whom you were tenderly beloved. And you have had a son who, though it pleased Providence to deprive you and his family of him, while still young, yet lived long enough to be the object of general esteem, dying without an enemy. And he too was united to an affectionate and beloved wife. . . . . .

Family blessings

and social ones compared.

To think of all this is no slight pleasure, dear Thomas; and I have nothing to set off against it but these inferior pleasures, of which I from time to time give you an account. And I am not without an occasional apprehension, that whenever infirmity assails me, I may be without any other aid than the voluntary assistance of friends on whom I have no claim.

So on the balance of accounts we are more nearly on a par than might be thought; besides, what may not five years and four months bring forth? . . . . . .

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Athenæum, London, 24th Jan., 1852.

T. R.'s eighty-second birthday.

You will receive this on your birthday, I trust and hope in good spirits. And if you are fully conscious of being insensible to many of the lower enjoyments of life, I hope you will at the same time not be forgetful of this, that you, on entering your eighty-third year, have attained an age which few live to reach, and with still fewer of the deductions from full vitality than are generally seen among the few octogenarians.

I should have added to the above an expression of

my good wishes in the established form—*many returns of this day*—if I had not thought that you would probably protest against so undesirable a wish. This reminds me of my leave-taking of Mrs. Barbauld on my going to France, anno 182–, &c. She was suffering from a severe cold with a cough. "I hope I shall find you better on my return."—"Why so?"—"That seems a foolish question; health is better than sickness."—"Not always; I do not wish to be better. But don't mistake me. I am not at all impatient, but quite ready."

Mrs. Barbauld's "nunc dimittis."

She was, I believe, a couple of years older than you are now, when she died—a few weeks after my leave-taking.

It was her brother who wrote the couplet she might have written, and which I make no apology for repeating as a pious wish,—

The banquet of life.

> "From the banquet of Life rise a satisfied guest,
> Thank the Lord of the Feast, and in hope go to rest."

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, London,*
14*th February*, 1852.

. . . . . My last week has not been so gay as the visiting week was; but it has had its full variety of incidents of an amusing and relatable quality.

University College prospects.

On Saturday we had a Council meeting of the University College. Our prospects are not bright, nor are they very gloomy; we have taken our place, humble indeed, but it is still a place—among the institutions of the country, and more in harmony with the principles you and I were trained in when young, and have not

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abandoned in age, than any other. And I am pleased that, in this respect, we have showed more constancy than most of our contemporaries. In the evening, after taking dinner and tea at home, I stepped in to Serjeant Byles's, and had a pleasant chat with them.

Serjeant Byles.

I dined in Regent's Park with Mr. Bishop, one of our University College Council, the patriotic patron of astronomy, in whose private observatory on his own grounds several *planets* have been discovered. What an age of discovery this is! As many planets as were known in the firmament before. The primitive bodies in nature infinitely multiplied. Antiquity acknowledged but four elements! And both the natural history of the earth and the civil history of mankind acquiring new features of marvellous interest perpetually!

I cannot help wishing I had been born a little later in the world's everlasting progress.

Tuesday I had at breakfast Dr. Boott, Edwin Field, Paynter, Rolleston (Miss Weston's cousin), and Nineveh Layard, whom the others came to meet. You perhaps, and certainly Sarah, will recollect your son's having spoken of this high-spirited lad, whom he once dined with, and used to meet in my chambers. His uncle accused me of misleading him. I believe I did set his mind in motion, and excited in him tastes and a curiosity which now will not be matter of reproach, seeing that the issue has already been so remarkable. His adventures in Asia terminated in his discovery of the "Nineveh Antiquities," which have given him a place in the future history of art. But, more than that, he has had the means of developing such personal

A. H. Layard as a boy.

qualities, that he has been put into a place which *may* lead to his one day occupying a prime position in our political institutions. He has been appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs: he will now show what is in him. This is a start that, of course, delights his hopeful, and alarms his timid, friends. On Tuesday, I congratulated him on his then appointment to the office of Attaché to the Minister at Paris, which was first offered him.

On Wednesday I dined with F. Goldsmid, the Baron's eldest son. And in the evening was at the Graphic Society, which gives éclat to, and receives éclat from, our University College, in combination with the Flaxman Gallery. . . . . .

University College.

February 25th.—I attended the general meeting of the proprietors of University College. Unusually interesting. A motion was made very ably by Quain, an M.D. of the London University, in favour of graduates being admitted to a share in the government of the University, and assented to universally, with the exception of Samuel Sharpe and James Yates. Sir James Graham filled the chair both here and at the previous meeting of the council, and very ably. Richard Taylor brought the Lord Mayor Hunter, and into his hands was put the resolution thanking the Miss Denmans for the gift of the Flaxman Gallery. He did it decently, considering he knew nothing about the subject, and the motion was very well seconded by Joseph Hume. It was carried by acclamation. On this I rose to return thanks for Miss Denman, which I did so so. I praised

Order of Fellows created.

Flaxman Gallery. Vote of thanks.

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Miss Denman warmly for her attachment to Flaxman's name; and, referring to the mover, mentioned the group of Athamas at the Marquis of Bristol's, near Bury, and I eulogized Mr. Hume for not being a vulgar utilitarian. After this, Tagart rose and said that, if it were not indecorous, he would move thanks to me for having assisted Miss Denman in her work. There was a cry of "Move!" on this, and he made the motion. It was seconded very kindly by Samuel Sharpe. I was gratified by the circumstance, and returned thanks in a few words.

Miss Coutts.

March 1st.—I dined with Miss Coutts; a most agreeable day. Sir Charles Napier, a burly man, with the figure of an alderman, but a strong face (I should not have guessed him to be the fighter he is); Gleig, Chaplain-General to the Forces, a much finer countenance, with his Peninsular ribbon with three stripes; Babbage, the militant man of science; Barlow, &c.

A second dinner-party.

March 11th.—I dined with Miss Coutts; a large and very interesting party; twenty-two at table, and in the evening there came a great number. At the dinner-party were Sir James Graham* (I told him of Lamb's legacy to our hospital); Bunsen, who said he had three doses of comfort for me, but I could not catch his ear afterwards; Lord and Lady Edward Howard—an interesting young man, were it only on account of his having induced his wife to marry him, and so saved her from the convent. Sidney Herbert was there, and Dr. Brewster, and the Earl of Devon, *cum multis aliis.*

* Sir James Graham was an active member of the Council of University College.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

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May 7th, 1852.

. . . . . On this day died Mrs. H. N. Coleridge, aged forty-nine. An excellent woman, whom I highly esteemed. She was the poet's only daughter, and the larger portion of his spirit descended on her. She retained her composure of mind to the last. She borrowed of me, in her last illness, a large-print edition of Shakespeare. She had no scruples of conscience on that point. Her head and heart were both better than her creed. . . . . *Death of Mrs. H. N. Coleridge.*

On Wednesday I went to a soirée at Professor De Morgan's, at Camden Town. Mrs. De Morgan was a daughter of Frend's. His son was there, and he heard me relate with great pleasure what Serjeant Rough told me,—that he, together with Copley, afterwards Lord-Chancellor Lyndhurst, and a future bishop (name forgotten), was chased by the Proctors at night, in the streets, for chalking on the wall, "Frend for ever!!!" The future bishop alone was caught. Even High-Church Tories are not ashamed of the liberal freaks of their youth. . . . . *At De Morgan's.* *A liberal freak of Lyndhurst's.*

August 4th.—I walked this morning to ——— and found Lady C. very agreeable. I find her quite consistent in her liberality, for, on stating that there are three tests in Christianity—those of the sacraments, creed, and character—she exclaimed, "The last is the only one I care about." This is the really essential doctrine. On matters of taste she is firm. She has also had the courage to declare, in company,

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that she sees nothing to be frightened at in the book imputed to Dr. Donaldson.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

30, *Russell Square, September 25th*, 1852.

Death of the Duke of Wellington.

. . . . . His death (the Duke of Wellington's) has occasioned an expression of national sentiment which does the country honour; and the public funeral is not wanted to prove the sincerity of the universal language. In Spring, when I last dined with Miss Coutts, he did not come to dinner, but was there in the evening. He held the arm of his hostess as he walked up and down the drawing-room; and it was difficult to determine which supported the other. Dr. Boott has been telling me that, since I saw him, he was at the American Minister's, when the Minister introduced the Doctor's mother to him as, in one respect, his (the Duke's) superior, being several years *older*. The Duke cordially shook hands with Mrs. Boott.* . . . . . .

Mrs. Browning.

October 6th.—Dined at home, and at eight dressed to go to Kenyon. With him I found an interesting person I had never seen before, Mrs. Browning, late Miss Barrett—not the invalid I expected; she has a handsome oval face, a fine eye, and altogether a pleasing person. She had no opportunity of display, and apparently no desire. Her husband has a very amiable expression. There is a singular sweetness about him.† Miss Bayley and Mrs. Chadwick were there.

October 22nd.—After dining at home, I went to Mrs.

* Mr. Leslie painted about this period the Duke as he appeared at an evening party. The picture, it is believed, was for Miss Coutts.

† Mr. Browning was a relation of Mr. Kenyon's.

Bayne's, meaning to go to Mrs. Reid's afterwards; but Kenyon was coming later, and this seduced me to stay till eleven. And a very pleasant evening we had, telling *bons mots* and repeating epigrams. The following is from Kenyon: "What is dogmatism?" asked some one of Douglas Jerrold. "Puppyism full grown." CHAP. XVI. 1852.

October 23rd.—Heard a *mot* of Donaldson's. Lady C——, offering a wager, was asked what it should be. "A feather from one of my wings when I am an angel." —"I would recommend your ladyship," said Donaldson, "to abstain from such wagers. There is great danger, if you do not, that you may be *plucked*."

Dr. Boott on American Slavery.

November 8th.—Called on Boott.* He reproached me with inconsistency, because I was intolerant of those who upheld slavery in order to save the Union, and yet was tolerant towards the governments of Europe who kept the people in slavery. I love Boott, and must avoid the subject, if it endanger our friendship.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

20th November, 1852.

A pleasant dinner-party.

. . . . . This day week I dined with Mrs. Bayne. A table of six persons cannot be said to hold a *party*. They consisted of Mrs. Bayne, our hostess, a Mr. and Mrs. Whitbread—he's the great-nephew of the great brewer who, fifty years ago, was, with Grey and Burdett and Lambton what Cobden Bright and Hume are now, Kenyon, whom you know, and Thirlwall, the Bishop of St. David's. The Bishop was the bosom friend of Dr. Bayne, and is one of the liberal and

* Boott himself was an American.

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most learned of his order; with Archdeacon Hare, one of the patrons of the German school of philosophy in the study of Biblical criticism, and author of a voluminous "History of Greece." He abandoned the law for divinity, and when at the Bar went the Chelmsford Sessions with William Pattisson; he is one of the half-dozen who, at different times, have honoured me with a touch of the holy hand, though not for the purpose of consecration. A very agreeable afternoon. . . . . .

Thackeray's "Esmond."

I believe I should have stayed at home on the Thursday, if I had not read the first volume of Thackeray's new novel, "Esmond," which has greatly interested me; and I humbly recommend it to the novel-reading portion of your household. It is far more pleasant than "Vanity Fair," and does not exhibit in disproportion all the *parties honteuses* of our mixed nature. The female characters are well contrasted. I had read little more than one volume, and, meaning to go to Brighton to-day, I wished to finish it. I breakfasted by candle-light, and was at the Athenæum soon after eight. This being the day of the Duke's funeral, the house was already nearly occupied; seats had been erected for the ladies in front. The library, having not even a side-view of the procession, was nearly empty till towards two, when, all being passed, company came in till their carriages could be brought to them. I sat reading by the library fire from half-past eight till near six. Once or twice I took a peep from the drawing-room window, and had a glimpse of the tawdry car—enough for me; but the

The funeral procession.

noble troops, and the mourning-coaches, and the banners, had an imposing effect. . . . . .

Robertson.

November 21st.—(Brighton.) I heard a sermon from Robertson, marked by his usual peculiarities, he speaking of imputed righteousness as the righteousness to be obtained in an advanced state of excellence, and of man being reconciled to God, and therefore God reconciled to man. Samuel Sharpe told me that people here complain that he unsettles men's minds. Of course, no one can be awakened out of a deep sleep without being unsettled. An eloquent eulogy of the Duke, as exhibiting a perfect devotion to duty. He concluded with the declaration that he was proud of being an Englishman.

Relation of Judaism to Christianity.

November 28th.—The wet weather continued, and kept me within to a great degree. I was at Robertson's, and heard a sermon full of striking thoughts, on the relation of Christianity to Judaism—being abolition by expansion, as the Judaic Sabbath is abrogated when every day is devoted to the Lord.

F. W. Robertson on Lady Byron.

November 29th.—I went to Robertson's, and had two hours of interesting chat with him on his position here in the pulpit; also about Lady Byron. He speaks of her as the noblest woman he ever knew.

December 27th.—A singular and unexpected occurrence took place to-day, which is the more remarkable because my first occupation was to write a long letter to Mrs. Clarkson, giving her an account of my visit to the Haldanes.

At the Athenæum, Milman, the Dean of St. Paul's,

CHAP. XVI. 1852.

Bishop of Oxford.

came up to me and said, "Mr. Crabb Robinson, the Bishop of Oxford wishes to have the pleasure of being introduced to you." I had scarcely time to say, "The Bishop does me honour," before the Bishop presented his hand, and said, "I have long wished to have the pleasure of being known to you. Long ago there was *one* subject on which we differed, but that has been long forgotten on my part."* I, of course, took his hand, and said, in a tone which implied acquiescence, "I hope your Lordship knows that I was led to take the part I did by being in my childhood very intimate with Mrs. Clarkson. I am now her oldest friend." He said he was aware of that. I then spoke about her health, &c.

1853.

January 4th.—Continued at home, reading, till past one, when I went to Hampstead. I could only leave a card at Mrs. Hoare's, and then had a long and agreeable chat with Tagart. He was in good humour, as, indeed, he always is; and he and I think alike on the Popery question. He seemed heartily to enjoy "The Bridge of Sighs," by Tom Hood. Tagart's residence, called Wildwood, is a charming spot.

Wildwood.

February 4th.—My first reading was "Loss and Gain," since finished,—a book admirably adapted to its purpose: an insidious picture of the several states of mind of one possessing natural piety, living at Oxford, and finding no comfort till he is received into the bosom of the Church. But one thought *touched* me: it is easier to believe in the authority of the

Power of the keys.

* *See* ante, p. 158.

Church than of the Scriptures. Yet I could answer it. What the Church affirms is incredible and indescribable. What I understand the Scriptures to teach is most desirable; and, if not true, it ought to be. It carries with it its own authority. CHAP. XVI. 1853.

March 5th.—Dr. Donaldson repeated a pun of his own. It was said at table, "If you can give me at dinner a good dish of fish after soup, I want no more." "That is not my doctrine," said Dr. Donaldson. "On such a theme I am content to be held *superficial*." *A mot of Donaldson.*

April 6th.—After breakfast I discharged a debt of long standing, and carried to Archdeacon Hare, at Kingston, a drawing of his sister, by Miss Flaxman, sent him by Miss Denman. He is recovered from a long illness, and returns to Hurstmonceaux. I was glad to receive a few words of kindness from a man I much like. He is consistent, to a degree I envy, in his faith that all will end well. *Archdeacon Hare.*

April 7th.—I read to M.—— an excellent article on Wordsworth's life, by Lady Richardson, in *Sharpe's Magazine;* only Lady Richardson praises the written life by mistake, when she ought to have eulogized only the actual life. *Lady Richardson.*

May 3rd.—I had a narrow escape in the evening, on my way to hear a lecture by Kinkel; as I was crossing the top of Torrington Square, with my umbrella up, I was knocked down by a cab-horse, and, luckily, was knocked out of his path. I fell flat, and was not run over; so that I may venture to say no serious injury has arisen. The splinters of my umbrella have cut my hand; and my knees are bruised. I was *H. C. R. knocked down by a cab.*

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stunned, but in a few minutes recovered. I went on to the University College; heard part of the lecture; but was conscious of being very muddy, so I stole out again.

Mrs. B. Stowe.

May 24th.—At Mrs. Reid's between three and four. There were assembled, Mrs. Beecher Stowe and some twenty or thirty of Mrs. Reid's acquaintance, to be introduced to the object of general curiosity. She looks young, and quite unpretending. She had been with Mrs. Clarkson. Lady Byron was also present, to whom Mrs. Jameson introduced me, and with whom was Dr. King. Lady Byron echoed my praise of Robertson, who has consented to take a curate. A special subscription of £200 has been raised; and the subscribers force him to promise that he will give the curate only £100 per annum. Mrs. Bayne was there, as well as Estlin, and the most intelligent-looking negro I ever saw. It was Craft, whose escape from slavery has been before the public.

Lady Byron.

Craft.

C. G. Loring on Webster.

June 24th.—An interesting evening at Boott's. The star was Loring,* the friend formerly of Webster. Loring broke with Webster on account of his conduct respecting slavery. The pro-slavery party flattered him, and made him hope for the Presidentship, on which he had set his heart, and represented that, by supporting the compromise he would be as great a benefactor to America as Washington had been, for otherwise the Union would be broken. Ultimately, however, they

* He rose to the head of the Bar at Boston; his death took place in 1867. During the late American war he published a correspondence with H. C. R.'s executor, E. W. Field, on the English feeling and conduct respecting the war.

abandoned him; and it was remorse that killed him. Still, Loring thinks that Webster has been harshly treated. I have seen no one who judges seemingly with so much candour as Loring. My interest in the conversation was increased by finding that his wife, an interesting woman, was the widow of the brother of my old acquaintance, Goddard.

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August 17th.—Dr. King wrote to me, informing me of the death of Robertson, of Brighton. Take him for all in all, the best preacher I ever saw in a pulpit; that is, uniting the greatest number of excellences, originality, piety, freedom of thought, and warmth of love. His style colloquial and very scriptural. He combined light of the intellect with warmth of the affections in a pre-eminent degree. I had thought of him continually, reading Maurice's "Essays;" and when I wrote to Dr. King, inquiring about Robertson, I asked whether Robertson could read works requiring thought, meaning to send Maurice's "Essays" to him.

Death of F. W. Robertson.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

August 17th, 1853.

. . . . . Robertson's theology had an air of grandeur and truthfulness about it, which won all hearts—the hearts of all who filled his chapel; while he had to pay the common price of following truth which his Master paid, viz., to endure envy, jealousy, and malignity.

Robertson's theology.

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PAYNTER TO H. C. R.

Kensington, 7th September, 1853.

. . . . . For my own part, I have for some time come to the firm conviction that the Church of England is a mere secular institution, highly valuable to the Government as an instrument for the preservation of peace, order, and decent morals, but having no more necessary connection with Christianity and real religion than the hare has with the currant jelly: our Church *may*, indeed, be auxiliary to the spread and maintenance of the Gospel; but so may all churches which acknowledge the Bible as an authority, as the Roman, the Greek, the Presbyterian, &c.; but such is not the real end and essence of such institutions. Ignorant people often speak with similar inaccuracy of a window, as being made to *let in the light;* but we put in the window, both frame and glass, not to let in the light, which would come in more freely without either, but to keep out the wind and the rain. And so a Church, though it render little help to Christianity, which wants not such aid, may serve to keep out the cold blasts of infidelity, and the damp pestilential vapours of dissent; but it is in Spain only that these objects have been effectually attained. . . . . .

Paynter on an Established Church.

It is like a window.

Lady Byron.

September 13th.—(Brighton.) Dr. King called, and in the evening I called by desire on Lady Byron—a call which I enjoyed, and which may have consequences. Recollecting her history, as the widow of the most famous, though not the greatest, poet of England in our day, I felt an interest in going to her; and that

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interest was greatly heightened when I left her. From all I have heard of her, I consider her one of the best women of the day. Her means and her good will both great. "She lives to do good," says Dr. King, and I believe this to be true. She wanted my opinion as to the mode of doing justice to Robertson's memory. She spoke of him as having a better head on matters of business than any one else she ever knew. She said, "I have consulted lawyers on matters of difficulty, but Robertson seemed better able to give me advice. He unravelled everything and explained everything at once as no one else did."

F. W. Robertson.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

London, 30, *Russell Square*,
17*th Sept.* [1853].

. . . . . I was informed that Lady Byron wished me to call on her; which I did last Tuesday. She had seen me at Mrs. Reid's, and wished to consult with me about the forthcoming biography of Robertson. We had a long talk; and as I was on the point of leaving Brighton the next morning, she wrote to me, proposing that the "Life" of her friend should be published in the same form as that of Margaret Fuller d'Ossoli, the American philosopher, to which some writers of eminence have contributed—Emerson being one—and she wishes me to add my contribution.

Robertson's "Life."

I was much pleased with Lady Byron. She is a very remarkable woman, and is most generous and high-minded. . . . . She places Robertson, as I do,

Lady Byron.

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The troubling of the waters.

at the head of all the preachers we have ever known. He does not, I dare say, differ essentially from Maurice and other liberal Churchmen in his opinions. He is one of the men who, in this stirring age, have been giving *a shake* to opinions and systems, which will be sorely tried thereby. . . . . .

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Esher, Oct. 2, 1853.

It will be my endeavour to circulate as many copies as possible of the article you have so kindly sent me;* and allow me to suggest that it should be printed on a separate sheet of letter-paper for that purpose. The good effects which the perusal appears to me likely to produce are,—

Folly of a brazen horizon in the Church.

(1st.) To enlarge the views both of Churchmen and Dissenters, and to expose the folly of making, as it were, a brazen horizon to any Christian Church, instead of a soft, melting, aerial boundary.

Remedy for sectarianism.

(2nd.) To show by the example, even of one whose ministry was so short, and under many unfavourable circumstances, the *power* of such expansive charity to obliterate sectarian distinctions—a power we cannot suppose separable from Truth. You will see the argument better than I could state it. These are consequences apart from the *personal* object, with reference to which I can only say that, as a friend of Robertson's, I thank you.

* An obituary of the Rev. F. W. Robertson, written by H. C. R., and printed in the October number of the *Christian Reformer* for this year, p. 661.

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1853.

September 28th.—Edward Dighton* is dead!—one of the finest men I ever saw; a sort of cross of the Hercules and Apollo.

W. E. Dighton.

Let me supply an omission. At Talfourd's some months ago, I met C. Kemble. In my anecdotes of old times and my love for Mrs. Siddons he expressed great pleasure. He spoke of his brother as a greater artist than his sister.

C. Kemble on his brother and sister.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23, *Montpellier Road, Brighton,*
19*th October*, 1853.

Many thanks for your two letters; the first with the inclosure—the notice of Robertson. I have lent it to several, who have had great pleasure in the perusal of it. It says as much as can be said of him in that compass. You say, *De minimis non curat lex;* I say, *De minimis curat rex.* If he did not care *de minimis*, how could I exist? . . . . . .

I agree with you,—your memoir raises doubts rather than satisfies them; but that is all that can be done at present. We are tired of the old, and looking for the new. Time is an element in all human changes. A church is a stepping-stone in the great ladder which men are climbing, to answer the primeval question, What is God? All the systems from the beginning are the answers to this question in their generations. When Dr.——— proclaims a hell of eternal punishment,

The primeval question.

* A painter, who died young, shortly after his return from the East—a man who had, in a most remarkable degree, the faculty of winning the love of all who came under his influence. One of his later works will be found highly praised in Ruskin's "Modern Painters." Vol. II. pp. 223, 224.

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that is *his* answer. He thinks it is in THE Gospel—*i.e.* *his* gospel: it is his conception of God. . . . . .

Dr. Parr's purgatory.

Dr. Parr was a step in advance. He thought the Unitarians might be saved, but they must be *scorched* first. He delighted in drinking hob-a-nob with a man who was sure to be scorched before he could be fit company for him. The fact is, we conform the gospel to our minds, and not our minds to the gospel. That is Churchdom. . . . . .

I think the time is gone by for considering whether Robertson would be injured in the opinion of any one. If anything he wrote or thought could make others think, that would do good. The opinion of any one in this world, except the wise and good, who do not aspire to be even tolerant—who are too *modest* to be tolerant, since toleration implies superiority—is of little consequence. The only true "Toleration Act" is that of God, who tolerates all. But yet, God does not *tolerate*, He *educates*. The educator expects his pupil to be imperfect. He professes to cure imperfection. So God, as Educator, professes to cure sin; and, as a means, He sends His Son, the model man, to explain what He means by human perfection; and He says, "This is what I mean to bring all mankind to." . . . . .

God tolerates all.

The education of the race.

It appears to me that the intention of Providence is to elevate the people—the million. But this is a work of time, and WE are too impatient. We want all to be done in our lifetime; but we forget that a thousand years are with Him as a day. Then it appears to me that the despotic form of government is most suited to savage life and early civilization, and the constitutional form to

Time an element.

a more advanced state. But if the despot was enlightened, that would be the simplest form for all states.

The gospel of progress.

Then, again, I think that moral improvement is the real end of man, and that all society is really contrived for that; but this is far more difficult to attain than intellectual improvement.

How this end is to be brought about is hidden from us. But I look upon the first promise, however made or supposed, as prophetic — "Thou shalt bruise his head," *i.e.* sin shall ultimately be abolished.

When this period arrives, it will be a demonstration that the credit is to be given to God, and not to man. This was the object for which Christ died. This made Paul despise all things in comparison with Christ. . . . . .

October 26th.—At the Athenæum. A talk with Sir James Stephen. We had a satisfactory chat about the charge brought against Maurice by Jelf, which, though hardly credible, is really, as far as it is definite, confined to a doubt raised about the eternity of hell. Stephen spoke highly of Robertson. Maurice praised him. And more significant was the unintended praise of another, who said, "Robertson made me sad; his words seemed a message from God to myself."

On the heresy of Maurice.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23, *Montpellier Road, Brighton,*
27th October, 1853.

. . . . . The proper question is, not why Christianity has done so little? but why have not men

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Why are morals so difficult?

attained to common sense? But then that would resolve itself into other questions: why are not all men mathematicians or chemists, &c.? to which the answer is supposed to be very simple. But it is easier for a man to be a great astronomer than a great Christian. It is easier to be a learned man than a good man. Why morals should be so difficult, stirs another and a deeper question; for we must suppose that there is a wisdom in the fact. A question of creeds is but a petty question at any time. The real question lies deeper. . . . . .

Something deeper than creeds.

DONALDSON TO H. C. R.

Bury St. Edmunds, 31st October, 1853.

Donaldson on F. W. Robertson.

Many thanks for your interesting letter, and the little sketch of Mr. Frederick Robertson, which is to be counted as a testimony worth thousands of those memoirs of insignificant piety with which the religious press has been teeming. Whatever conclusion may be arrived at by the "pauvre homme" and his assessors, the principles of the "broad Church," so well propounded in the last *Edinburgh Review*, will, I am sure, prevail in the long run. If not, Christianity is in peril. The world will not much longer permit the most ignorant class of theologians to invest their own opinions with *sacro-sanct.* infallibility. Above all, I do hope that the pernicious hypothesis of mechanical inspiration is beginning to be felt untenable. We have just had a notable proof of this in a book on the Genealogies, published by Lord Arthur Hervey, who

Broad Church prospects.

Mechanical inspiration.

used to be strong for the Low-Church view of this matter. He has been induced to make a great number of conjectural emendations of the sacred text, and has come to the conclusion that Biblical chronology is full of blunders! What will the *Recordites* say to this?

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23, *Montpellier Road, Brighton,*
4th November, 1853.

. . . . . I have come to a conclusion with respect to the existence of evil which is somewhat different, or appears to be so, from what I have anywhere seen, but which, perhaps, is only stating the same thing differently. It is this: that, with such a being as man, he can only be convinced of sin or folly by suffering its consequences. He is not an *à priori* being (which the Deity is), but a being of experience. We see in every action, from the cradle upwards, that he takes little or nothing upon trust. He must make his experiment, and prove that the fruit is bitter by its taste. No sooner has one generation done this and satisfied itself, than another arises which must be satisfied in the same way. Thus the effect of the experience of one generation upon the next is an infinitesimal one; but it is something: and so after many ages, even in this life, sin may be conquered: and as to the next, the circumstances will probably be so changed that it is impossible to reason about them at present.

Sin realized by its consequences.

Man learning only by induction.

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DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23, *Montpellier Road, Brighton,*
8th November, 1853.

My dear Sir,

F. D. Maurice.

. . . . . I hear Maurice is excommunicated. Now I honour him. I shall criticise him no more. I hear some one at Oxford of the name of Gilbert has pronounced the funeral oration of the Church of England —*i.e.*, I suppose, of the intolerant party in it. The last dying speech and confession of Intolerance! Then new Robertsons and new Maurices will arise. *Novus sæclorum nascitur ordo.* These things must be done gradually; we must not pull her down before we have something better to put in her place, "lest a worse fate befall us." I admire that fixedness in England. We have made wonderful progress in fifty years. . . . .

November 7th.—It is seldom, if ever, I have written in these journals after so long a delay. The cause will appear, and it will be justified by the circumstances.

Mrs. Clarkson and Mrs. Wordsworth.

My dear old friend, Mrs. Clarkson, had often expressed a wish to see Mrs. Wordsworth, were it possible; but her paralytic attack put it out of her power to travel. And Mrs. Wordsworth, after the death of her husband, had resolved not to come to the South again; though she repeatedly said that, were she to be in London, she should hope to go as far as Playford. They did not write to each other, but I every now and then communicated to the one letters from the other to me, and so the wish was kept alive; and when it was resolved by Mrs. Wordsworth to come to Miss Fenwick's, I took

care to press on her, that now she could go to Playford. And to render that practicable, I promised to accompany her. The result of all was, that this morning I met Mrs. Wordsworth and her son John's daughter, Jane, at the Shoreditch Station, and we proceeded to Ipswich. When we arrived there, to our annoyance, there was no carriage from Playford; and I began to fear that I had omitted to write, which it turned out was really the case. After waiting a quarter of an hour, to make sure that the absence of the carriage could not be through any slight mistake as to time, I took a fly, and about a mile and a half before reaching Playford, we met Mrs. Clarkson and Mrs. Dickenson. They were taking a drive. I was in confusion, and the two ladies were also agitated. Mrs. Clarkson said she would come into our fly, forgetting that she could not move, and Mrs. Dickenson got out to speak to us; but she was a stranger to the ladies. When I had accompanied the ladies into the dining-room, I returned to see the luggage taken out, and pay the postillion.

Playford.

The two old friends left together.

On my going into the room again, the two old friends had recognised each other, and were in all the imperfect enjoyment of a first interview after melancholy privations on both sides. I saw at once that Jane and I were only in the way; I therefore proposed to her that we should take a walk. In a few minutes Mrs. Dickenson followed our example, and we walked out for more than an hour, looking at the gardens, parsonage, &c. &c., and did not come back till dinner was nearly ready. Mrs. Clarkson keeps an excellent table, and the Wordsworths care less than most people for creature comforts,

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so that Mrs. Dickenson declared that the want of notice really was a great relief to Mrs. Clarkson, and I was forgiven for my omission. A mistake arising from anxiety is a very different offence from the forgetfulness of indifference. We dined between four and five; the evening passed off rapidly. I hardly spoke to Mrs. Clarkson, leaving the two ladies as much as might be to themselves. They remained below, and Jane, Mrs. Dickenson and I went upstairs, where we were joined by Mr. Dickenson, and we drank tea together, the two old ladies taking theirs below. We went down a short time before they retired, between ten and eleven, and I sat up a little time longer alone.

The last leave-taking.

November 16th.—Before we left Playford this morning, Mrs. Clarkson sent for me into her bedroom. We had an interesting chat. I rejoiced to find that both the dear old widows felt grateful to me for having brought about this interview. I have promised to take Jane to Playford next Spring, and then on to Rydal.

MRS. CLARKSON TO H. C. R.

December 20th, 1853.

My dear Friend,

Letter afterwards.

. . . . . You never before gave so much pleasure (though the greatest part of your life has been spent in acts of kindness), as in bringing Mrs. Wordsworth here, and I believe she feels it as much as I do. . . . . .

November 23rd.—A heavy fog, and consequently a remarkable day. Returning from a meeting of the

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Senate of University College, Professor Key and another Professor very kindly took me in charge. I should, otherwise, have had a difficulty in crossing the New Road. They also accompanied me to John Taylor's. I thought he, as well as myself, might be going to dine at Mrs. Sturch's. After staying with him a few minutes, I went on alone to Mrs. Sturch's, and dined with her tête-à-tête. Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Tayler, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Miss Lee, and Miss Knight were all unable to keep their engagement, owing to their inability to find a conveyance.

A fog.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

Brighton, December 15th, 1853.

F. D. Maurice.

. . . . . I have read Maurice's letter to Jelf. I admire the spirit of the man much. There is an indescribable sweetness in some of his expressions, especially about the love of God, which go to the heart —except of a theologian.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

December 31st, 1853.

Mr. ——— I never heard of. There was a gentleman at Brighton of the same name, who was rich and saintly, and whom I once visited. I would not go again. Of all the combinations, the most unreal and spurious is that of gentility and Evangelicism. I hope you are aware of this, for I hold it to be an important fact at this moment. I shall never forget hearing from a fine lady, in such a rapid manner that the two members of the sentence could with difficulty be separated, "We

Gentility and Evangelicism.

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never omit having family prayer twice a day, and I have not missed a drawing-room since the King came on the throne."

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

December 31st, 1853.

Dear Mr. Crabb Robinson,

. . . . . I have an inclination, if I were not afraid of trespassing on your time (but you can put my letter by for any leisure moment), to enter upon the history of a character which I think less appreciated than it ought to be. Men, I observe, do not understand men in certain points, without a woman's interpretation. Those points, of course, relate to feelings.

An interesting character.

False impression.

Here is a man, taken by most of those who come in his way either for Dry-as-dust, Matter-of-fact, or for a "vain visionary." There are, doubtless, some defective or excessive characteristics, which give rise to those impressions.

My acquaintance was made, oddly enough, with him twenty-seven years ago. A pauper said to me of him, "He's the *poor man's* Doctor." Such a recommendation seemed to me a good one; and I also knew that his organizing head had formed the first District Society in England (for Mrs. Fry told me she could not have effected it without his aid); yet he has always ignored his own share of it. I felt in him at once the curious combination of the Christian and the cynic—of reverence for *man*, and contempt of *men*. It was then an internal war, but one in which it was evident to me

"The poor man's doctor."

that the holier cause would be victorious, because there was deep belief, and, as far as I could learn, a blameless and benevolent life. He appeared only to want sunshine. It was a plant which could not be brought to perfection in darkness. He had begun life by the most painful conflict between filial duty and conscience—a large provision in the Church secured for him by his father; but he could not *sign*. There was discredit, as you know, attached to such scruples.

He was also, when I first knew him, under other circumstances of a nature to depress him, and to make him feel that he was unjustly treated. The gradual removal of these called forth his better nature in thankfulness to God. Still, the old misanthropic modes of expressing himself obtruded themselves at times. This passed in '48 between him and Robertson. Robertson said to me, "I want to know something about Ragged Schools." I replied, "You had better ask Dr. King; he knows more about them."—"I?" said Dr. King. "I take care to know nothing of Ragged Schools, lest they should make *me* ragged." Robertson did not see through it. Perhaps I had been taught to understand such suicidal speeches by my cousin, Lord Melbourne.

Wrong judgment from mere words.

The example of Christ, imperfectly as it may be understood by him, has been ever before his eyes; he woke to the thought of following it, and he went to rest consoled or rebuked by it. After nearly thirty years of intimacy, I may without presumption form that opinion. There is something pathetic to me in seeing any one *so* unknown. Even the other medical friends of Robertson,

A follower of Christ.

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when I knew that Dr. King felt a woman's tenderness,* said on one occasion to him, "But we know that you, Dr. King, are *above all feeling*."

If I have made the character more consistent to you by putting in these bits of mosaic, my pen will not have been ill employed, nor unpleasingly to you.

Yours truly,

A. NOEL BYRON.

1854.

January 5th.—At the Athenæum, and had an agreeable talk with Talfourd. I also chatted with Layard, about politics. I came home, to dine at Samuel Pett's. I was able to walk there and home, in spite of the imperfect thaw; and I had an agreeable afternoon. I was in spirits, though I felt old; and now my friends treat me as if I were an old man; but, on the whole, their attentions are gratifying as evidence rather of just feelings than of any particular respect for me. A party of ten: Mrs. Sturch, Tagart, Wansey, Hunter (of Wolverhampton), &c.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

London, 30, Russell Square,
27th January, 1854.

I did not forget you on Wednesday. I knew that that was your birthday, and that you would then enter

* The Editor happened to know an aged lady at Brighton who, for many years, was bedridden, and whose declining life was cheered by the unfailing Sunday afternoon visits of Dr. King. His long, friendly talks were looked forward to as the event of the week.

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1854.

on your eighty-fifth year. I was then dining with Henry Foss and his brother Edward, a magistrate for Kent. I drank your health in silence, giving the toast in a whisper; but I varied from the ordinary birthday language, and instead of saying "Many returns of them,"—"May all his future days be days of enjoyment, or comfort, at least, be they few or many." If I live to the 13th of the next May I shall, in like manner, enter my eightieth year. I wish for no other birthday congratulation. . . . . .

Birthday greetings for the aged.

You ask for an account of my second dinner; confessing that you are not entitled to the account, having neglected to acknowledge the first. Had this dinner been a failure, I might have been glad to avail myself of this excuse for not recording my disappointment. The second was more successful than the first, though it was—or perhaps I should say because it was—one of those dinners more creditable to the guests than the host—that is, there were more good things said than eaten. . . . . This was the party: the host, Serjeant Byles, Dr. Donaldson, Edwin Field, John Kenyon, Samuel Sharpe, J. J. Tayler, J. W. Donne.

One of H. C. R.'s dinners.

The Serjeant has repeated to me this evening what he said before to his wife, that since he has known London he has never enjoyed a company dinner so much as he has done this, in London itself.

And Kenyon said at parting, "I won't say, 'It has been a good party;' it has been a *glorious* afternoon." Of course, one makes a reasonable allowance for compliment in all such cases.

Donaldson talked his very best, and was delightful.

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Kenyon also charmed Byles; and probably the pleasure and liking were reciprocal, as they generally are. . . . . On the whole, everybody seemed satisfied. . . . . .

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23 Montpellier Road, Brighton,
2nd February, 1854.

Lady Byron.

. . . . . Lady Byron is now quite recovered. She is always feeble, and obliged to husband her strength, and calculate her powers; but her mind is ever intact, pure, and lofty. It seems to pour forth its streams of benevolence and judgment even from the sick bed; a perennial fountain. Her state of mind has always given me confidence in her severest illnesses. Yet her power of bearing fatigue occasionally, as during the illness and death of her daughter, is as wonderful. . . . . .

H. C. R. TO T. R. AND S. R.

London, 30, *Russell Square*,
25th February, 1854.

University education.

. . . . . I have long detested the system of our English Universities, and had I had a son, I would never have allowed him to reside in one, unless he had had a mother, or near female relation, to be his house, or at least his table, companion.* . . . . . .

* Early in life H. C. R. regarded his own want of a University education as an irreparable loss.

H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

30 *Russell Square,*
28th April [1854].

Your last, like your former letter—and, like your letters, written in an earnest spirit—is full of excellent sentiment, and as much illumination as the topic can receive, perhaps; for of these transcendent matters one may say, in Milton's language, that what you can cast on them is "not light, but rather darkness visible." It was wise advice, therefore, in Bishop Horsley, in his charge to country clergymen, to shun so perilous a subject as that of predestination or necessity; or, in measured words,—

Bishop Horsley's advice to the clergy.

"Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute."

For even when the sincere inquirer does not merit the poet's sentence of condemnation—

"Vain wisdom all and false philosophy,"

yet it would be well if he could forego the investigation—not as impious, but as profitless. If he could! But he cannot always—you cannot—I cannot. Where we feel an urgent longing after knowledge, the consciousness of our own incapacity to solve the riddle is not enough to make us *give it up.* I have always felt that all speculations concerning *matter* and its laws, whether in the movement of its masses, which constitutes mechanics, or in the internal workings of its insensible portions, whether fluid, solid, or gaseous, which include several sciences, are insignificant compared with what belongs to the spiritual element in men, whether it appertains to conscience or the discernment of spiritual

The thirst for knowledge leads us beyond our depth.

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nature. But why am I going on in a style which, when I sat down, I resolved to repudiate altogether?

Things too wonderful for us.

I have more interest in speculations which can only end in a deeper sense of incapacity, than in the acquisition of worthless knowledge. Nevertheless, I recur to them only as a magnetizer—— Let the above stand as an evidence of the state of one's mind. I was overpowered by drowsiness and left off, and, after a nap, go on again. But I will not go on with a subject which may set you asleep as well as myself.

Intolerances.

The practical bearings of speculative matters are such as we do not much differ upon—indeed we cannot. The intolerance of governments—the vulgar ignorance of the sectarians, which matches the proud and hypocritical pretences to authority on the part of the priesthood, who have got the arm of the law in their support, are alike objects of our hatred or contempt.

A truth to be had.

And I can assent to all you say, and have so happily illustrated by your image of the beholders from the house-top. And also I am as convinced as you can be, that whether we are in possession of it or not, there is *a* truth to be had. . . . . .

MISS DENMAN TO H. C. R.

74, *Upper Norton Street,*

May 11*th*, 1854.

The Flaxman Gallery.

. . . . . It is to you, my ever kind friends, Robinson and Field, that the University, as well as myself, are indebted for the good that must accrue from the possession of those works [of Flaxman], not only in the present, but in future ages; and I trust

we may all be spared to see the completion of the whole. . . . . .

The Swindler and H. C. R.

April 4th.—Coming from Lord Monteagle's, I suffered myself to be swindled. A fellow with a bad grinning countenance, very dirty in appearance, accosted me by my name. I said I did not recollect him. "You knew my father."—"It is young ——, Julius, I suppose?" He said "Yes." And then a scene like that in a comedy followed, I playing fool, and he knave; confirming all I said by assent, and saying himself nothing. "Are you going home now?"—"Why, no; I am going to the Athenæum."—"Had you been going, I should have asked you to accommodate me with a sovereign. It would save me a walk to the Custom House, where I want to fetch some articles from abroad." Ass! this ought to have opened my eyes. I should be further off the Custom House here than there. I was infatuated. "You are a clergyman?"—"Yes."—"But why in such a dress?"—"Oh, I would rather follow any other profession." I could fill a page with recounting all the circumstances that ought to have told me the fellow was a knave. Opening my purse, he said, "Could you let me have two?" I gave him one sovereign and a half, and the moment he left me, saying he would bring it in the morning, I saw my stupidity.

Paynter.

May 29th.—I was left alone with Paynter, and had an hour and a half's cordial talk with him. Our convictions seem to be pretty much the same. They are of the nature of assurances arising out of the affections—not scientific demonstrations—and are more comfortable by

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far than the ostentatious and affronting creeds which have an exclusive character, and seem intended to set up a Pharisaic superiority over those who are less bold in their pretensions.

The heart the great convincer.

Sortaine.

June 12th.—Sortaine related an amusing tale of an Evangelical clergyman, whose church being attended by a rather prudish Lady H——, felt himself bound, on her leaving Brighton, to discharge his duty by admonishing her, that he trusted she had repented of the sins of her early life. She was astounded at such an address, and requested her husband to show *that man* the door at once. Nor would she allow him to explain his having confounded her name and title with that of a lady who had once been an actress.

A clerical admonisher.

Mrs. Hoare of Hampstead.

August 25th.—Walked to Hampstead Heath, and there had an agreeable chat with Mrs. and Miss Hoare. Mrs. Hoare is just a year older than Mrs. Wordsworth. She has a sweet motherly face; and both she and the daughter are women of sense and high worth. They are great lovers of Wordsworth, and never failed to invite me to their house when he was a visitor there. I have been occasionally invited since his death. Mrs. Hoare was, by birth, a Quaker and a Sterry; and I gratified her (on a former occasion) by telling her of the generous conduct of, I believe, an uncle of hers.

November 14th.—Took tea with Miss Weston, at six, with roast turkey. I went to meet Mr. Plumptre. Mrs. Plumptre is Maurice's sister. I like both husband and wife. They understand me, and that is a main point. We had an agreeable evening. A known diversity of

opinion, with kind feeling, does no harm. But there must be a charitable temper. CHAP. XVI. 1854.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, November 15th, 1854.

The thoughts of all this public and private suffering have taken the life out of my pen, when I tried to write on matters which would otherwise have been most interesting to me: *these* seemed the shadows—*that* the stern reality. It is good, however, to be drawn out of scenes in which one is absorbed most unprofitably, and to have one's natural interests revived by such a letter as I have to thank you for, as well as its predecessor. *The National Review.* You touch upon the very points which do interest me the most, habitually. The change of form and enlargement of design in the *Prospective had* led me to express to one of the promoters of that object my desire to contribute. The religious crisis is instant—but the man for it? The next best thing, if, as I believe, he is not to be found *in England*, is an association of such men as are to edit the new periodical. An address delivered by Freeman Clarke at Boston, last May, makes me think him better fitted for a leader than any other of the religious "Free-thinkers." *The religious Free-thinkers.* I wish I could send you my one copy, but you do not *need* it, and others do. His object is the same as that of the "*Alliance Universelle*," only he is still more free from "Partialism" (his own word) in his aspirations and practical suggestions with respect to an ultimate "Christian Synthesis." He so far adopts Comte's

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Irenics, not Polemics.

theory as to speak of religion itself under three successive aspects, historically,—1. Thesis; 2. Antithesis; 3. Synthesis. I made his acquaintance in England, and he inspired confidence at once by his brave independence,—"*incomptis capillis*," and self-*un*-consciousness. J. J. Tayler's address of last month follows in the same path—all in favour of the "Irenics," instead of Polemics.

The answer which you gave me so fully and distinctly to the questions I proposed for your consideration, was of value in turning to my view certain aspects of the case which I had not before observed. I had begun a second attack on your patience, when all was forgotten in the news of the day.

Lady Byron to H. C. R.

Brighton, December 25th, 1854.

With J. J. Tayler, though almost a stranger to him, I have a peculiar reason for sympathizing. A book of his was a treasure to my daughter on her death-bed.*

I must confess to intolerance of opinion as to these two points—*eternal* evil in any form, and (involved in it) *eternal* suffering. To believe in these would take away my God, who is all-loving. With a God with whom omnipotence and omniscience were all, evil might be eternal—but why do I say to you what has been better said elsewhere?

On eternity of future punishment.

* Probably the "Christian Aspects of Faith and Duty." Mr. Tayler has also written "A Retrospect of the Religious Life of England."

1855.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, January 31st, 1855.

. . . . . The great difficulty in respect to the Review* seems to be, to settle a basis, inclusive and exclusive—in short, a *boundary question.* From what you said, I think you agreed with me, that a latitudinarian Christianity ought to be the character of the periodical; but the depth of the roots should correspond with the width of the branches of that tree of knowledge. Of some of those minds one might say, "they have no root," and then the richer the foliage, the more danger that the trunk will fall. "Grounded in Christ" has to me a most practical significance and value. I, too, have anxiety about a friend—Miss Carpenter—whose life is of public importance; she, more than any of the English Reformers, unless Nash and Wright, has found the art of drawing out the good of human nature and proving its existence. She makes these discoveries by the light of love. I hope she may recover, from to-day's report. The object of a Reformatory in Leicester has just been secured at a county meeting. . . . . Now the desideratum is, well-qualified masters and mistresses. If you hear of such by chance, pray let me know. The regular schoolmaster is an extinguisher. Heart, and familiarity with the class to be educated, are all-important. At home and abroad, the evidence is conclusive on that point, for I have for many years attended to such experiments in various parts of

Latitudinarianism.

Miss Carpenter.

The ideal schoolmaster.

* The *National Review.*

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Europe. The *Irish Quarterly* has taken up the subject with rather more zeal than judgment. I had hoped that a sound and temperate exposition of the facts might form an article in the *Might-have-been* Review.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, February 12th, 1855.

I have at last earned the pleasure of writing to you, by having settled troublesome matters of little moment, except locally, and I gladly take a wider range by sympathizing in your interests. There is, besides, no responsibility—for me at least—in canvassing the merits of Russell or Palmerston, but much in deciding whether the "village politician," Jackson or Thompson, shall be leader in the school and public-house.

Has not the nation been brought to a conviction that the *system* should be broken up? and is Lord Palmerston, who has used it so long and so cleverly, likely to promote that object?

Requirements of the new Review.

But whatever obstacles there may be in state affairs, that general persuasion must modify other departments of action and knowledge. "Unroasted coffee" will no longer be accepted under the official seal—another reason for a new literary combination for distinct special objects,—a Review in which every separate article should be *convergent*. If, instead of the problem to make a circle pass through three given points, it were required to find the centre from which to describe a circle through any three articles in the *Edinburgh* or *Westminster Review*, who could accomplish it? Much force is lost for want of this one-mindedness amongst

the contributors. It would not exclude variety or freedom in the unlimited discussion of means towards the ends unequivocally recognised. If St. Paul had edited a Review, he might have admitted Peter as well as Luke or Barnabas. . . . . *One-mindedness amidst variety.*

Ross gave us an excellent sermon yesterday, on "Hallowing the Name." Though far from commonplace, it might have been delivered in any church.

We have had Fanny Kemble here last week. I only heard her "Romeo and Juliet"—not less instructive, as her readings always are, than exciting, for in her glass Shakespeare is a philosopher. I know her, and honour her for her truthfulness amidst all trials. *Fanny Kemble.*

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, March 5th, 1855.

I recollect only those passages of Dr. Kennedy's book which bear upon the opinions of Lord Byron. Strange as it may seem, Dr. Kennedy is most faithful where you doubt his being so. Not merely from casual expressions, but from the whole tenor of Lord Byron's feelings, I could not but conclude he was a believer in the inspiration of the Bible, and had the gloomiest Calvinistic tenets. To that unhappy view of the relation of the creature to the Creator, I have always ascribed the misery of his life. . . . It is enough for me to remember, that he who thinks his transgressions beyond *forgiveness* (and such was his own deepest feeling), *has* righteousness beyond that of the self-satisfied sinner; or, perhaps, of the half-awakened. It was impossible for me to doubt that, could he have been at once *Lord Byron's Calvinism the source of his misery.*

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assured of pardon, his living faith in a moral duty and love of virtue ("I love the virtues which I cannot claim") would have conquered every temptation. Judge, then, how I must hate the Creed which made him see God as an Avenger, not a Father. My own impressions were just the reverse, but could have little weight, and it was in vain to seek to turn his thoughts for long from that *idée fixe*, with which he connected his physical peculiarity as a stamp. Instead of being made happier by any apparent good, he felt convinced that every blessing would be "turned into a curse" to him. Who, possessed by such ideas, could lead a life of love and service to God or man? They must in a measure realize themselves. "The worst of it is, I *do* believe," he said. I, like all connected with him, was broken against the rock of Predestination. I may be pardoned for referring to his frequent expression of the sentiment that I was only sent to show him the happiness he was forbidden to enjoy. You will now better understand why "The Deformed Transformed" is too painful to me for discussion. Since writing the above, I have read Dr. Granville's letter on the Emperor of Russia, some passages of which seem applicable to the prepossession I have described. I will not mix up less serious matters with these, which forty years have not made less than present still to me.

The natural effect of such a creed.

Predestination.

DR. KING TO H. C. R.

23, *Montpellier Road, Brighton,*
March 22nd, 1855.

It would appear unkind in me to pass over the

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1855.

death of our friend Masquerier without notice. He was a man I had spent many agreeable and instructive hours with,—and never more enjoyable than when alone. Then he could speak with less reserve, and was never at a loss for anecdote of many characters whom I knew only historically. He had a large acquaintance with the world. It had not soured his temper,—it had only increased his caution and prudence. I think this is the effect produced upon men in public situations. One mistake or one dishonest man may ruin a well-concocted scheme or plan of operations; their caution is therefore a matter of necessity. During the last year I had seen more of him than usual. . . . . *Masquerier's death.*

I think, as a man approaches the great change, an interest in the nature of that change may well be the uppermost feeling in a *rational* being. Surely the absence of this feeling is a man's own loss peculiarly, whatever may be its connection with the unknown future upon which we are about to enter. How many are deterred from this subject by the perverted subtleties of theologians, I will not pretend to say. After as wide a survey of human knowledge as my faculties permit, I find no rest but in the character of Christ, of which I still consider I have but an imperfect conception. He forms the under-current in which float all the hopes of the world for rising out of its present chaos. What *we* call chaos is, I doubt not, a step in the wisdom of that Power which we worship as real, though incomprehensible: . . . . . *The great change.* *Rest in the character of Christ.*

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1855.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, April 8th, 1855.

. . . . . The book which has interested me most lately is that on "Mosaism," translated by Miss Goldsmid, and which I read, as you will believe, without any Christian (unchristian?) prejudice. The missionaries of the Unity were always, from my childhood, regarded by me as in that sense *the* people; and I believe they were true to that mission, though blind, intellectually, in demanding the crucifixion. The present aspect of Jewish opinions, as shown in that book, is all but Christian. The author is under the error of taking, as the representatives of Christianity, the Mystics, Ascetics, and Quietists; and therefore he does not know how near he is to the true spirit of the Gospel. If you should happen to see Miss Goldsmid, pray tell her what a great service I think she has rendered to us *soi-disants* Christians in translating a book which must make us sensible of the little we have done, and the much we have to do, to justify our preference of the later to the earlier dispensation. . . . . .

Mosaism.

Modern Jewish opinions all but Christian.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, April 11th, 1855.

You appear to have more definite information respecting the Review than I have obtained. . . . . It was also said that the Review would in fact be the *Prospective* amplified—not satisfactory to me, because I have always thought that periodical too Unitarian, in the sense of separating itself from other Christian churches, if not by a high wall, at least by a wire-gauze

National Review.

Separation the one heresy.

fence. Now, separation is to me *the* αιρεσις. The revelation through Nature never separates; it is the revelation through the Book which separates. Whewell and Brewster would have been one had they not, I think equally, dimmed their lamps of science when reading their Bibles. As long as we think a truth *better* for being shut up in a text, we are not of the wide-world religion, which is to include all in one fold; for that text will not be accepted by the followers of other books, or students of the same, and separation will ensue. The Christian Scripture should be dear to us, not as the charter of a few, but of mankind, and to fashion it into cages is to deny its ultimate objects. These thoughts hot, like the roll at breakfast, where your letter was so welcome an addition.

The wide-world religion.

July 9th.—Spent the forenoon at home reading, till two. Read two long articles in the *National Review*, with which I am content.* They are above the average. And, as the *Chronicle* says, if the *Review* can be kept at that pitch, it will succeed. At all events, it ought. I admire the article on "The Church, Romanism, Protestantism," &c., of which I think Martineau must be the author; also an excellent one on "International Duties,"—an able defence of the war, not the conduct of it.

July 11th.—Went on with the *National Review*, and read with great pleasure the article on "Administrative Reform." Full of excellent sense.

* H. C. R. was one of those who were consulted about the establishment of this *Review*, and who supported it by counsel and money.

CHAP. XVI. 1855. *Visit to France.*

September 8th.—I am returned from a more than three weeks' excursion to Bayonne, having achieved more than I expected with less trouble than I feared. I have no wish to see France again. A similar visit to Frankfort and Heidelberg is all I desire. On my way, I had the satisfaction of meeting Robert Brown, the great botanist, and we were together as far as Boulogne. There I was cordially greeted by William Brown and Alcock, who were to be my travelling companions. After visiting Bayonne we returned to Bordeaux, to meet Mrs. Brown and Miss Coutts. My journey with Brown and Alcock then ceased, and I joined Serjeant and Mrs. Dowling. I remained at Paris a week, visiting the *Exposition Industrielle.* In my visits to old Mrs. André I saw Tholuck and Sir Culling Eardley. At the Exhibition I had walks with Mr. and Mrs. Plumptre, and some English acquaintance. Among the latter, I had the good luck to fall in with John Taylor, whom I had as my companion the chief part of the journey home. I left him at the London railway station, with a sense of thankfulness for his company. He is a clever and excellent man as a doer—a worker.

October 19th.—My first call, on my return from Bury, was on Atkinson. I was delighted to find that of the Flaxman Gallery nothing remains to be done but the inner room. We have about £16 in hand. The completion will not exceed my means, if I have to contribute the whole. The Gallery is now out of danger, and this gratifies me.

October 22nd.—The day began ill. A letter from Alcock. Brown dangerously ill, at Montpelier. Miss

Coutts was desirous that I should not hear the news abruptly. Whenever Brown's death takes place it will be, to me, a real loss.*

Death of S. Rogers.

December 18th.—The incident of the day is the death of Rogers—long expected. It took place early in the morning without any pain. At ninety-two or ninety-three, pain is not to be feared.†

December 25th.—Engaged in reading "The Life of Sydney Smith," which I finished. An excellent man, certainly. He was neither martyr, nor hero, nor saint, but, with all his infirmities, an amiable and admirable man.

[During this year H. C. R. was called upon to act as arbitrator in a case of the most honourable kind to those concerned. Lieutenant Arnold, son of Dr. Arnold, had been engaged by Lady Byron as tutor to her grandson. For reasons into which it is unnecessary to enter, the tutorship came to an end in a way which involved an unforeseen pecuniary settlement; and Lady Byron proposed to pay just double what Lieutenant Arnold thought it right to receive. The award of the arbitrator satisfied the conscience of the one, and the generosity of the other.—ED.]

1856.

January 6th.—Read a sermon preached before the Queen, in Scotland, and by her ordered to be printed.

* On the 14th of November, on H. C. R.'s return from a visit to Torquay, he writes: "The only letter I regretted not receiving in time, was one inviting me to attend poor Brown's funeral on the 7th."

† The funeral, which was a private one, took place at Hornsey, where there is a family vault.

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It will do good, being anti-sacerdotal. It is little more than an expansion of a saying by Dr. Arnold: "I wish there were fewer religious books, but that all books were in a religious spirit."

Boxall, R.A.

January 10th.—Dined with Mrs. Bayne—a dinner I enjoyed; made agreeable by Boxall. There were two friends from the country and a liberal clergyman. There was not much talk, but a sort of battledore and shuttlecock fight between Boxall and myself.

January 24th.—At breakfast I had John Wordsworth and Derwent Coleridge. They made themselves agreeable to me and to each other. We looked together at the Flaxman Gallery, and this they seemingly enjoyed. This visit occasioned my writing a longish letter to Mrs. Wordsworth, though chiefly giving an account of the sad state of so great a number of our friends, especially Miss Fenwick and Mrs. Clarkson.

Mrs. Clarkson's death.

February 1st.—This proved a melancholy day. Its most material incident was Mrs. Dickenson's announcement of dear Mrs. Clarkson's death, early in the morning of the day before. At her age, with her excellent character, and with no hope of permanent improvement in health, life could be of no value, and death hardly an object of dread.*

Death of H. C. R.'s grand-nephew.

February 12th.—It was on this day that dear Henry Hutchison Robinson died, at half-past four, A.M. It was long expected, and yet we felt it for a moment as sudden.† This telegraphic mode of giving intelligence

* A short notice of Mrs. Clarkson appeared in the *Bury Post*, February 6th, 1856. This was probably from the pen of her old friend, H. C. R.

† His death took place at Torquay. H. C. R.'s Diary shows how deeply he sympathized in all the alternations of hope and fear in his grand-nephew's

is far from satisfactory. Dear Henry was a beautiful blossom; he afforded hopes; and I never knew a sweeter, a purer, or a more amiable and interesting youth. He was altogether an object of love. I had looked much to him in the future. This is a source of sadness, but is nothing to the grief of a mother. John Kenyon, writing a note of sympathy, on the 25th of February, says:—"Only live on, and this once smiling world is changed into a huge cemetery, in which we ourselves hardly care to linger."

The changes time brings.

March 21st.—I finished reading in bed this day the correspondence of Goethe and Knebel, a book that had deeply interested me, and which exhibits the condescending love of the superior and the reverential admiration of the inferior most honourably towards both parties. My personal recollections added to my enjoyment, and though the mention of me is not flattering in the way of praise, yet I feel it as an honour to have my name even but written by the great man of his age, accompanied by the expression of, or an implied, goodwill.

Correspondence of Goethe and Knebel.

April 12th.—E. Field told me he should be going today, for the last time, to Mr. S. Rogers's house; and, therefore, I went also. The pictures I may see again, but the house I shall, probably, never more enter. This is one of the many recent losses.

S. Rogers's house in St. James's Place.

long illness, and how ready he was to go anywhere in England or abroad, if change of climate were advised, and his attendance were desirable. The body was placed in a vault in the burying-ground attached to the New Gravel Pit Chapel. "The service was read in a solemn and suitable manner, by Mr. Knott," formerly minister at Bury, and highly respected by Mr. Thomas Robinson.

CHAP. XVI.

1856.

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

Brighton, April. 12th, 1856.

National Review.

. . . . . This *National* winds up the volume honourably to its projectors. The last article interests *me* much from special causes; and I think I understand it. Indeed, some theological fictions seem to me to be more completely exposed than ever before: the two atonement theories, for instance. And yet the Reviewer does not appear to me to come to the point at last, nor entirely to have dismissed the mysterious efficacy doctrine. My own belief would, at least, be stated more simply, thus: to follow Christ is the way to be reconciled, or put into a relationship of peace and harmony with the will of God; a man so reconciled becomes a *sound* man, if he was not before. If some say that the same end might be obtained in *other* ways, I am not anxious to refute them; only grant this way to be successful. Did Jesus say, "I am the *only* way," &c.? It is inferred that he meant it, however, from the condemnation of him who "believeth not," in St. John. This is thought a parenthesis of the writer's by a superior critic; but, taking the common reading, I see in it no more than the assertion, that belief in the truths proclaimed by Christ was an absolute condition of salvation; and all experience shows it to be so *in fact.* The believer in those principles is saved from the hell of "malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness." I need not *try* to believe this; I can't help it. It is a question whether Mrs. Wordsworth is more "enviable" from her belief in a "future" than from her belief in the present; or, more explicitly, I should ascribe her happiness to her con-

The atonement in Christ.

Salvation by belief.

sciousness of this world's moral government, rather than of her expectation of immortality. Her "atonement" is perfect. The author of the article on Goethe appears to me to have the mind which could dispel the illusions surrounding another poet without depreciating his claims (not fully acknowledged by you) to the truest inspiration. Who has sought to distinguish the holy from the unholy in that spirit?—to prove by this very degradation of the one how high the other was? A character is never done justice to by extenuating faults; so I do not agree to *nisi bonum*. It is kinder to read the blotted page. . . . . I thank you for the proof you have given me of a just confidence in my sympathy, by telling me of your being *left*. I had wished to know whether your relative still lingered. *You* will never be alone in the human world.

On what convictions happiness rests.

How Byron ought to be estimated.

April 20th.—I had a new man at breakfast, the great Robert Brown, as he is considered by many the first botanist in the world. I know him only as a man of fine humour. He is known by his travels in the New World, and his importation of thousands of new species of plants. He is now feeble in body, but an unaffectedly great man in character. There were present, also, Boott, Stock, and Charles Murch.

Brown the botanist.

May 4th.—This day has been marked by a variety of impressions which would admit of amplification, if I were so disposed. After reading Ruskin, and hearing, at Essex Street, a peace sermon, and lunching with Sarah, I went out on a melancholy walk. The first fact I learned was the death of a very estimable person,

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Miss Weston.* I next called on Kenyon. I found Procter there, and afterwards Hawthorn came. Miss Bayley received me with tears, considering Kenyon's case hopeless. I was sent for to him. He was sitting in his arm-chair, and received me with a hearty shake of the hand and a smile. From his manner of speaking I should not have supposed him to be suffering from dangerous disease. He thanked me for calling, and spoke in terms of warm friendship. He said, "Remember me to good Dr. Boott. Give him that [putting a small seal into my hand], and tell him I always loved him." He added, "The seal is not worth a penny." I smiled, and said I would give it to Dr. Boott with pleasure. It is a triangular little seal, of a sort of amber.

Rogers's pictures after the sale.

May 10th.—I dined again at Miss Coutts's. I was kindly received, and had a very pleasant evening. An interesting subject to talk on was the sale of Rogers's pictures, of which Miss Coutts has been a very large purchaser; and she gains credit by the good taste she showed in her selection. Some half-dozen of my favourites were there: "The Mob-capped Girl;" "The Lady Sketching;" "The Cupid and Psyche" (the only picture I dislike of Sir Joshua's); the Raphael—"Christ in the Garden;" the Paul Veronese "Festival."

* I first saw the Miss Westons in 1839. They once lived at Bury, and my name being mentioned, I was introduced by Miss Weston's desire. She told me afterwards that her father spoke of my brother as the most sensible man he used to see at the Angel Club. The Miss Westons went to Rome, and I gave them a letter to Miss Mackenzie. On their return our acquaintance became more intimate. Miss Weston was a woman of superior understanding and attainments. She was an admirer of Wordsworth; Kenyon and I brought them together. Wordsworth professed great respect for her.

There would be no end should I go on. I was glad to find that the works of Flaxman sold very high. The marble "Cupid" and "Psyche" Miss Denman had some idea of buying; but she rejoiced when she heard that the "Cupid" fetched £115, and the "Psyche" £125!!!

LADY BYRON TO H. C. R.

1, *Cambridge Terrace, July 18th*, 1856.

Lady Byron on so-called spiritual manifestations.

I have a mind to say something more about the "manifestations." I omit "spiritual" designedly, as in that word the question is begged.

It appears to me that no one who has accepted the resurrection as an *historical* fact can refuse assent to the accumulated evidences of these *reappearances.* I do not like the associations commonly formed with the word resurrection; as if that body which was laid in the grave were reorganized. St. Paul states that the body is "new;" and all the expressions respecting Christ's reappearance are reconcilable with that supposition.

The resurrection of Christ.

But though I should reject *the* resurrection if it had no claim to belief except from testimony in a remote age, and by no means completely satisfactory, I accept it with a strong persuasion of its probability, on the ground, first, of its being *the fulfilment* of the life; secondly, of its having been the assured expectation of Him who was all truth as regarded human nature in its *embodied* state, and therefore most likely to know about its *disembodied;* thirdly, of the harmoniousness of the objects of the risen Christ (as narrated) with those of his earthly career: "Feed my sheep," &c.

His own expectation.

In harmony with his life.

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Having rested tranquilly in that faith from a very early age, I could not be troubled by Middleton or Strauss. You will observe, however, that not one of the *three* reasons given above applies to the "manifestations," for

Not so with the manifestations.

1. There is no life-course so unique and so defined as to point to "a fulfilment" (as far as I know)—the point to which all the rays converged.

2. The beings who are said to have reappeared had not, as men, shown Christ's unerring knowledge of "what was *in man*."

3. The statements made concerning the reappearing of *known* personages have not that seal of truth impressed by self-likeness. We should not say, "He is like himself," as we could say of Jesus Christ, when presented to us by those whose "hearts burned within them" to see their Master again.

Dr. Boott and Bartlett.

August 26th.—Donne walked with me to Dr. Boott's. We met there Bartlett, formerly an actor, and the maker of his own fortune. He is praised by Boott as a man of exemplary goodness and integrity, a clear-headed, sensible man, seventy-three years old. The talk was chiefly about the drama, actors, &c. He was the friend of Jack Banister, also lauded by Boott as a pre-eminently good man; and I, being older than either, could join in talking of old actors. Bartlett is naturally a praiser of the old school of actors. Indeed he spoke kindly of most men. I enjoyed the evening much.

Robson the actor.

September 9th.—I dined at home, and then went to the theatre, merely to see Robson; and that I did to my

perfect satisfaction. His variety of power is beyond all my expectation. I could not at first recognise him in the florid, smooth-faced Baron. The green-eyed monster, Jealousy, is admirably represented by him. His expression is marvellous. Afterwards I saw him in a parody of "Medea." A gentleman who sat near me in the pit-stalls told me that his burlesque imitation of Ristori was excellent. CHAP. XVI. 1856.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

October 1st, 1856.

A mot of Talleyrand.

Professor Scott related a *mot* of Talleyrand to Madame de Staël on occasion of her "Delphine," which was thought to contain a representation of Talleyrand in the character of an old woman. On her pressing for his opinion of that work, he said: "That is the work—is it not?—in which you and I are exhibited in the disguise of females."

Miss Martineau.

November 13th.—A letter from Mrs. Reid. Speaking of Harriet Martineau, she says: "She can write a fine leader, and plan something useful for her neighbours, while her voice is lost from debility."

J. Kenyon's death.

December 3rd.—The morning has been anxiously spent, and marked by bad news. Miss Allen sent a messenger to inform me that, by telegraph, the news came of Kenyon's death. It was expected. For the present, no more of this sad event. He was a prosperous and munificent man.

December 18th.—I have this morning been looking at

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the portrait of W. S. Landor, sent me yesterday by Booth. A present from him and Miss Bayley.*

Retrospect.

December 31st.—I closed the year in good spirits, though I feel my faculties are declining. Yet, as I am now far in my eighty-second year (in less than three months it will be completed), and being fully sensible of the loss of memory, I shall not be remiss in making all the necessary preparations for securing others from harm. After Dr. Aikin had suffered his first attack of paralysis, he said, "I must make the most I can of the salvage of life."

The salvage of life.

1857.

January 15th.—I found enjoyment in the cleverness of two numbers of the *Times* and the last *Examiner.* In a letter by Holyoake, the atheist, is an epigram by his friend Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer, which settles the question—What is a communist?—One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings. Idler or bungler, he is willing to fork out his penny and pocket your shilling. He who is not satisfied with this, will not be satisfied with any elaborate reasoning on the subject.

Communist.

March 30th.—My evening with Miss Bayley as agreeable as the preceding. She has lent me a list of the legacies given by Kenyon, of which I will make mention hereafter, when copied by me. I can only say

* [Kenyon's residuary legatees.] It is not the portrait by Boxall, but more striking as a likeness. It was the work of a young man, named Fisher, in whom Kenyon took interest.—H. C. R.

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now, that it shows on the part of Kenyon great anxiety to do good wherever he could.

[On a paper in which H. C. R. has copied out this list of legacies, he has written:—"John Kenyon, an excellent man, a native of the West India Islands. He left more than £140,000 in legacies to individuals.* A generous man, and fond of literary society, and that of artists. He wrote elegant verses, and printed volumes of poetry for his friends." Elsewhere there are remarks of H. C. R. on his friend, which may aptly have a place here:—"John Kenyon has the face of a Benedictine monk, and the joyous talk of a good fellow." "He is the author of a 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' and he delights in seeing at his hospitable table every variety of literary notabilities, and therefore he has been called 'a feeder of lions.'"—"He is more bent on making the happy happier, than on making the unhappy less unhappy—a distinction I do not remember to have seen noticed."—"It was only a few days before his own departure, and while he happily retained possession of a disposing mind, memory, and understanding, that he received notice of the death of his brother, to whom he was tenderly attached. As there was no relation sufficiently near to have formed expectations, which are sometimes thought to constitute rights, he devoted the last few days of his life to the dictation of codicils, promoting with conscientious discrimination the happiness of numerous friends—a few literary, but the greater number known only in private circles—and

Kenyon's character and tastes.

Disposal of property.

* Mr. and Mrs. Browning received legacies amounting to more than ten thousand pounds; and B. D. Procter between six and seven thousand.

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so among eighty legatees, including annuitants, nearly exhausting his ample means."] *

Donne.

April 7th.—I had several interesting matters before me to-day. The one most agreeable is the recent appointment of Donne to the Examinership of Plays, which he has held as deputy to John Kemble. I called on him to congratulate him.

Frank Stone.

April 28th.—The only incident of the day was my dinner at Mocatta's, Junr. A small party of eight. There came, in the evening, a larger party. I was accosted in a pleasant way by Frank Stone, the painter of Quillinan's daughter. Wordsworth wrote a beautiful Sonnet on the picture.

May 3rd.—At the Athenæum, read in the new *Edinburgh Review* an amusing paper on Boswell. The reviewer thinks that Macaulay despises the biographer too much, while he too highly praises the biography, as

* The following extract is from a sketch of Kenyon, by G. S. Hillard, which appeared in the *Boston Daily Courier*, and of which H. C. R. distributed many copies printed in a separate form :—

"He was at that time about sixty-six years old, a man of an ample frame and portly presence;—with a florid English complexion, a pleasant, companionable blue eye, a bald head, and an expanded brow which looked as if it had never been darkened by a frown. He had the aspect of a man who had enjoyed life wisely, but not too well; and who had breathed no air but that of cheerfulness and happiness. There were no lines of care, no scars of conflict, no stains of struggle, upon his serene and gentle front; but all gave evidence of a warm heart, a good digestion, a sunny temper, and an enjoyable nature. But there was no overlaying of the intellectual by the physical; the stamp of the scholar and the gentleman was as marked as that of the other elements I have noted. There was something peculiarly winning in his manner, the tones of his voice, and the expressions of his face. You were at ease with him in a moment. The very grasp of his hand had something cordial and assuring in it, as if you felt the pulse of the heart beating through it. In addition to the 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' he wrote 'A Day at Tivoli,' and many other poems—three volumes in all."

if it did not require a certain sense of what ought to be selected in order to produce a work superior to any other in existence of the class. Johnson advised Boswell not to speak depreciatingly of himself. The world will repeat the evil report, and make no allowance for the source. Unusual candour! N.B.—It would have been well for me had I distinctly recognised this truth before. It is too late for me now to change my practice.

Self-depreciation.

July 19th.—Lady Cranworth quoted a saying of Lord Lyndhurst:—"A Chancellor's work may be divided into three classes; first, the business that is worth the labour done; second, that which does itself; third, the work which is not done at all."

Lord Lyndhurst.

September 9th.—Why time appears to fly more rapidly in old age than youth is ingeniously accounted for by Soame Jenyns. Each year is compared with the whole life. The twentieth at one time is the seventeenth at another, and that, of course, appears less; but in fact there is, perhaps, this real difference, that in a given time one does less in old age. All this day, for instance, was spent in reading less than a hundred pages of Froude.

Why time seems to run faster.

H. C. R. TO PAYNTER.

September 10th, 1857.

When you use the word Christian, you, I know, do not, as many do, or once did, think that Christianity consists in the idolatrous belief of the presence of the Deity in a piece of bread, or in the five points of metaphysic faith. These are the sad shells which enclose

Christianity and its shells.

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The heavenly treasure in earthern vessels.

the kernel. I would say, as you doubtless think, that Christianity is not destroyed by its vehicle. It is found more or less damaged everywhere. I did not mean to set up my speculation against yours; and, though what I write would be a heresy which deserved the faggot in a past age, yet I do not use it to attack anybody.

[Two other extracts on the same subject may be given here, though not actually written in this year:—]

Unity of spirit, not uniformity of creed, to be desired.

I am not anxious to make converts to dogmas, but I am very anxious that serious men of other *isms* should be willing to receive us as members of the one Catholic Church, and I think that among the Churchmen of the Whately school this may not be hard to obtain.

Religious enthusiasts and religious thinkers.

The religious enthusiasts will make sacrifices, which the religious thinkers will not. It does not follow that the thinkers are not sincere in their professions; but it is, I suppose, the same turn of mind which makes them think, and produces a coolness of character. This is a sad experience; but it does not affect one's convictions.

H. C. R. TO JAMES MOTTRAM, JUNR., ESQR.

September 12th, 1857.

It is a reasonable request you make me, that having put into your hands Wordsworth's Poems, I should give you some assistance in setting about to read them; otherwise you might be alarmed at the undertaking. Much, indeed intensely, as I love Wordsworth—acknowledging that I owe more to him than any other poet in our language—yet when I look at the single

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volume which comprehends the whole collection, I feel some apprehension that any young person who may open it will be inclined to shut it again, and look no further than the title and a few pages beyond. All poetry, except the narrative, requires an effort to get on with; and ballads are popular from their brevity and ease. But a poem is worth nothing that is not a companion for years, and this is what distinguishes Wordsworth from the herd of poets. *He lasts.* I love him more now than I did fifty years ago. You will see few men advanced in life who will say the same of Lord Byron, even though they once loved him—that is, as I did Wordsworth, from the beginning. You have, I dare say, heard that Wordsworth was, for between twenty and thirty years, utterly decried, and mainly through the satire in the *Edinburgh Review.* In my youth, I fell in with those of his works then just published, and became a passionate lover. I knew many by heart, and on my journeys was always repeating or reading them. I made many converts. Wordsworth had to create his public. He formed the taste of the age in a great measure. Even Byron, who affected to ridicule him (and Wordsworth laid himself open to ridicule), nevertheless studied and imitated him. The third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold" were written under Wordsworth's inspiration—that is, as to style; in matter, nothing can be more opposed. The cause of the opposition, and the pretext for the satire, lies in the *simple style,* on which every abuse was lavished. Wordsworth was of opinion that posterity will value most those lyrical ballads which were most

A good poem lives with you.

Influence of Wordsworth on Byron.

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laughed at. He may be *partial* in this opinion; certainly they are the most *characteristic*. This he said to me when I remarked that no metrical form of his various poems afforded me so great pleasure as the Sonnets. "You are quite wrong," he replied. But I forget that my object is not to dissert on Wordsworth as a poet, but to give you my opinion as to *the order* in which the poems should be read, and which of them may be altogether passed over. I would not recommend you to begin with the Preface, wise and convincing as it is; I would wait a little before entering on the controversy. I enjoy these prose writings much; indeed, I hope one day there will be a collection of his prose compositions.

Wordsworth's own appreciation of his works.

Order in which the poems should be read.

I shall now go over the contents of the volume, and put down the titles of those poems that are to be read at all events, and those that are to be read first. I go over the single volume regularly:—

"*Poems written in Youth.*"—(Pass them over, unread.)

"*Poems referring to the Period of Childhood.*"—Among them read: "Lucy Gray;" * "We are Seven;" * "The Longest Day." This may be enough on a first perusal. On a second nearly all are good. "Alice Fell" is the one least worthy, and which caused most reproach.

"*Poems founded on the Affections.*"—* "The Brothers;" "Michael;" "Louisa;" "The Armenian Lady's Love;" * "She dwelt among the untrodden ways;"

* For explanation of asterisks see the end of the letter.

"'Tis said that some have died for Love;" [*"Let other Bards of Angels Sing;" and *"Yes, thou art fair," &c.] (These, I know from Wordsworth himself, were made on his wife.) In this section is found one of the poems about which most controversy has been held —"The Idiot Boy." Lord Byron's joke was that the subject of the poem must have been the poet. Let it be read hereafter, not yet. Wordsworth would not permit a selection to be published which did not include this.

"*Poems on the naming of Places*," are founded on feelings so personal, that with all my admiration of them, I would not recommend any for a first perusal of Wordsworth.

Difference between fancy and imagination.

"*Poems of the Fancy.*"—One of the least clear of Wordsworth's disquisitions, and in which he differed from Coleridge, is his distinction between Fancy and Imagination. Hereafter it will be seen that Imagination is the higher, and Fancy the lower power. I can only set out a few in either class:—*"To the Daisy;" "To the same Flower;" *"To the Small Celandine;" "To the same Flower."

Poems especially characteristic.

"*Poems of the Imagination.*"—*"To the Cuckoo;" [*"A Night Piece;" *"Yew Trees."] (In Wordsworth's own opinion, his best specimens of blank verse.) *"She was a Phantom of Delight" (Mrs. Wordsworth). "Oh Nightingale, thou surely art;" *"I wandered lonely as a Cloud;" "Ruth;" "The Thorn;" *"Resolution and Independence;" *"Hart-leap Well;" *"Lines composed above Tintern Abbey;" *"Laodamia;" "Presentiments;" *"A Jewish Family." The fourteen poems

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set down in the class of Imaginative Poems are of such characteristic quality, that whoever has read them without enjoyment should not be teased with any recommendation to read more. I could have added to the number, but should have rendered the selection too numerous. "Peter Bell," and "The Waggoner," are among those I could best spare, and do not recommend.

Sonnets.

"*Miscellaneous Sonnets.*"—"Wordsworth," says Landor, his bitter enemy, "has written more fine Sonnets than are to be met with in the language besides." I can only put part of the lines: I. "Nuns, fret not;" IX. "Praised be the Art;" XXIV., V., VI. "Specimens of Translations from Michael Angelo;" XXXIII. "The World is too much with us."

Part Second. "Scorn not the Sonnet;" ["To Lady Beaumont;" "To Lady Mary Lowther."] (No Court ever produced anything more graceful.) XXII. "Hail Twilight!" Repeating this, and another on a Painting to Tieck, he exclaimed, "This is an English Goethe!" XXXIII. "Pure Element of Waters;" XXXVI. "Earth has not anything," &c.

Tieck on Wordsworth.

Part Third. XXXII., III. Two on a Likeness; XLVI. "Proud were ye, Mountains." I have found the selecting hard.

"*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland,* 1803."—"Rob Roy's Grave;" "The Matron of Jedborough;" * "Yarrow Unvisited;" * "The Blind Highland Boy."

"*Memorials of a Tour in Scotland,* 1814."—* "Yarrow Visited;" compare with "Yarrow Unvisited."

"*Poems Dedicated to National Independence and*

Liberty."—I abstain from selecting any from this class. *Let it all be read in due time.* Southey echoed a remark of mine, that whoever strips these poems of their poetry, will find the naked prose to be wisdom of a high character. The "Thanksgiving Ode" closes this set.

Wisdom of the poems if reduced to prose.

"*Memorials of a Tour on the Continent*, 1820."—These should be read in connection also, but for the present may be selected, "Was it to disenchant or to undo;" "Oh, for the Help of Angels;" "Elegiac Stanzas;" (H. C. R. was the *friend*, and he supplied the Introduction.)

"*Memorials of a Tour in Italy*."—These may be read in connection, otherwise they do not belong to the best of his works, but are very wise. "The Egyptian Maid" may be read hereafter. It is gracefully romantic.

The "*Duddon Sonnets*" are exquisitely refined; to be studied hereafter. It is not easy to separate any by exalting or excluding.

"*The White Doe of Rylstone*." — Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, declares this to have the distinction of being *the very worst poem ever written*. In a certain technical sense, and with reference to arbitrary rules, it may be. If so, I would rather be the author of Wordsworth's worst than Jeffrey's best. It is not Wordsworth's best, certainly.

H. C. R. on Jeffrey's criticism.

"*The Ecclesiastical Sonnets*" ought to be studied by him who would favourably appreciate the Church of England; and in connection with the "Book of the Church," by Southey. No. XX. is recommended for its

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wise and liberal conclusion. I repeated it to O'Connell, and he acknowledged its excellence. All the varied charms of religion are collected in these Sonnets. Though accused falsely of bigotry, Wordsworth shows that he can do justice to the Non-cons. In * Part 3, VI., "Clerical Integrity," Milton has justice done him—Milton, the Non-con.

"*Yarrow Revisited,*" is not equal to the other two on Yarrow. But the Sonnet on Sir Walter Scott, "A Trouble not of Clouds," is among the very best.

"*Tour in Scotland,* 1831," should be read after the other Scotch Tours.

"*Evening Voluntaries.*"—This is one of the later poems (1832). It is the characteristic of these to be less striking and remarkable, and less objectionable—more like the poems of other men.

"*Poems on a Tour in* 1833."—I made this journey with Wordsworth. The remark made before applies to these. I would notice only, though others may be equal, "Lowther, in thy majestic pile are seen."

"*Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.*—* "Expostulation and Reply;" II. "The Tables Turned;" * III. "Lines written in Early Spring;" V. "To my Sister;" * VI. "Simon Lee;" * VIII. "A Poet's Epitaph;" * X. "Matthew;" * XI. "Two April Mornings;" XII. "The Fountain;" * XIII. "Three Sonnets on Personal Talk;" * XVIII. "Fidelity." These last poems are the most characteristic, and therefore most decisive of the reader's taste. The "Ode to Duty," and the "Happy Warrior," on the other hand, among the most correct and dignified.

"*Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order.*"—The re-

mark made on "Poems Dedicated to National Independence" applies equally to these. Indeed, one does not see why the classes are separated. These should be studied hereafter.

"*Sonnets on the Punishment of Death*," have more truth than poetry.

"*Miscellaneous*."—"The Horn of Egremont Castle."

"*Inscriptions*."—"Hopes, what are they?" A sort of continuation of "The Longest Day." All these Inscriptions deserve perusal hereafter.

"*Chaucer Modernized*," may be passed over.

"*Referring to Old Age*."—*"The Old Cumberland Beggar." One of the very best.

"*Epitaphs and Elegiac Pieces*."—All excellent. I can select only "Elegiac Stanzas;" "To the Daisy."

"*Ode — Intimations of Immortality*." — This is the grandest of Wordsworth's smaller poems, as it is perhaps the grandest ode in the English language. But let it be passed over for the present. It is, as some say, mystical. It treats of a mystery, certainly.

"*The Excursion*" is to be studied with attention, as it will be read with delight by all who have perused with love the poems already recommended.

This applies also to the *Prelude*.

This list has swollen to such a size that I have been forced to go over it again, and put a * to those which I think might be first read. If, when this is done, the reader has not already acquired a taste for Wordsworth, it would be loss of time to go on.†

† In another letter on the same subject, H. C. R. says:—

"I owe much of the happiness of my life to the effect produced on me, first

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1857.

Aphorisms of Goethe.

Active ignorance.

Doubts.

Passions and their remedies.

Assertions not refutations.

Great men a need, and yet a trouble.

September 15th.—I have gone over Goethe's opinions translated by Winckstern. The charm gone. There are a few admirable specimens, which I here insert, having finished the little volume. They are the best, as well as the shortest :—"Nothing is more terrible than active ignorance."—"I will listen to any one's convictions, but pray keep your doubts to yourself; I have plenty of my own."—"Great passions are incurable diseases; the very remedies make them worse."—"Our adversaries think they refute us when they reiterate their own opinions, without paying attention to ours."—"The world cannot do without great men, but great men are very troublesome to the world."—"Water is not indicative of frogs, but frogs are indicative of water."

by his works, and then by his friendship. I am by no means a general reader of poetry, and require a substantial and moral drift in all. . . . . There are two idyls, or pastoral poems, which dear Charles Lamb used to place after the Gospels, which should appertain to a *second course* of Wordsworth. . . . . To me they seem perfect—they are 'The Brothers' and 'Michael.' . . . . . One of the lady revilers of the eighteenth century, expressing great contempt for Wordsworth, but being a good Christian at heart, I begged permission to read to her 'Resolution and Independence.' She was affected to tears, and said, 'I have not heard anything for years that so much delighted me, but, after all, *it is not poetry.*' *N'importe*, we will come to a compromise—verses, not poetry, but giving great delight. Wordsworth said the same of Kenyon's 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' sent him anonymously: he said, 'I cannot say it is precisely *poetry*, but it is something as good.' Kenyon was by no means displeased."

Mr. Robinson was remarkable for the extent to which he could repeat Wordsworth's poems from memory; and this use of them he retained till the end. At ninety and ninety-one he quoted them with perfect ease. This rich possession, which he speaks of as a great source of happiness to him, had doubtless no small part in making his character what it was.

CHAPTER XVII.

1858.

January 1st.—The new year opened ominously. There was on my table, near my bed, a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Mrs. Byles, informing me that her husband is to be the successor of Cresswell, who is become the Judge of Probate. I heartily rejoice at this. A better man could not be found, and he will prove one of the best of the judges.

Mr. Justice Byles.

February 16th.—This is what I wrote in F. Sharpe's album, which filled the little page, the left side being uniformly left to be filled up by the owner: "Were this my last hour (and that of an octogenarian cannot be far off), I would thank God for permitting me to behold so much of the excellence conferred on individuals. Of woman, I saw the type of her heroic greatness in the person of Mrs. Siddons; of her fascinations, in Mrs. Jordan and Mdlle. Mars; I listened with rapture to the dreamy monologues of Coleridge—'that old man eloquent;' I travelled with Wordsworth, the greatest of our lyrico-philosophical poets; I relished the wit and pathos of Charles Lamb; I conversed freely with Goethe at his own table, beyond all competition

Thanksgiving of an octogenarian.

The excellent whom he had known.

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the supreme genius of his age and country. He acknowledged his obligations only to Shakespeare, Spinoza, and Linnæus, as Wordsworth, when he resolved to be a poet, feared competition only with Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. Compared with Goethe, the memory of Schiller, Wieland, Herder, Tieck, the Schlegels, and Schelling has become faint."

Cookson.

March 2nd. — At half-past six Cookson came, and I had a most agreeable tête-à-tête dinner. Perfectly satisfied with everything he said, and was delighted to remark a sympathy I did not expect on every point we touched on. I say nothing here of the subject. He is an admirable man, and the world acknowledges it. There is now no subject on which I cannot consult him. It is a great comfort to call such a man friend.

Charles Lamb's portrait.

March 16th.—At the request of Scharf, I looked at a painting by Cary of dear Charles Lamb. In no one respect a likeness—thoroughly bad—complexion, figure, expression unlike. But for "*Elia*" on a paper, I should not have thought it possible that it could be meant for Charles Lamb.

J. J. Tayler.

April 11th.—I concluded the day by a call on J. J. Tayler. It was very interesting. I sympathize with all the objects which interest him. He is more decided than ever in his opinions favourable to spiritual religion, as opposed to criticism.

Lady Byron.

April 27th.—I went to Lady Byron's, and had a long and interesting chat of several hours, improved by Miss Montgomery's coming. I like her much. She has humour and originality. She lives in retirement at Hampstead.

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May 5th.—Conferring of degrees by the London University. The Chancellor delivered a respectable address, giving an account of the University charter. A studied, plausible defence, but by no means satisfactory to those who do not think the sole object of the University was to constitute a body of examiners. The admission of any man to be a member, who can stand an examination, utterly destroys the social quality and value of the degree.*

University degrees should imply the advantages of a college course of study.

May 7th.—A dinner at Mr. Justice Byles's was the only incident of the day worth noticing. There were seventeen at table. Two judges, Barons Martin and Channell. I had a little conversation with Lady Martin, Pollock's daughter; and Miss Foster, Lady Byles's niece. Baron Martin related, after dinner, that he had heard me mentioned by Baron Alderson as a singular instance of men retiring from the Bar in full possession of the lead. I answered that was an exaggeration, but I did well in retiring as I did, knowing that men far superior to myself would otherwise soon take the lead from me, as I was no lawyer. This was the literal truth, unaffectedly spoken. The repetition is not unwarrantable egotism.†

On H. C. R.'s retirement from the Bar.

* On this subject H. C. R. felt strongly. In a letter to Lord Monteagle, he says: "Examinations cannot usefully be carried on irrespective of the time employed and of the means used in obtaining the knowledge. It should be known that the student has had the benefit of a certain course of instruction. Knowledge is not everything. Habits and the power of applying it are also of great importance."

† I dined for the first time with Byles in 1840. From this time our acquaintance continued, though he was too busy for much visiting with any one. And I saw more of Lady Byles than of him. She is a very sweet woman, Joseph Wedd's youngest daughter. Justice Byles is pre-eminent in his fitness for professional business.—H. C. R.

CHAP. XVII. 1858.

Thomas Gibson.

May 11th.—I went to Gibson's.* Stayed there from six till past ten. I enjoyed the evening. The ancestor, in the fourth or fifth degree, came from Kendal, a poor lad of fourteen, having, unknown to his family, stolen away to London in a carrier's waggon. Like one of Dickens's heroes, the boy lay at the door of a London merchant, was taken by him into the house, and became apprentice, partner, son-in-law, and heir!!! He died rich. A descendant of his patronized Arkwright, to whom he lent a large sum of money in confidence. The barber merited it, but acted with a perilous integrity and honour. The money was lent for twenty-one years. He refused to give any of the family an account after the death of the lender. "If you want money, I will let you have all you want, but no account till the twenty-one years are at an end." Then he gave the family some sixty odd thousands!!! Or was it one hundred? I am not sure.

Arkwright.

Robert Brown.

June 11th.—I called on Dr. Boott. The great traveller and botanist, Robert Brown, died in the forenoon. Dr. Boott sat up with him the day before. A great man of science, and morally most excellent, has departed. His simplicity, *naïveté*, and benignity, were charming. He once breakfasted with me, and was always friendly.

* Thomas Gibson till middle age was a Spitalfields silk manufacturer. He was a man of considerable literary acquirements, an active politician and great Liberal; an admirable speaker, and one of the earliest among mercantile men who thoroughly mastered and energetically advocated the views of Political Economy, then so obnoxious, now so generally accepted. H. C. R., though differing much from so advanced a Liberal, greatly esteemed him. The influence of his clear intellect, manly character, and generous heart, is always most gratefully and affectionately acknowledged by all those who had the happiness to have been brought under it. He died in 1863.

June 17th.—I called on Mrs. Boott, who confirmed an anecdote I had heard. The Reverend ——— called on Robert Brown, but not officially (rather officiously), and said: "Have you thought seriously of death?" "Indeed I have, long and often, but I have no apprehensions—no anxiety." This is as every good man ought to feel. Of Robert Brown I am not entitled to speak as a man of science, but I may of his most amiable character and benevolence.

Thought of death.

September 3rd.—(Bury.) Had a call from Richard Martineau, who proposed my accompanying him to Walsham le Willows, where he has bought an estate. There I slept three nights, and highly enjoyed the visit. He is a man to be envied in his domestic relations, and he has at Walsham the elements of a fine estate. Every morning before breakfast, and at odd times, I was reading "Westward, Ho!" Mr. Martineau took me to Wattisfield, the place whence my mother came; but none of her family that I know live there now, and the name of Crabb is apparently forgotten. We drove round the village, by the house in which I lived six months with my uncle Crabb, 1789–90. I recognised the house on the hill. On the Sunday I went to the old meeting, which has undergone no change for the last half-century. I heard of a Mrs. Jocelyn, daughter of Tom Crabb, and was told she sat in the old pew in which I used to sit with my uncle Crabb's family. The village is very little altered. It awakened old feelings, which have no other value than that they connect the latter end with the beginning of one's life.

Richard Martineau.

Old feelings awakened.

CHAP. XVII.
1858.

H. C. R. TO T. R.

Brighton, September 28th, 1858.

S. Rogers. The acquaintance I have seen most of is Samuel Rogers. It is marvellous how well he bears his affliction. He knows that he will never be able to stand on his legs again; yet his cheerfulness, and even vivacity, have undergone no diminution. His wealth enables him to partake of many enjoyments which could not otherwise be possessed. Yesterday I took a drive with him through Lord Chichester's park. He has had a carriage made for himself, which deserves to be taken as a model for all in his condition. The back falls down and forms an inclined plane; the sofa-chair in which he sits is pushed in; the back is then closed; and a side-door is opened to the seat in which his servant sits when no friend is with him. In spite of the noise of the carriage, the feebleness of his voice, and his imperfect hearing (as mine is in a less degree), we were enabled to converse. His sister and he now occupy one of the largest houses in Brighton, and they visit each other twice a day. I was present the other day when he was wheeled in *his* sofa-chair to her in *her* sofa-chair, and the servant assisted them to put their hands together.

A model carriage.

The greetings of brother and sister.

Rev. P. Le Breton. *December 1st.*—I called on Mrs. Fisher. She sent for Le Breton,* who sat and chatted with us sensibly on

* Rev. Philip Le Breton, youngest son of the Very Rev. Francis Le Breton, Dean of Jersey, and Rector of St. Saviour in that island. He succeeded his father in the rectory of St. Saviour; but, afterwards being led, by reading and reflection, to doubt the truth of some of the principal doctrines of the Church of England, he determined to resign his living; and for the same reason he declined the offer of the Deanery, which would have placed him at the head

the present Church question. He has no prejudices and no antipathies, but manifests a generous love of goodness.

1859.

January 19th.—This morning arrived the news of the death of dear Mrs. Wordsworth. She died in the night of the 17th. I wish I could venture down to show my reverence for her, but to attend a funeral would be dangerous in this weather.

February 4th. — William Wordsworth came in the forenoon. He gave me an interesting account of the last days of his honoured mother. For a fortnight before her death her hearing was partly restored. She had also some sense of light. She was perfectly happy. She desired five pounds to be given to me, as one of the oldest of her friends, that I might buy with it a ring. The Mount will be quitted in a few months. I shall, I suppose, never see it again. This is a sad rent in the structure of my friendships.

Mrs. Wordsworth's death.

February 15th.—I went to the Photographic Society, where I heard a lecture on architecture from George Street, Ruskin in the chair. I dare not pretend to say that I brought away any definite ideas on art, and yet I really enjoyed the addresses of both, and felt as I used to feel from the German professors, as if some seeds were sowed in me which would produce fruit hereafter, though unconsciously. The lecture consisted

George Street A.R.A.

Ruskin.

of the clergy of Jersey. His sacrifices for conscience' sake, his thoughtful intelligence and kindness, the bearing of a true gentleman, and a charm in his personal intercourse, won for him the admiration and high esteem of a large circle of friends.

CHAP. XVII. 1859.

merely of an explanation of the photographic representations of the buildings in Venice and Verona; both were the objects of warm eulogy. Ruskin could not help hinting that the value of these representations is increased by the peril in which the originals were likely to be thrown by the chances of war.

April 16th.—Called on Lady Byron, and found with her a very interesting man, a Mr. Macdonald, author of a poem entitled "Within and Without," which I must read. He is an invalid, and a German scholar. The talk was altogether interesting.

Professor Scott.

May 29th.—The most agreeable incident of the day was Scott's second lecture,—a most eloquent eulogy on five men of transcendent intellect in the world's history, Homer, Æschylus, Shakespeare, Dante, and Michael Angelo. Scott read very beautifully Wordsworth's Sonnet from Michael Angelo. I regretted the absence of all notice of Goethe.

Memory of names.

June 22nd.—I was on the point of going out when I had a long call from ———. Such is my memory! I cannot recollect who called. I only know it was a call I was well pleased to receive, and that it gave me pleasure. One recollects impressions;—it was Le Breton the elder.

Le Breton.

There are few I like so well, and whose conversation is such a refreshment to me. That a man so excellent should have the infirmities I have, reconciles me to them. His respect makes me respect myself.

Sale at Rydal.

June 29th.—I received a catalogue of Wordsworth's books for sale by auction at Rydal, another place where I have had much enjoyment, and which I shall never see again.

CHAP. XVII. 1859.

Robson, the actor.

July 8th.—I walked to the Olympic Theatre, where I had more pleasure than I generally have. The first *petite comédie*, "Nine Points of the Law." . . . . . But it was to see Robson I went. He played in two pieces—"The Porter's Knot,"—in which the porter, who rises in life, is reduced to poverty by the misconduct of his son; and in the second act, after six years, appears as a porter. His exhibition of passion in his paternal affliction is admirable—quite unique. But this is far surpassed by his appearance in "Retained for the Defence," a satirical exposure of spurious sentiment. A foolish philanthropist is willing to give his daughter to an advocate for his generous defence of persecuted innocence; and he invites the acquitted felon to an evening party, in order to redress his wrongs and restore his social position. Now, this hero is Robson. Such a brute surely was never conceived; nothing that Liston ever performed was so farcical and ridiculous. Of course, nothing can be conceived more stupid and absurd than the farce; its sole merit is the exhibition it produces of Robson. But one must be content to forego all questions about sense or probability. His grimaces on eating *hice* at a *swarry*, and the way in which he *olds* his *umbrelli*, and *vipes* his nose, defy all criticism.

J. R. Herbert, R.A.

July 10th.—Dined with Field, and had a very agreeable *cose* with Herbert, the Roman Catholic painter—a zealot, but not a fanatic; he is too benevolent. There is something very delightful in his pious simplicity.

October 5th.—I called on Mr. J. J. Tayler, and had a very cheering chat with him. He is the man who

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always comforts; he unites hopefulness with a benignant interpretation of all doubtful matters.*

1860.

Lord Cranworth at his country seat.

January 5th.—A visit to Lord Cranworth. I had a letter from him, proposing that I should meet him at London Bridge Station. There I was accosted very kindly by my old comrade and fellow-circuiteer, the ex-Chancellor. A journey by rail of eleven miles is soon made. At Bromley, Lord Cranworth's carriage was waiting for us, and it is four miles to Hollwood. I had no expectation of seeing so splendid a seat. The house stands on or very near the site of Mr. Pitt's house, and has an extensive view. Lady Cranworth was in attendance on her sister, Lady Culling Smith, but in her place was the widow of her brother, Mr. Carr, with four very fine children. We had luncheon between two and three, and I was left to myself between luncheon and dinner. The hours, which were on a card in my chamber, are, breakfast, 9; luncheon, 2.30; dinner, 7.30. I was put at my ease at once, and had time to read an admirable paper in the *National*. Lord Cranworth talked freely of the topics of the day, but seems to interest himself in the legal matters that arise out of his office as Judge of Privy Council. I retired early to my room, where I read till late—in better spirits, perhaps, than health.

January 6th.—A quiet enjoyable day, spent in

* During this year, the Rev. T. Madge, of Essex Street Chapel, having resigned his pastorship, H. C. R. became an attendant at Little Portland Street Chapel, where the Rev. J. J. Tayler and the Rev. J. Martineau were the ministers. Before very long, however, he found himself, from increasing deafness, rarely able to follow the thread of a discourse from the pulpit.

reading, and in walking with Lord Cranworth about his beautiful grounds. We took a drive in an open carriage between luncheon and dinner. He showed me the advantageous points of view. He is apparently a happy man—happy in himself, his wife, his prosperity, and the consciousness of owing his elevation in rank to no unworthy yielding to authority. He is a Liberal in religion and politics.

More closing of doors.

In the course of the day, I received a letter from young Spence, announcing the death of his grandfather.* Another door closed to me. The family will probably leave.

Death of H. C. R.'s brother Thomas.

February 17th.—A letter from Sarah (my niece), giving an alarming account of a fresh attack my brother has had. The medical man thought he could not rally. This, of course, excited feelings—not of grief at an issue that would be one of mercy, but of anxiety, from a fear of my own inability to discharge, as I ought, the duties imposed on me. I soon learned that the event had occurred. At my niece's request, Dr. Boott came to inform me that an hour after her letter was written, my brother died calmly—as if asleep—in his chair. I went out in the afternoon, but could not recollect the name or the address of a carpenter on whom I intended to call on a matter of business. I then walked on to Donne, who was very kind and obliging. I needed his assistance, for, in the morning, I suffered from giddiness, which was followed by *spectra*, and during the walk the giddiness became violent.†

Effect on H. C. R.

* *Vide* Vol. II., p. 486.

† It need hardly be said that this was the brother to whom were addressed the greater number of H. C. R.'s letters in these volumes. The correspon-

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Funeral.

February 23rd.—The funeral took place. It was at St. Mary's Church, where there was a family vault, and special permission was obtained to open it under the Cemetery Act, for there was room for one body more. The vault is now full. I feared I should not be able to stand during the performance of that part of the service which is at the grave; but Mr. Smith,* whose attentions were most kind, had a chair placed at the head of the grave for my convenience. Mr. Richardson read the service with great feeling, and in a sweet tone.†

George Dyer's widow.

August 9th.—My first call was on Mrs. Dyer, the widow of George, who attained her ninety-ninth year on the 7th December. If cleanliness be next to godliness, it must be acknowledged she is far off from being a good woman; yet what strength of constitution! She was in an arm-chair. The apartment at the top of Clifford's Inn small, and seemingly full of inhabitants; a child was playing about—her great-grandchild. It fell out of a window thirty-six feet from the ground, and was uninjured by the fall. She has her eyesight, and, hearing me, guessed who I

dence between the brothers began early in life, and was carried on with frequency and remarkable regularity up to this time. Indeed, so complete was it, and so freely did they open their minds to each other, and so united were they in brotherly sympathy, that the letters would of themselves, if they had all been preserved, have furnished a full record of the two lives, not only in regard to incidents, but also thought and feeling. H. C. R. wrote to his friend Paynter: "When the news arrived, I was at the same time advised not to go down to Bury immediately; and, in consequence, I remained in London from the 17th till the 20th with knowledge of the event, but in such a state of stupid dreaminess as to occasion my sitting with my arms on my knees, doing nothing, but feeling uncomfortable at the consciousness of doing nothing."

* The medical attendant.

† There is a short account of Mr. Thomas Robinson in the *Christian Reformer* for May, 1860.

was. She spoke in warm praise of Charles and Mary Lamb, and her present friends, Mrs. De Morgan and Miss Travers, but there was nothing servile in her acknowledgments. She is a large woman still. I was reminded of Wordsworth's "Matron of Jedborough."*

Prospects of young and old contrasted.

August 22nd.—Leach† breakfasted with me, and we have talked over our respective prospects. His, those of a young man about to settle, with every prospect of happiness; mine, those of an old man, whose best hope is a quiet departure.

Sir James Stephen.

September 16th.—The *Saturday Review* has an article on Sir James Stephen. One remark I could not but apply to myself. The *Review* says, that the quantity of literary labour seems incompatible with his official duties. But "the intervals of busy life are more favourable to effective study than unbroken leisure. When there are many spare hours in the most active official career, when the pursuit of knowledge is practised as a recreation, the difficulty of concentrating the attention

* George Dyer was Mrs. Dyer's fourth husband. The third was a respectable solicitor, named Mather, who, besides a little money, left her a set or sets of chambers in Clifford's Inn, opposite to those occupied by George Dyer. One who knew much about her is doubtful whether she was ever laundress to George Dyer, or even to any one else. From the opposite chambers she observed the uncomfortable state in which he lived; and this led her to express herself strongly to him about the necessity of his having some one to take care of him. He asked her if she would be the person. Her answer was, that such an affair must not be undertaken without good advice, and especially that of Mr. Frend. After much conference the marriage took place, greatly to Dyer's comfort and happiness. Mrs. Dyer was not so wholly illiterate as H. C. R. imagined; and, if her hopes for the better world did not rest much at last on that which was "next to godliness," she certainly wrought a striking change in the personal appearance of her husband.

† Nephew of Sir J. Leach, Master of the Rolls.

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and impressing the memory is reduced to the lowest point." I never could concentrate my attention even on works of speculation.

Miss Bayley.

September 24th.—Went by train to Wimbledon, and then took a cab to Miss Bayley's beautiful residence on Wimbledon Common. I had a very agreeable evening of friendly chat. Miss Bayley is infirm and walks with difficulty, but her mind is in no respect weaker than it was. At ten o'clock she left me to myself, and I had great pleasure in looking over her books. I had read on my short journey Eckermann's "*Gespräche mit Goethe;*" though the third part is not entitled to so much respect as the first two, for he goes over the ground a second time, and one does not see why what he relates in this part was not related in the former narrative. Like the school-boy who first devours the best cherries, he is content at last with the worst.

Eckermann.

September 25th.—The day was spent in talk on all subjects—political, literary, and personal. Miss Bayley is a woman of excellent sense. She is enviably free from the weaknesses of her sex. I regret much that I cannot profit more by her superior understanding, and generous and kind nature, since her living at so great a distance makes it not easy for me to see her as often as I wish. Miss Bayley, I should remark, did not attempt to keep up a constant talk, but we read from time to time.

Death of Rev. P. Le Breton.

November 6th.—In the morning, Mr. Busk came to inform me that his excellent father-in-law, the Rev. Philip Le Breton, was dead. One of my great favourites.

Few are now left. There is gone in him a pious, consistent, and intelligent man.*

November 15th.—Saw Edwin Field, and talked over the buying of drawings from the Denmans for the Flaxman Gallery—a matter in which he takes a strong interest. These are agreeable subjects, and relieve me from the annoyance of hunting among my papers. After dining, I called on the Taylers, and on Dr. Boott. The evening I spent at home looking over my accounts, and mortified at the increasing sense of my stupidity. I am comforted only by the kindness of my few stanch friends.

December 30th.—Rae came to me for the first time since his marriage, and Dr. Boott brought with him Lover, the Irish song-writer and novelist, one of the most agreeable of his countrymen. We had none of his songs, of course, but he was free in his talk; all his sentiments were of a generous, philanthropic cast, and his humour saved his philanthropy from becoming cant, and his warm-heartedness rendered his free sentiments innocuous to the opposite party. I am anxious to read his Irish Tales, when I have time to go beyond the *Saturday Review*.

Lover.

1861.

February 11th.—An interesting party at Mrs. Baynes's. The Bishop of St. David's (Thirlwall), Thackeray the

Mrs. Baynes's party.

* H. C. R. had been accustomed to meet Mr. Le Breton in connection with University College, University Hall, and Dr. Williams's Library, and speaks of him elsewhere as "a jewel of a man,"—"one of the good men I look up to with reverence."

CHAP. XVII. 1861.

Dr. Donaldson's death.

novelist, Donne, Paget, an eminent surgeon, and Dalrymple, a great solicitor. Donne brought the news that Dr. Donaldson died on Sunday evening. After his disease made its appearance, its progress was rapid. His merit as a scholar will now be acknowledged. He was a first-rate man, and very kind. When he was urged to give up work, he told his adviser it would be a sacrifice of £1,500 for six months.

I became acquainted with him in 1843. He was then head-master of the Bury Grammar School—a man of great learning and excellent colloquial abilities, whose freedom of opinion and of speech exposed him to reproach. Provided he could sign the Thirty-nine Articles, he maintained that he was fully justified in interpreting them as he pleased. In this he did but pursue the course suggested to the freshman in "Faust" by Mephistopheles. In addition to ultra-liberal articles in reviews, and an anonymous work, he wrote a Latin work on the Book of Jashar, which appeared in Berlin under his name. He once said to me, "That man is no scholar who not only does not know, but cannot prove philologically, that the first eleven chapters of Genesis are as pure poetry as Homer or Æschylus. Abraham is the first historical person in the Old Testament. The Fall, the Flood, the Tower of Babel, &c., &c., are mythical." Such was the effect of these views, and the rumours to which they led, that he found it advisable to give up his head-mastership and go to Cambridge, where he established himself as a tutor, and was highly successful. Early in life he was destined to the law, and became an articled clerk in London. There he was

Book of Jashar.

Early life of Donaldson.

attracted by the newly sprung up London University College, and attended a Greek class, in addition to his legal pursuits. He was so charmed with classical studies, that he induced his father to consent to his going to Cambridge, where he soon gained a Fellowship, and with remarkable rapidity attained a high standing as a scholar.

Death of Joseph Hunter.

May 9th.—I had a note from Sylvester Hunter, informing me of the death of his father. I shall miss him. He was a man of considerable learning and very remarkable character. By birth, education, and profession a Dissenter; but his opinions and tastes were all strictly conservative, and towards the close of life he became the supporter of a religion of authority.

Fechter at Miss Coutts's.

May 23rd.—At Miss Coutts's, to hear Fechter read "Hamlet." I sat in a back room with Dr. Skey, &c., till a large party came, when we all went into the great room. A lady addressed me, whom I did not at once recognise. It was Lady Monteagle. We talked of departed friends, she with feeling of Henry Taylor, &c. The reading from "Hamlet" interested me less than the circumstances. A few passionate passages were acted, as it were; but I must *see* Fechter.

W. Wordsworth the third.

June 4th.—William Wordsworth the third called, and heartily glad I was to see him. He, the disciple of Jowett, is going as professor to Bombay!!! I honour the intelligent activity of this young man, and think myself happy in being his friend, though I may never see him again.

Dinner-party.

June 19th.—At my dinner-party to-day, we were placed as follows:—

CHAP. XVII.
1861.

Rev. D. Coleridge.

Rev. J. J. Tayler. George Street.
H. C. R. Rev. F. Maurice.
Boxall. Richard Hutton.
Rev. James Martineau.

Edwin Field.

The conversation was lively, and there was only one who, by talking more than others, was what Kant calls a tyrant in table-talk.*

* In the later years of his life, H. C. R. invited friends to Sunday morning breakfasts, and had occasional dinner-parties, which were remarkably successful. The Diary has generally a little plan of the table, with the place occupied by each guest. Two or three of these will give the best idea of the persons whom he liked to gather together at his table:—

The Host.

D. Coleridge. F. D. Maurice.
Plumptre. G. Long.
Beesly. J. J. Tayler.
G. Street. J. Smale.

Cookson.

Cookson.

H. C. R. De Morgan.
F. D. Maurice. J. J. Tayler.
Gooden. Worsley.
Martineau. E. W. Field.

Ely.

Cookson.

J. Martineau. James Stansfeld.
Richard Hutton. P. Martineau.
E. W. Field. J. J. Tayler.
De Morgan. D. Coleridge.

The Host.

There is among H. C. R.'s papers a little book in which are put down the names of "*Die Eingeladenen*" (the invited), of the years 1859, 61, and 62. In this list the name which occurs most frequently is that of his old Bury friend, Mr. Donne, afterwards the Government Examiner of Plays, and resident in the neighbourhood of London.† Other names, which occur frequently, are those of H. C. R.'s executors (E. W. Field, and W. S. Cookson), J. J.

† Author of "Essays on the Drama," and Editor of the "Correspondence of George III. with Lord North."

Religio Laici.

June 21st.—Finished Tom Hughes's "Religio Laici," —an endeavour to show that the religion of a layman does not require the knowledge of a theologian. Why, then, if he entertain scruples, should the layman repeat the metaphysical jargon of theology? If the author would candidly say, "Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle," that might do; but why insist on it? In fact, Hughes does not; and he censures the prosecutors of the Essayists more than the writers themselves.

John Taylor, F.R.S.

August 8th.—I called on John Taylor. He was alone. All the appearance of sound bodily health, but with a sad loss of memory,—not worse than I show, and supported with more calmness and quiet. He is the eldest of the Norwich family. One of our best men, in all respects. It was of this family that Sydney Smith said, they reversed the ordinary saying, that it takes nine tailors to make a man.*

Nine men to make a Taylor.

September 16th.—I waited in the New Road for a Brompton omnibus, and ventured to mount *outside*, in spite of heavy clouds; but they blew off, and I did not suffer for my rashness.

Tayler, "the best of clerical freethinkers," James Martineau, F. D. Maurice, and E. Plumptre. The following names are included in the list, though less frequently, some only once: T. Madge, Peter Martineau, Richard Martineau, Worsley, Smale, W. Harness, G. Street, Boxall, Wren, Forbes (Erskine), Neuberg, James Stansfeld, M.P., W. A. Case, James Robinson, Dr. Wilkinson, Russell Martineau, H. Amyot, W. Sharpe, H. Busk, James Bischoff, Dr. Carpenter, James Gooden, F. Ouvry, T. Leach, Dr. Sieveking, — Sieveking, Senr., Robert Procter, Walter Bagehot, George Scharf, Talfourd Ely, R. B. Aspland, S. Hansard. This list, however, does not extend beyond the three years named—1859, 61, and 62.

* To this family belonged other intimate friends of H. C. R.—Emily Taylor, Mrs. John Martineau, and Mrs. Reeve. (*Vide* ante, Vol. II., p. 199, respecting Edgar Taylor.) Till Mr. John Taylor's health failed, H. C. R. used frequently to spend the evening with him, over a game of whist.

CHAP. XVII. 1861.

Professor Beesly.

October 15th—Accompanied Beesly to the University Hall. The dinner (at the opening of the session) was numerously attended. The Principal (Beesly) addressed the young men simply and pleasingly. His really best character is that of a teacher; every one seems to like him. But he is extreme in his opinions, and I fear this may interfere with his usefulness. He is going to attend a meeting of bricklayers, and says they conduct business better than scholars. I chatted with Martineau, Tayler, and Newman. Worsley accompanied me home.

Busk, Temple referee.

November 10th.—It was not merely reading to-day, for I had a long talk with Henry Busk. He was appointed to address the Prince of Wales, and he accounted for it by relating a circumstance unknown to me. There is an old sinecure office, of which I had never heard, given to Busk by Quayle, when Treasurer. Referees sit on certain days to decide controversies in the Temple. Anybody may, but no one does come; and £20 per annum has been held by Busk. Busk, however, did not choose, as others do, to put the money in his pocket, but he bought good American law books, and thus applied £600 to augment the Temple Library. This rendered him a fit person for the distinction conferred.

1862.

F. Newman.

April 4th.—A long chat with Newman in the Professors' room. He repeated the best serious conundrum I ever heard—only too easy:—"Why is it impossible to insure the life of Napoleon the Third?—Because there is no making out his policy."

CHAP. XVII. 1862.

July 18th.—Received an "At home." "Ten o'clock." My answer was:—

"At night's tenth hour, when all the young are gay,
Th' octogenarian's *home* is his lone couch."

August 5th.—Took tea with Dr. Boott. Professor Ranke joined us. I was glad to hear of Savigny, and Bettina, and Tieck—all dead! but they are objects of interest to me.

H. C. R. TO W. S. COOKSON.

September 18th, 1862.

I was sorry that I had no opportunity of having a little comfortable chat with you before I went down to Lulworth Cove, in conformity with Edwin Field's proposal. He had taken two beds for me at the hotel, and as I had managed to supply myself with an abundance of books, and we had the *Times*, I suffered no ennui. I took my dinner at the hotel with two sketchers, Mr. Tom Cobb, whom I found a very agreeable man, and the Rev. Mr. Hansard, who carries his liberality to the full extent of propriety. He is a scholar and a gentleman.

Visit to Lulworth.

Field has taken a small house close to the hotel, and with his daughters and one of his sons, has filled it. He is as ardent in his sketching as in all his pursuits. We met nearly as a matter of course to play whist at Field's in the evening, and the latter of the two weeks brought Mrs. Field to us, so that the time passed actively enough. I was not able to accompany the sketchers, but, aided by my Mercury,* I managed

* His man-servant, Jackson.

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to see all the famous spots in the immediate neighbourhood. . . . . .

How I envy all those who can work—steadily work, which it was never in my power to do! Before the world my years are a sufficient apology. They are not so to myself. I feel, however, as warm an interest in what is taking place as if I had a troop of descendants who would profit by the great social reforms, or at least changes, which are now taking place in the world. . . . . .

James of Rydal.

October 22nd.—This day was in a great measure devoted to Rydal James. I did not spend much time with him, but I was regulated by him. He came early, and brought a friend, whom he treated. Jackson accompanied them to the British Museum, where they stayed three hours. They dined below, and I sent James away contented with his London trip, where he has seen more than I have.

Dr. Williams's Library.

December 17th.—Dined at Dr. Williams's Library. Our meeting not numerous, but agreeable. I felt at my ease, and from habit can repeat my old stories still with some effect. And I now perceive why old men repeat their stories in company. It is absolutely necessary to their retaining their station in society. When they originate nothing, they can profit their juniors by recollections of the past.

Yearly retrospect.

December 31st.—The last year deserves a "pereat" certainly from me. I have been forced to take a man-servant to be my constant companion out of doors. I am afraid to walk alone in the London streets, lest I

should be garotted, or lest I should fall. The evening was wearisome, for I was not in spirits. All the civilized world in peril, and from what is called civilization — the participation of all mankind in political duties.

[Mr. Robinson left among his papers a little Book of Anecdotes, in which he had written: "I need not recommend this to the friends who will have the task of looking over my papers. The *personal* anecdotes may be relied upon. The *bad* ones (there must be such) show the difference between hearing and writing down." Many of these anecdotes have already been given among the extracts from the Diaries, but there are some remaining, and for these and two or three other matters of interest no better place, perhaps, can be found than the present.]

Dr. Burney on Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Burney was one evening with me at Mrs. Iremonger's, and on Flaxman's leaving the room, Burney said, "He is a man of very fine taste, but he has also a clear and sound understanding." The Doctor spoke with great warmth of affection of Dr. Johnson; said he was the kindest creature in the world when he thought he was loved and respected by others. He would play the fool among friends, but he required deference. It was necessary to ask questions and make no assertion. If you said two and two make four, he would say, "How will you prove that, sir?" Dr. Burney seemed amiably sensitive to every unfavourable remark on his old friend.

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Irving.

I was once in company with a wealthy patron of religion at a dinner-party, at which Edward Irving was the principal guest. Addressing himself to the great man in honour of whom the dinner was given, the gentleman said, "What a profound and wise thought, sir, that was which I heard from Dr. Chalmers,—that God is more offended by the breach of a small commandment than a great one!"—"Do you suppose, sir," replied Irving, "that Dr. Chalmers meant that it is a greater offence in God's eyes to cut a finger than cut a throat?"

Coleridge of Wordsworth.

Coleridge introduced Wordsworth early in life to his patron, Mr. Wedgwood, and was annoyed by the tone in which Mackintosh spoke of Wordsworth to the family, with which Mackintosh was about to be connected. Mackintosh having intimated his surprise at Coleridge's estimation of one so much his inferior, Coleridge was indignant, and replied, "I do not wonder that you should think Wordsworth a small man—he runs so far before us all, *that he dwarfs himself in the distance.*"—KENYON.

Callers on a studious man.

How truly was it said by—I forget whom (said Kenyon to me), "He who calls on me does me an *honour*; he who does not call on me does me a *favour*."

Half-ness.

It has been truly said of Goethe, that he loved every kind of excellence, and was without envy. He hated only incapacity and *Halbheit* (half-ness). Riemer's words deserve to be copied:—

Sein Gedächtniss bleibt in Segen,
Wirket nah, und wirket fern;
Und sein Nahme strahlt entgegen
Wie am Himmel stern bei stern.

Far and wide in blessing given,
Lives his memory, works his fame;
And, like clustered stars of heaven,
Flash the letters of his name.

Goethe at one time upheld Wolf's idea that the Homeric poems, as they now stand, are a compilation. But he gave up this idea late in life, and returned to the unity.

Coleridge on Goethe.

Coleridge denied to Goethe principle, and granted him the merit of exquisite taste only. It requires great modification, and great qualification, to render this just. There is a something of truth in such assertions, but they are more false than true. The deep feeling of Goethe is nowhere more strikingly expressed than in the third volume of the Correspondence with Zelter, where he speaks of Hensel the painter.

Lamb rendered great service to Hone, the parodist, by supplying him with articles for his "Every Day Book." Among them were Lamb's selections from the Ancient Dramatists. These were made at the British Museum, and were afterwards collected and published in two small volumes. I sent this selection from the Ancient Dramatists to Ludwig Tieck, who said of them, "They are written out of my heart,"—"*Sie sind aus meinem Herz geschrieben.*" The remark was made as well of the criticism as of the text.

Lamb's Ancient Dramatists.

Power of falsehood.

James Stephen said he recollected hearing Mr. Wilberforce say, "We talk of the power of truth. I hope it has some power; but *I* am shocked by the power of falsehood."

[The following interesting anecdotes have not been found in H. C. R.'s papers, but were related by him to

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Mr. De Morgan several times spontaneously, and once or twice at request. No note was made, as the hearer relied on there being record in the Diary; but the following may be trusted as very nearly H. C. R.'s own words: "I was sitting with Charles Lamb when Wordsworth came in, with fume in his countenance, and the *Edinburgh Review* in his hand. 'I have no patience with these Reviewers,' he said; 'here is a young man, a lord, and a minor, it appears, who has published a little volume of poems; and these fellows attack him, as if no one may write poetry unless he lives in a garret. The young man will do something, if he goes on.' When I became acquainted with Lady Byron I told her this story, and she said, 'Ah! if Byron had known that, he would never have attacked Wordsworth. He once went out to dinner where Wordsworth was to be: when he came home, I said, 'Well, how did the young poet get on with the old one?'—'To tell you the truth,' said he, 'I had but one feeling from the beginning of the visit to the end—*reverence!*'"] *

Wordsworth on Jeffrey's review of Byron.

* At least one living witness testifies to Lady Byron having stated that Lord Byron had a high respect for Wordsworth. Perhaps Lord Byron would have said to Wordsworth, in the words of the Archangel to his own Satan, *mutata litera*,—

"I ne'er mistook you for a *personal* foe,
Our difference is poetical."

Vision of Judgment, Stanza 62.

CHAPTER XVIII.

[OF what remains of Mr. Robinson's life there is little to record. He continued his Diary till within four or five days of his death, but there are in it comparatively few observations or facts of a kind to be added to this work. The Editor, however, has felt it to be right to give, not only those extracts which tell the story of the end, but also passages the interest of which consists simply in the mention of some of those friends who contributed most to Mr. Robinson's happiness in his last years.]

1863.

January 13th.—Miss Rankin read me a capital essay on "Novelty," from the *Spectator*, praised by Johnson, and written by Grove, a Dissenting minister.

April 16th.—Called on Emily Taylor, and with her and Mrs. John Martineau had a pleasant chat. Miss E. Taylor sent me a copy of her brother Edgar's genealogical book of the Meadows' family—a valuable present.* *Emily Taylor.*

* "The Suffolk Bartholomeans. A Memoir of the Ministerial and Domestic History of John Meadows, Clerk, A.M., formerly of Christ's College, Cambridge. Ejected under the Act of Uniformity from the Rectory of Ousden in Suffolk. By the late Edgar Taylor, F.S.A., one of his Descendants. With a Preparatory Notice by his Sister." Pickering, 1840.

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Miss Coutts.

June 5th.—Looking over letters, I found one from Miss Coutts, in which I read what I had not seen before—a request that I would inform her in what way she should send me the £100 she had promised to the hospital. This, of course, I have never done. I would not dun the most generous, and delicately generous, person I know. On making this singular discovery, what could I do but drive at once to Holly Lodge? As Miss Coutts was not at home, I left a letter of apology.

Rt. Hon. R. Lowe.

July 1st.—This was a day to be recollected. The distribution of prizes took place at University College. The chair was taken by Mr. Lowe, who, seventeen years ago, was a candidate for the Professorship of Latin. The distribution of prizes was very interesting, as usual; and the address of Lowe very much pleased me. It was calculated to have a salutary effect on the students. What he said on the danger of an exclusive study of demonstrative inferences seemed to me just.

Stratford-on-Avon.

July 10th.—To Stratford-on-Avon. In my earliest travelling days I never was guilty of the folly of attempting to describe the places which I saw. Therefore I am free from *one* reproach. I professed to write only about persons. In relating the few incidents of this journey, I may remark, by-the-by, how much less apt I am to observe, and with how much less pleasure all the occurrences of life—journeys, visits, &c.—are accompanied.

R. F. Flower.

On my arrival at Stratford, Mr. Flower was at the station with his phaeton. I had a cordial reception from him and Mrs. Flower. She is a very interesting

woman, and has personal dignity and ease in her manners. She is quite *au fait* in the topics of conversation she chooses to touch, and is well read in English literature. The house called "The Hill" is a picturesque building, and here Mr. Flower enjoys the *otium cum dignitate*, though he is of too active a nature ever to be unemployed. He has been a very useful public character. I am attracted by his frankness; he is by nature communicative and benevolent. As a politician he is a good Whig.

July 11th.—It is not necessary for me to distinguish one day from another on this short visit, for nothing turns on *time*. Jackson was shown much more of the Shakespeare *Memorabilia* than I cared to see, having, in fact, gone the round with Amyot many years ago. Besides, I do not feel about the dwelling-house as Collier and others think I ought. To-day came, on a visit to Mr. Flower, the well-known Joseph Parkes, a political character. He and I are always on free and easy terms.

Joseph Parkes.

Another day we had a drive to the "Welcome," an estate belonging to Mark Philips. There is no house, excepting a mere gardener's habitation, but there are some beautiful spots. Mark Philips resides at Snitterfield, an adjoining estate. Mr. Flower gave me an interesting account of his friend, who is an eminently generous man; his acts of munificence are princely, and performed in the most unpretending way. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Flower and I dined with Mark Philips; a sister of Mr. Philips was there, and two daughters of Robert Philips. We had a handsome dinner, and stayed late.

Mark Philips.

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On the 16th I left Stratford, with feelings of gratitude towards my hospitable friend. We had had many interesting topics of conversation.

Last continental tour.

[Between August 6th and September 9th of this year H. C. R. made his last tour on the Continent, with Mr. Leonard Field as his companion. It was a farewell visit, and, as such, was interesting to him; but he felt that he was too infirm for travelling. His time was spent chiefly at Heidelberg. The idea of visiting Frankfort was given up. It was a relief to him when he reached Dover, where he remained three nights, and enjoyed some drives with his "old friend, Edward Foss."]

Occasional failure of mind.

September 30th.—Dined at the Athenæum, and was complimented on my good looks; but found my loss of memory of a very alarming kind. Having dined, and my spectacle-case being brought me, I took a nap in the drawing-room. Thought it some room belonging to magistrates and quarter sessions, and took the book-racks at a distance for the court. Everything seemed bigger and older. I at length was spoken to by some one, and asked him where I was. This is worse than anything that ever occurred. There is no doctoring for a case like this; nor can the patient minister to himself.

The Miss Swanwicks.

October 1st.—Took a cab to the Miss Swanwicks', and, finding them at home, remained to tea. An agreeable chat, mainly on poetry and poetical compilations.*

October 17th.—Dined with the Streets. Our amuse-

* This is only one of frequent visits to these ladies, with whom he would talk not only of poetry, but also on German literature, and especially on Goethe. Miss Anna Swanwick is well known by her translations from Goethe and the Trilogy of Æschylus.

ment was three-handed whist. Both Mr. and Mrs. Street very kind. On every point of public interest he and I differ, but it does not affect our apparent esteem for one another. I hold him in very great respect—indeed, admiration. He has first-rate talent in his profession as architect. He will be a great man in act—he is so in character already. Beesly is equally firm, and equally opposed to me. I like him too.

G. E. Street, A.R.A.

October 27th.—Went through Islington to Highbury; called on the Madges, and as they were going also to Mr. Peter Martineau's to dine, I dismissed my carriage and enjoyed my friends. Old feelings revived. A full party at Peter Martineau's. I was in my *old high spirits*, as I am too apt to be.

Peter Martineau.

November 8th.—I spent two hours at Worsley's. His elder son read me a speech of Napoleon the Third, on the state of Europe. The public welfare is in every respect at stake just now, so that I am not ashamed of confining my reading almost exclusively to the public prints. Those of the religious bodies are also interesting. The two together fully occupy my mind.

P. Worsley.

JAMES DIXON TO H. C. R.

The Hollins, Grasmere,
November, 1863.

Honoured Sir,

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a Sovereign* which I have just received from Miss Hannah Cookson as I understand you wished it to be given to me. I have received it and return you many thanks for it, and

Rydal James to H. C. R.

* An annual gift.

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for all former presents of the same kind. My health has been very good since I saw you in London. At the time I left London I intended remaining at Rydal Mount through the Winter, but when I arrived there I found a note for me from Mrs. Wordsworth of Carlisle, asking me to go to their house for 3 Months in the depth of Winter while they were in Brighton; this I could not with reason refuse because I considered it a duty I owed to Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth to serve them as far as it was in my power.* Tho' Mrs. Hills had shown me a good deal of kindness at Rydal Mount my gratitude felt stronger to Mr. Wordsworth. . . . . .

I am now at the Hollins, Grasmere, with Miss Aglionby who has been very kind to me. If all be well I shall stay at Grasmere through the winter; the place is very good and very nice; but still it is not like my dear Rydal Mount. Mr. Carter has been taken from us and I am the only one of the family left; but I pay many little visits to the family in the Churchyard at Grasmere and there I often reflect on the many happy years that I spent with them in life.

The Wordsworth graves.

With my kindest regards and thanks

Believe me Dear Sir

Your ob^{t} and humble Ser^{t}

JAMES DIXON.

December 25th.—Before one P.M. I walked out with

* After Wordsworth's death, James was hardly able to include among his duties the care of the pony and carriage; but Mrs. Wordsworth resolved to give up the pony and carriage, rather than part with the faithful servant.

Jackson. We passed the door of Dr. Boott. Every shutter was closed. A sufficient indication that the awful event had taken place—he had closed his earthly career. I then went to my niece's to dine. Our conversation was chiefly on the departed friend, and kindred subjects. I could not enjoy what partook of festivity. That was not expected of me, or needed. I was again settled in my own room a little after nine. I have been too dreamy in my habit to write at once. Dr. Boott's death took place about noon.* I should have said that the morning's post brought me a very gratifying little token from Torquay—a pretty picture signed by Miss Burdett Coutts and Mrs. Brown. As an evidence of friendly feeling it gave me great pleasure.

Dr. Boott's death.

December 30th.—Called on the Esdailes. There is in the old gentleman a something of *bonhommie* which pleases me.

1864.

February 6th. — Attended a meeting at University College. The only interesting matter a letter from E. W. Field, offering, on condition of a piece of ground being assigned to University Hall, that two sums of £500 should be contributed towards the cost of a Racket Court.†

University College Racket Court.

* In a letter dated January 12th, 1864, H. C. R. says to E. W. Field: "Dr. Boott, you may have heard, is dead. He is a loss to me, for he was affectionate, and gave advice freely without requiring you to take it as a condition of his giving it. He was a near neighbour, and of great value."

† This Racket Court, which it was thought would provide for the students of the Hall and the College a healthful recreation, was an object of great interest with H. C. R., who really contributed the two sums mentioned above towards its construction, but insisted on the offer being anonymous.

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Rev. F. Maurice.

February 16th. — The most remarkable occurrence of the times is the position of the Broad Church. Nothing pleases me so much as the letter by F. Maurice, in the *Spectator*, declaring his approbation of the decision of the Privy Council Committee respecting the "Essays and Reviews." He seems to attach great importance to the judgment, as establishing a freedom hitherto denied in the Church.

March 6th.—I did not get into bed till near one. I seldom do. Yet I hardly know what I was about.

H. C. R.'s commencement day.

April 1st.—An ominous day in my life, as it has been a day on which I have commenced many things—such as my journey to Germany, studying the law, &c.

Stansfeld and Mazzini.

April 5th.—A call from De Morgan, who informed me of the resignation of Stansfeld, and declared his conviction that this resignation will raise Stansfeld in public opinion. He will return to his old office, or be in a better place very soon. The attack has been of a kind which is sure to produce reaction. Now, De Morgan is certainly no commonplace man. I have since seen the *Times*, and I do not see how Stansfeld could have done the act in a finer style. It is not by the result that my opinion of him will be formed. Wrote a short note to him.*

William Wordsworth.

May 25th.—Sent a letter to Serjeant Manning, about his paper on the Danish war; and then went to the Russell Institution, from which William Wordsworth's call brought me. He was content with my ordinary

* He is now the Right Honourable James Stansfeld, Third Lord of the Treasury. The circumstances of the attack on him, for having allowed Mazzini's letters to be directed to his residence, will be fresh in the reader's recollection.

dinner, and I enjoyed his friendly chat, all about family and personal matters. He stayed the evening with me, and on his leaving, I went on with the comedy of "Love's Labour's Lost," which delights me. I could not quit it. And now I must really abstain from again looking into Shakespeare, when this is finished. It is full of absurdities, and altogether the veriest unreal thing, yet intermingled with exquisite beauties. It bears marks of *youthful* genius. It is a joyous piece, full of genuine gaiety. One does not look here for serious truth of character, but there are admirable sententious lessons of rhymed wisdom.*

"Love's Labour's Lost."

August 26th.—(Hampstead.) My first day has passed off pleasantly enough in this romantic rather than picturesque *village*, for so it is, I believe. I have had the advantage of a fine day, of which I availed myself to take two short walks. I could not well say *where*, for this is to me what Ipswich is said to be by the satirists, a street without names, as well as a river without water. My acquaintances are few here just now.

Hampstead.

August 27th.—The day was devoted to looking over old letters—a necessary task, and the sense of its being a duty almost its only inducement. Some of the old letters were sour-sweet; but it was more painful than pleasant ruminating on them. I dined with the Cooksons, and after that called on Mrs. Field. All the children are in the West. Mr. Cookson goes away on Saturday.

Old letters.

* In a week, H. C. R. writes: "I am incurable. In spite of all my resolutions, I have read three acts of 'Troilus and Cressida.'" His object in resolving not to be beguiled by Shakespeare was that he might devote his time to putting his papers in order.

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Voysey.

September 10th.—I borrowed of Sharpe Voysey's Sermon, which I read in bed in the morning. The sole importance of the sentiment is that it comes from the preacher of the day. A fit motto to any review of it would be,—

> "The thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil it got there."

Gossip about Germany.

September 11th.—This day was almost devoted to Henry Sharpe and family. He breakfasted with me alone, and as we had many family matters to talk over, and other interesting topics—arising out of his formerly residing at Hamburg—four hours passed over our heads unperceived. And yet so little were we tired of each other, that I engaged to take tea with them at six. In our talk about German friends, I found Sharpe, in many respects, a better German than myself.*

Old letters.

September 23rd.—At the Athenæum, I actually did (a rare merit) what I had resolved to do—sifted coarsely a bundle of letters, from 1812 to 1820.† I must devote my dying memory to separating the wheat from the chaff.

Scharf.

September 28th.—A letter from Scharf, dated Blenheim. He writes too flatteringly; but it gratifies me to find that his mother has been visiting the Pattissons, at Tunbridge. The intimacy of two such families must be good. He tells me that Jack, the admirable youth, goes to his mother and plays cards with her, to relieve her solitude. This one reads with pleasure.

* During this visit of three weeks to Hampstead, H. C. R. spent most of his evenings at Mr. H. Sharpe's.

† The sifting of letters was a task which for some years H. C. R. had set himself, and which at last was left very far from completed.

CH. XVIII.
1864.

October 1st.—I came again to the old No. 30, Russell Square.* There I found that Mrs. Ely had been advised to go to Brighton for a week, and Jackson in vain tried to persuade me to follow her example. But I could take no pleasure in change of scene, while I wanted time to complete my work of paper-examining. Dined with Ely tête-à-tête. I retired about eleven, and felt happy in my old room. I thought it looked very comfortable.

30, Russell Square.

October 15th.—I read a capital sermon, by Robertson, before I came down-stairs—"The Word and the World." Bolder than anything I remember by him. Speaking of the Ephesian letters, he says: "Here was one of those early attempts, which in after ages became so successful, to amalgamate Christianity with the magical doctrines. Gnosticism was the result in the East, Romanism in the West. The essence of magic consists in this—the belief that by some external act, not connected with moral goodness, nor making a man wiser or better, communication can be insured with the spiritual world. . . . . It matters not whether this be attempted by Ephesian letters, amulets, ... or by sacraments, or church ordinances,

Robertson.

* From this time H. C. R. and Mr. and Mrs. Talfourd Ely lived together. He and his friends alike felt that he ought to be no longer so much alone, as he would necessarily be in apartments by himself. He, therefore, after looking at several houses in the neighbourhood, took the whole of the house in which he had formerly had rooms, and it was arranged that one in whose education and character he had taken great interest, and who had warm feelings of respect towards him, should live with him, so that in his last years he might feel that he had a home. Mr. Ely was a grandson of H. C. R.'s early friend, John Towill Rutt, and had recently married a daughter of John Dawson, Esqr., of Berrymead Priory, Acton.

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or priestly powers; whatever professes to bring God near to man, except by making man more like to God, is of the same spirit of Antichrist!" There are three men whose loss is to be especially lamented in this critical age—Robertson, Donaldson, and Bunsen. W. Wordsworth speaks of Robertson's sermons as "the most satisfactory religious teaching which has been offered to this generation."

The true Antichrist.

Death of Miss Allen.

October 30th.—Heard that Miss Allen died on Tuesday. This is one of those cases in which we may, with propriety, speak of death as a mercy.*

T. Ely.

November 7th.—A talk with Ely on College matters. I retain my old opinion, that the institution will be, ultimately, a valuable one to the country, though not as originally intended. Ely considers Case one of the most valuable men. He has introduced improvements in the Junior School.

W. A. Case.

De Morgan.

November 14th.—De Morgan called. He is the only man whose calls, even when interruptions, are always acceptable. He has such luminous qualities, even in his small talk.

W. S. Landor.

November 17th.—I must not forget an epigram I heard to-day from D——, in the form of an epitaph,—

"Beneath this stone lies Walter Savage Landor,
Who half an Eagle was, and half a Gander."

Russell Scott.

November 27th.—At three, Jackson took me to Russell Scott, a sensible man, with whom I have pleasure in talking. He is a philanthropist, though in temperament not an enthusiast. He thinks favourably

* An old friend of H. C. R.'s. In 1861, she was too deaf to converse with him, but, on his calling, she wished to see him, and said, "I am pleased to *look* at you."

of the election of Lincoln for a second Presidentship. On American matters he and I think very much alike.

Death of Jaffray.

December 6th.—A call from De Morgan, who stated a fact which has given quite a turn to my thoughts. He said: "You have heard of the death of Jaffray?"*—"Which Jaffray?"—"The member of our Council—a young man. He was my pupil." This is a sad blow to our hospital. He was very generous, and a young man of business talent. His death was from erysipelas, which arose from what seemed a trifling accident. The greatest loss the College has sustained, among its pupils, since that of W. S. Roscoe.

1865.

Yearly thoughts.

January 1st.—The last day of the past and the first of the coming year have been in this respect duly spent—that I have made a sufficient use of my diminishing social advantages. Conscious that I am gradually growing poorer in friends, I have done my best to preserve what I have left. I have merely read to-day the *Spectator*—always a wise paper, in my judgment.

The Spectator newspaper.

An old man on human life.

January 2nd.—A day dawdled away. I am an incurable layer waste of time. Wrote and sent off four letters; one to Mrs. Fisher, and of some length, in which I reported the state of my feelings as to the great question of human life—more cheerful as to my voluntary participation in it.

Allsop.

January 21st.—After dinner, a very remarkable call was announced. The name—Allsop—I did not at first

* Mr. Arthur Jaffray left to the University College Hospital a legacy of £2,000.

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recollect. His name has been long forgotten by the public—an extinct volcano. Our acquaintance was never intimate. He was first known as the generous friend of Coleridge and Lamb. He knew Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Alsager, and Southey. He was an admirer of great men. After the death of the most famous of these he went abroad, and I lost all sight of him, when he reappeared as the friend of Mazzini, &c.

Effect of cold on age.

January 28th.—Devoted two hours to the reading, and even study, of a paper on "Cold, in its Influence on Age," according to a law which Dr. Richardson has fully ascertained. At thirty, when man at his full maturity ceases to grow, the effect of cold may be represented by one—

Aged 39— 2,
48— 4,
57— 8,
66—16,
75—32.

In the strictness of a precise statement, there seems something ridiculous in this; but the tone of the M.D. is impressive, and, loosely speaking, my personal experience would confirm it. I enjoyed cold when young; now it indisposes me to everything out of doors.

Feebleness.

February 10th.—I was unable to rise early this morning, feeling tired when Jackson called me. After Dr. Watts's model, I craved "a little more sleep, and a little more slumber." While I was turning over my papers, endeavouring to set them straight, I was called away to see De Morgan and Dr. Procter. At my late party, Mr. Tayler asked the former how he distinguished

De Morgan on wise and good men.

a *wise* from a *good* man. "A wise man," said the Professor, "is one who does not trouble himself about matters of speculation. A good man does not trouble other people." This seems founded on Wordsworth's definition of a good Churchman, as one who respects the institutions of his country, lives in conformity with their precepts, and does not trouble other people about his opinions.

Wordsworth on good Churchmen.

March 18th.—From Mr. Worsley I heard of President Lincoln's inaugural speech. It has fixed me more decidedly than ever in favour of him personally. It is an earnest, honest speech. As to slavery, he speaks both solemnly and wisely. The sufferings of both North and South are just retributions. No boasting. Those who have endeavoured to do right first will suffer the least. The abolition of slavery in the United States is, it seems, on the point of being declared.

Lincoln on slavery.

H. C. R. TO W. S. COOKSON.

March 19th, 1865.

. . . . . Nothing has brought me so near to being a partisan of President Lincoln as his inaugural speech. How short and how wise! How true and how unaffected! It must make many converts. At least I should despair of any man who needs to be converted.

President Lincoln.

April 14th.—I forgot to mention that yesterday, after my solitary dinner, I called on Mr. Wren, a man I much like. Read this morning, in bed, Dr. Wilkinson's discourse on "Social Health." It has many striking

Mr. Wren.

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thoughts. I copy one sentence: "I do not contemplate increase of luxury, but rather that all classes should cancel luxury in favour of lasting comfort, health, happy action, and the sense that a constant life of luxury—whether that of the rich or poor—isolates and *enselfs* us."

April 26th.—For the present, everything is forgotten in the assassination of President Lincoln, the intelligence of which came to-day.*

Birthday.

May 13th.—My birthday. To-day I complete my ninetieth year. When people hear of my age, they affect to doubt my veracity, and call me a wonder. It is unusual, I believe, for persons of this age to retain possession of their faculties, or so much of them as I do. The Germans have an uncomplimentary saying: "Weeds don't spoil."

Marmor Homericum.

May 16th.—The one fact of the day, that will not easily be forgotten, was the seeing the Marmor Homericum presented to the College by Mr. Grote. It was called mosaic when Mr. Grote asked permission to erect it. I am so ignorant on matters of fine art, that I must content myself with saying that this is a new step in art, and far more pleasing than the old mosaic. A very active and lively man explained the composition, in French, to some ladies. He was the artist himself. Among those present was the Comte de Paris.

Portrait of Harvey by Fisher.

May 17th.—A very pleasant visit from Professor De Morgan. He has given an excellent reason for

* H. C. R. was deeply affected by "this ruffianly attack on the noblest person in America," and ascribed it to "a spirit engendered by slavery."

believing that our portrait of Harvey* is the genuine one, viz., that it has a glove on the hand pointing to the heart. It seems that the glove was his often used illustration of his doctrine.

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H. C. R. TO E. W. FIELD.

May 25th, 1865.

Baron Triquetti's Marmor Homericum.

Have you seen the Marmor Homericum? It is worth your seeing at all events. I should like to know your opinion of it. The Baron is, or was, attached to the Court of the Orleanists. Mr. Grote had no better or other name for it than mosaic. It is not mosaic, it is incised marble. The outlines are a coloured substance, which hardens in time. And all the drapery and outlines are so expressed. This is its specialty. What says your Foley to it? Goethe would have encouraged it, as he did all novelties. At the same time, he despised all imputations of plagiarism, and all disputes about originality. I remarked to Mr. Grote, the donor, that all works that are offered to the world, with sufficient earnestness of purpose, may be offered with assurance that, if their first object is not attained, they will, indirectly, be of good service. Our College cannot be said to have thriven but in its *indirect* consequences. Without the dome, the Flaxman Gallery could not have existed. That gave consistency to the Graphic Society. Now this new art has a local habitation—not yet a name. The *Athenæum* speaks depreciatingly of Triquetti as compared with Flaxman. That may or

* That is the one belonging to University College, left to it at H. C. R.'s suggestion by George Field (mentioned *ante*, p. 278). It is a fine work of art.

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may not be true; ——— may think meanly of him as a sculptor. That may be the true view. What then? He is what he is.

Rev. Stopford Brooke.

June 20th.—I had engaged the Rev. Harry Jones to bring the Rev. Stopford Brooke to breakfast with me. Stopford Brooke is about to publish a "Life of Robertson," of Brighton, or rather his letters with a Memoir. I had several hours' very agreeable chat with these gentlemen. I afterwards went to a meeting of Dr. Williams's trustees, at which there was important business to despatch.

June 23rd.—The single noticeable event of the day was going to the Olympic Theatre, to see the "Twelfth Night." I had resolved to see *one* more play. And I have devoted a part of the last two days to the study of that capital romance. It was, perhaps, on account of the good execution of the parts that I heard distinctly a great part of the piece. Both brother and sister were played by one actress, Miss Kate Terry. She was excellent in the duel. Wonder and fear are the affections she represents best. Sir Andrew Aguecheek, by Wigan, was the best of the men. Miss Farren's clown, and Maria, by Miss Foote, were both excellent.

One more play.

Death of Richard Martineau.

August 15th.—Worsley informed me of the death of Richard Martineau, of Walsham-le-Willows, a universally honoured man, and an able man of business; a useful, I should rather say a *valuable*, man. He, J. Needham, and Worsley, three excellent men, united by blood, profession, and religion.*

* They were all partners in Whitbread's brewery. On one occasion, when

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1865.

September 19th.—Rose early, and half-dressed, so as to sit in the dining-room, saving time, and not fearing to catch cold, though one must not be sure; for a cold is as great a mystery as orthodox or heretical doctrine. One knows not how it comes or goes.

The mystery of colds.

October 16th.—A home day. I intended to get rid of my City engagements; but I got no further than the Russell Institution. Indeed, I may say, though very unlike the original sayer, through Shakespeare as an organ, that my days

"Are fallen into the sere and yellow leaf."

October 30th.—A letter to Dr. Sieveking brought him in the afternoon. I told him of five petty complaints.

The shaking of the tenement.

December 5th.—Walked with Jackson to that most amiable man, Dr. Skey, travelling M.D. to Miss Burdett Coutts, and in all respects a delightful man. He is two years older than I am. I hope to be less infirm than he is, if I live to be as old as he is; but he is wise and considerate.

Dr. Skey.

1866.

January 15th.—It is strange, but I seldom look at the *Times* now. I have lost the habit of reading it. I retain my love for the *Spectator*, and find even the *Pall Mall Gazette* readable. My fear is that I shall wear out my friends, though I flatter myself that I am

On the brink of being born.

"On the brink of being born."

February 7th.—Drove to Procter's, *alias* Barry Corn-

what Mr. R. Martineau regarded as an important motion in connection with University Hall was defeated, he said quietly, "I fear the Institution will not prosper, but to prove that I am not one of those who will therefore abandon it, I will now subscribe twice as much."—H. C. R.

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Barry Cornwall.

wall. I had an interesting but short chat with him. He spoke with deep interest of Lamb and Wordsworth, and with a mixed feeling of Coleridge. Procter is an excellent man, whom everybody loves. His wife was the daughter of Basil Montagu.

The last volume of the Diary begun.

February 13th.—The commencement of a new clean volume * used formerly to be marked by my writing neatly and correctly for a short time. Now I can do neither. The probability is that, being in my ninety-first year, I shall never finish this volume. If alive, I shall not be able to do so.

An old man's reading.

February 17th.—The only thing I did, which had an appearance of work, was, that I spent several hours in reading Robertson's "Life," an excellent collection of letters of the genuine religious character. His piety undoubted, his liberality equally unquestionable. An admirable man.

Clearing up his self-imposed trustee accounts.

March 3rd.—Early in the forenoon Cookson and Field came together, and brought, formally drawn up, the accounts of the Flaxman and University Hall Fund, which we all three, being Trustees, signed, so that now the most rigid formalist could find nothing to affect the validity of the transaction; and I trust it will be of some use to two establishments which ought to be closely connected.†

Resigns office as vice-President of the Senate.

March 11th.—Lest I entirely forget to do an act of becoming politeness, let me mention that I received a letter from Atkinson, stating that as I wished to be

* That is, of the Diary. In the new volume, H. C. R. wrote only 137 pages, or rather leaves.

† *Vide* Note at the end.

relieved from the duties of vice-President of the Senate, the Council had not sent in my name among the three they send to the General Meeting, and expressing regret at my retirement, &c. I have not yet had courage to write an answer to either Mr. Atkinson, the Secretary, or to Sir F. Goldsmid, the President, who also wrote to me.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON,

Wednesday, March 7th, 1866.

Resolution of Senate.

At a Meeting of Professors for the choice of a President of the Senate for the ensuing year, Professor De Morgan, Dean of the Faculty of Arts and Laws, in the Chair. On the motion of Professor Seeley, seconded by Professor Sharpey: Resolved unanimously, That the Professors learn with great regret the retirement of Mr. H. Crabb Robinson. They beg that their warmest thanks may be transmitted to him for his continuance in the office of vice-President up to an age far beyond the usual life of man, and for the cordial courtesy which they have always experienced from him, of which they will ever retain pleasant and grateful remembrance. They trust that even yet, active as his mind remains, years of life worth enjoying are in store for him.

A. DE MORGAN,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

CHAS. C. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Council and Senate.

(H.C.R's handwriting at ninety one)

30 Bedford Square
16th March 1866

My dear Sir.

I was much gratified by the flattering Resolution of the Senate of the University College, and its accompaniments: and I feel that I have been negligent in making the due acknowledgment of this sense on my part.

But you must be well aware that there is a sadness attending the reception of such a document — under all circumstances the least painful — One sentence only I will add — that I feel I owe more to the College, by a great deal than I have been ever to give it and my services have been merely of the ceremonial & formal kind — ~~And~~ you will oblige me by communicating this to the Professors individually ~~at your~~ as occasion suits.

I am very truly yours
H. C. Robinson

C. Atkinson Esq.

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1866.

April 1st.—Went on reading "Alec Forbes,"* and devoted to it a great part of the first half of the day. It is a capital picture of Scotch manners. A letter came from Mrs. Bayne, announcing, by Miss Sturch's desire, the death of Mrs. Reid, a warm-hearted, generous woman, as Mrs. Bayne truly remarks.† *Mrs. Reid's death.*

May 10th.—We had at dinner Mrs. Ely's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson; and they all came down to tea and play whist, which I enjoyed. I again experienced the benefit of whist for elderly gentlemen.

May 11th.—A call from Mr. Stopford Brooke, and a *Stopford Brooke.*

* By G. Macdonald.

† H. C. R. was a frequent visitor at the house of Mrs. Reid and Miss Sturch, for both of whom he expresses in various places in the Diary strong feelings of regard. He continued to visit Miss Sturch till the time of his death. An extract from a brief printed notice of Mrs. Reid, found among his papers, and highly approved by him, may be given here:—

On Friday, the 30th of March, 1866, died in York Terrace, Regent's Park, after an illness of some months, Elizabeth Jesser, relict of the late John Reid, Esq., M.D., and second daughter of the late William Sturch, Esq., Senr., well known to a former generation as an agreeable and ingenious writer, and an enlightened friend of civil and religious liberty. But she should not be allowed to pass away without some brief record of what she was and what she has done. The history of her life is summed up in the history of her large-hearted benevolence. Endowed by nature with an ardent and enthusiastic temperament, she devoted the energies of her mind and the resources of her fortune with an unswerving persistency of purpose to objects which involved in her belief the redemption and ennoblement of her fellow-creatures. Her sympathies were especially attracted towards those whom she regarded as crushed by wicked institutions, or withheld by the laws and customs of society from exercising their just influence in the world, and rising to the full dimensions of their intellectual and moral capacity. It was under this feeling that she early threw herself with characteristic ardour into the great question of Negro Emancipation, which she lived to see crowned with an unhoped-for triumph, and took up with not less zeal that of elevating the standard of female education. She was one of the first, if not the first, to conceive the idea of a Ladies' College; and the Institution in Bedford Square, of which she was really the foundress, owes no small share of the success which has attended it to her ever-wakeful interest and fostering care.

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very agreeable one. I intimated, at first, that I did not desire an eleemosynary acquaintance; and I had the too great frankness to confess that I did not wish to be acquainted with those who merely tolerated me. He very kindly obviated all difficulty, so far as he was concerned; but I have the general impression that sometimes Church Liberals take great credit for a very small kindness, as if Unitarians were a sort of eleemosynary Christians, admitted to the title by especial favour.

Eleemosynary Christians.

June 11th.—I awoke early, as is now usual with me; and I was in a musing mood, ruminating in an old-fashioned way. All my musings turn to self-reproach. Were I a man of sensibility or acuteness, I know not what would become of me. I could not endure myself.

Distribution of prizes at University College.

June 23rd.—Dean Stanley delivered the prizes at the University College. There were present, Lord Brougham,* Lady Augusta Stanley, the Dean's lady, Lord Belper, numerous Professors, &c., &c. De Morgan, as Dean, spoke more than Deans usually do, but he spoke with great effect. The Dean drew a parallel between University College, Oxford, and University College, London, and paid a compliment to Grote for his gift of the Marmor Homericum.

* The Editor well recollects seeing Lord Brougham come into the College Theatre on this occasion, and H. C. R. rise to help his Lordship to a chair,—the tottering steps of the one supported by the other, hardly less feeble—the one eighty-seven years old, the other ninety-one.

H. C. R. TO MRS. SCHUNCK.

London, 30th June, 1866,
30, *Russell Square, W.C.*

I am sorry that I should have so long delayed answering your very interesting letter. This was occasioned by your mention of Mr. Benecke's "Alte Geschichte," which should have been called "Familien-Geschichte." You excited my curiosity. The book came, after a time. . . . . .

The Beneckes.

It is a singular circumstance, that my life, insignificant as it has been, and my qualities, altogether inferior to those of the Schunck-Mylius connection, have nevertheless had, on one occasion, an important influence on the affairs of the family. I had the satisfaction to know that that influence had been exercised usefully and happily. I purpose, one of these days, to draw up a short narrative of my German life. It will be, in the first place, connected with Mrs. William Benecke's narrative, which I have read with interest. The more, perhaps, because I could connect with Mrs. William Benecke's history oth · · facts within my own knowledge, and in which I was an agent, which would modify the consequences drawn from those.

Contemplated narrative of German life.

This I learned at the bar—each party would frequently have a *good case*, perfectly clear and satisfactory, when alone considered; and it is only when the balancing mind comes that an adjustment takes place. There is so much inevitable partiality in all men's judgments, as to occasion very erroneous conclusions, with perfect integrity on the part of those who err even the most.

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The seven days' German war.

July 5th.—Read of the wonderful victories of Prussia in the north of Germany. It is said the Northern States were already conquered. The Diet, as another name for the Confederation, has no longer a sitting! The German Union is dissolved. Before I had leisure to muse over this news, the evening intelligence came that Austria offers Venice to France as a retaining fee for her advocacy in securing good terms from Prussia. Buonaparte accepts the commission. Venice is given up; and Austria sets its Venetian army at liberty, if Prussia refuse the armistice. If she do this, and is unreasonable, France may back Austria. "Hang it!" Russia may say, "no; this is not fair. If you back Austria, I back Prussia." And the minor States, and Belgium, what will they do? All this has been buzzing about my head. So the halcyon days of Peace are not actually come, though of course not far off!

Berrymead priory.

July 25th and 26th.—A visit to Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, at Acton. The house was a priory. The grounds are twelve acres, and there are many noble trees. During the day I had two walks in the grounds, which at the back of the house are very fine. Mr. J. J. Tayler and his daughter were there, and added to the pleasantness of the visit. I chatted with him on the topics of the day. I stayed all night, and we had whist in the evening. Next day, Mrs. Dawson took me home in the phaeton, and we had interesting conversation on the way.

Looking to the end.

July 28th.—To-day I have felt really well, and I hope that when *the* hour—the last hour—comes, I shall not disgrace it.

August 1st to 13th.—The first two weeks of this month were spent at Brighton, very pleasantly. I was the guest of Mrs. Fisher, a very kind and considerate friend. There are few persons with whom I talk so agreeably.* Sarah, with her sister and nieces, were also at Brighton. During this visit I had a letter from S. Sharpe, stating that James Martineau had not been elected at the Council-meeting at University College, but that no one else was elected, and he might be appointed at a future meeting. *Nous verrons.* Several days I did not quit the house. The great victory of the Prussians over the Austrians was the subject of general interest.

Professorship of Mental Philosophy.

September 3rd.—This was an Athenæum day. Mr. Christie spoke to me of the death of Serjeant Manning, my old friend, who lived to a great age, as it is called—eighty-seven. He had far less physical power than I, but was far clearer in intellect. I ought not, however, to speak of him in the same sentence with myself.

Serjeant Manning's death.

September 19th.—I was gratified by a call from Sir Frederick Pollock, late Chief Baron. I enjoyed his conversation, and, provisionally, accepted an invitation to spend a day or two at his house, at Hatton.

Sir F. Pollock.

September 20th.—Took tea with Mrs. Street alone. We talked on family matters. She is a kind friend. Her husband has been working at his designs for a Thames-side hotel. The Courts of Law are enough for a life. London is now not reforming morally, but re-forming architecturally. What a contemporaneous

George Street, A.R.A.

* During the latter years H. C. R. was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Fisher's house in London, and entertained for her warm feelings of regard.

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change—the Law Courts removing to the western boundary of the City, at Temple Bar; the northern valley of Holborn (Hollow-born) bridged over; the City and North-Middlesex intersected by railroads, below and above; the Thames crossed in various places!

H. C. R. TO W. S. COOKSON.

[*No date.*]

I envy you your journey to Manchester, on occasion of the Social Science. But, indeed, I envy you almost everything. I was there in the Great Exhibition year, and was at Mr. Schunck's, an excellent man. His wife I have known since my first arrival at what was the free city of Frankfort. There I saw a fortified town besieged by the French, anno 1800 or 1801. I witnessed the siege and capture in five minutes. There was no slaughter, or fear of it. At night I disputed with a French captain, billeted in our house; and I did not fear being murdered, though I opposed his judgment respecting Shakespeare. What events have passed since! I have heard that, at a late conference, the last conqueror of Frankfort, a Prussian general, said to a principal municipal officer: "Do you not know, sir, that I could command my troops to deliver over the city to be sacked and plundered?"—"Yes, sir, I know that the sad customs of war would justify you in issuing the command; but your soldiers are Prussians, and I believe they would not obey you!"

A recollection of the French war.

Professor De Morgan.

September 26th.—De Morgan with me again this morning. Most agreeable. He is desirous of doing a

great deal more than I could have hoped any one would do for me. Not only does he see that my sets of books are complete, but helps me in a proper disposal of them.*

September 28th.—(Hatton.) I did not quit the beautiful grounds. Sir Frederick Pollock is a capital talker, and a kind and generous man. What particularly interested me in the place was a long walk of the precise length of the *Great Eastern* ship. We played a rubber. But the great pleasure, after all, was the free talk of the late Chief Baron; an easy parody of the "Bath Guide,"—

Sir F. Pollock.

"Sir Frederick and Crabb talked of Milton and Shakespeare." †

October 12th.—Went to Drury Lane Theatre, to see "King John." I had little pleasure. The cause manifold: old age and its consequents—half-deafness, loss of memory, and dimness of sight—combined with the vast size of the theatre. I had just read the glorious tragedy, or I should have understood nothing. The scene with Hubert and Arthur was deeply pathetic. The recollection of Mrs. Siddons as Constance is an enjoyment in itself. I remember one scene in particular, where, throwing herself on the ground, she calls herself "the Queen of sorrow," and bids kings come and worship her! On the present occasion all the actors were alike to me. Not a single face could I

Last visit to the theatre.

* This work extended over a considerable time, and the Diary mentions many visits from Mr. De Morgan, to render his assistance.

† In a letter dated September 30th, Sir Frederick says of these conversations: "You are really a wonderful person. I think no other living person could have (at your age) continued such discourses."

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distinguish from another, though I was in the front row of the orchestra-stalls. The afterpiece was "The Comedy of Errors," and the two Dromios gave me pleasure. On the whole, the greatest benefit I have derived from the evening is that I seem to be reconciled to never going again.

October 28th.—At Worsley's in the evening, where I took tea. Afterwards, when music began, I proposed to Richard Worsley to accompany me across the road to Mrs. John Martineau's, where I wished to chat with Emily Taylor. Here I found, unexpectedly, Mrs. Edgar Taylor, widow of the solicitor. I was interested in renewing an old acquaintance.

Miss Emily Taylor.

October 31st.—The topic of the day was the Professorship of Mental Philosophy and Logic, at University College. Nor can I think of anything else till the meeting of the Council.

November 1st.—Samuel Sharpe called on me, and gave me the assistance of his arm; so, going by the Hall, I got to University College just as the chair was taken. The formal business was soon despatched. The real business of the day was the filling up of the Chair of Logic and Mental Philosophy. The right of putting Martineau in nomination, notwithstanding his non-election at the former meeting, was at once admitted. I could not help speaking, during this discussion, in answer to the remark that the neutrality of the College would be violated if so able a leader of one religious sect were elected. I endeavoured to enforce the thought, but failed to do it with ability, that neutrality ought not to mean indifference to friend

H. C. R. speaks on the religious neutrality of University College.

or foe.* It was at one time hoped that every sect would have its particular college, and that thus there would be a number of colleges clustering around University College as their common centre. Only one came; and now a gentleman connected with that one institution is to be rejected, though a man of acknowledged ability, and, as such, the first to be recommended by the Senate. [The meeting closed without filling up the Chair, Mr. Martineau not having been elected.]

G. Macdonald's writing.

November 14th.—Read Macdonald's "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," "The Coffin," &c. Macdonald exhibits great power in this department of composition. But I get through no work. That is my great vice. My letters are in their primitive disorder. I shall be a fatalist, unless I can get over it soon.

Decay of enjoyments.

November 18th.—Had a tolerable party at breakfast, though only one of my old *habitués* present. These breakfasts, after all, do not increase in their attractions. They begin to bore me; but everything tires in life.

Election of Professor.

December 8th.—To-day the decision was finally given (on the election of Professor of Logic, at University College). And I hope that I shall now be able to reconcile myself to what is inevitable. I must not allow myself to waste too much time in recording the incidents of this sad occurrence. I spoke with more

* The favour shown to the principle of a neutrality of exclusion and not of comprehension, led to the resignation of the eminent Professor of Mathematics, De Morgan, and was a disappointment to many friends of the College, who had hoped that professors would be selected from the most eminent men, regardless of denomination, and not simply from those who either belong to no religious body, or, belonging to a religious body, do not take a prominent position in it.

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passion than propriety.* I was deeply mortified at the result of the meeting, from a sense, not only of my own weakness, but also that of my friends.

December 9th.—This was a day of melancholy brooding over the defeat of the preceding day. Luckily, I had no one to breakfast with me; but I had an invite to Miss Sturch's lunch.

Miss Sturch.

December 13th.—This is one of the dark days of one's existence; to be so considered on account of a *rapid seizure*, so rapid that I could not manage to reach, in time, a place of safety, within a few yards. Such a seizure gives a general sense of insecurity, which takes away all pleasure in visiting, excepting old friends, to whom one may confess any and every thing.

A seizure.

December 22nd.—I had engaged to take luncheon with the ladies of the Ladies' College, at 16, Mornington Road. With them Misses Martin and Benson. With them I met the now great publisher Macmillan, of Cambridge and London. He spoke of me in connection with Julius Hare. After two hours' chat, I cabbed it home.

Ladies' College.

H. C. R. TO W. S. COOKSON.

December 22nd, 1866.

. . . . . I am now *feeling* old age. Till lately, I was only *talking* about it. What I most feel

Sense of decay.

* H. C. R.'s speech on this occasion was one of some length, and full of vigour; and he stood up to deliver it, instead of sitting as he might have done. It was thought by some that this effort would prove injurious to him in his feeble bodily state. This probably was the case; but many things betokened that his long life was drawing to a close.

is a loss of memory, and an increasing defect of sight and hearing.

Christmas Day.—A fast day rather than a day of rejoicing, which the Christian narrative supposes. The house of Mrs. Robinson, my niece, is the one at which I feel most at home. I knew Jackson preferred being with his own relations, so I took a cab alone. I spent a comfortable afternoon. The four ladies and myself spent an agreeable and chatty time.

The last Christmas day.

December 26th.—As the day before was, in form and name, a festival, but little so in fact, so on this there was not the usual consequent collapse. But it was a quiet day. I find much reading in store, almost too much. I made small progress in setting my room right,—that is, putting papers in order and arranging letters.

December 27th.—This was a day of calls, and at my age these are of a melancholy kind. I am sensible of being no longer a desirable companion.* But I do not complain of this as a wrong. It is in the nature of things, and of course.

1867.

January 1st.—This day Charles Lamb calls every man's second birthday. And it is true. Yet this was to me as little of a festival as Christmas was.

New year's day.

January 4th.—In December, last year, I sent to purchase the old Ipswich pocket-book, which, with scarcely an interruption, I have kept since the last century. I was told that the publisher was dead, and the periodical has ceased. There was something

The old pocket-book no longer published.

* A sentiment in which his friends would have entirely differed from him.

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melancholy in this breaking up of the oldest custom I was conscious of.* Answered two of the three black-edged letters lying on my table, one to Cookson on his wife's death, one to Harry Jones on his mother's.

H. C. R. TO REV. HARRY JONES.

30, *Russell Square, W.C.*
4th January, 1867.

You are much more to be envied for the recollection of such a mother as you had, than pitied for the grief at her loss. The one is alleviated by everything that brings her back to your mind—the other is imperishable. I speak from experience. I had an excellent mother, although she was uneducated, and was not to be compared for a moment with yours in intellectual attainments. She died at Bath of a cancer, anno 1792, and her memory is as fresh as ever. I am not conscious of any habit or fixed thought at all respectable, which I do not trace to her influence and suggestion. Petty incidents, which had lain dormant for generations, *I* may say, spring up in that mysterious thing—the human mind. One of these started up to-day.

H. C. R. on his mother.

A recollection of eighty years.

When I was about twelve, I teased her to let me go to the Bury-fair play, and see "Don Juan," which contained a view of *hell*. She steadfastly refused. "No, my dear," she said; "you shall *not* go to see the 'Infidel Destroyed.' If it had been to see the 'Infidel Reclaimed,' it would have given me pleasure to let you go."

* "The Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire Gentleman's Pocket-Book." In this pocket-book H. C. R. jotted down memoranda for the Diary. The entries are a mixture of German and English, and written partly in shorthand, of which he habitually made considerable use. The pocket-books are sixty-four in number.

Things of this kind, however ordinary they may seem, and indeed are, which stick by one for seventy years, cannot be insignificant.

I should be ashamed to write in this style to persons in ordinary circumstances. I make no apology to you.

A mother's memory the dearest.

If you are living some thirty or forty years hence, you may rely upon this, that one of the great enjoyments of your life will be the talking about your mother, her words and ways.

During this severe weather, I shall not leave the house—or my infirmities, which are many; among these is my declining memory, which makes me seldom trustworthy, and has played me false towards you especially, of which I am really ashamed. Warned by *past* misdoings, I dare make no promises for the future. But I hope that I shall have the pleasure of a call at your own leisure.

The diary closes.

January 31*st*.—During the last two days I have read the first essay on the qualifications of the present age for criticism. The writer resists the exaggerated scorn of criticism, and maintains his point ably. A sense of creative power he declares happiness to be, and Arnold maintains that genuine criticism is. He thinks of Germany as he ought, and of Goethe with high admiration. On this point I can possibly give him assistance, which he will gladly———

But I feel incapable to go on.

This was the last entry in the Diary. The meaning is quite clear, though the wording is somewhat confused. The names of two men, who were most honoured by

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Mr. Robinson, were among the last words written by him. On Saturday, the 2nd of February, his illness assumed an alarming character. His friend, Dr. Sieveking, was sent for, to do all that was possible to human skill. But the strength of the patient was giving way beyond renewal. The illness was short, and not a painful one. He dozed a considerable part of the day, but at times was able to talk cheerfully and affectionately to friends, even so late as the morning of the 5th, the day on which he died. Then came the cloud of insensibility, in which he passed out of this world.

Going to rest.

The interment took place at the Highgate Cemetery. Many friends, as well as the relatives, were present. The funeral service was read by the friend whom, it was believed, he himself would have preferred, the Rev. J. J. Tayler. The following is the inscription on the tomb:—

Interment.

BENEATH THIS STONE
LIES INTERRED THE BODY OF
HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.
BORN MAY 15, 1775; DIED FEB. 5, 1867.
FRIEND AND ASSOCIATE OF
GOETHE AND WORDSWORTH, WIELAND
AND COLERIDGE, FLAXMAN AND BLAKE,
CLARKSON AND CHARLES LAMB;
HE HONOURED AND LOVED THE GREAT
AND NOBLE IN THEIR THOUGHTS
AND CHARACTERS;
HIS WARMTH OF HEART AND
GENIAL SYMPATHY EMBRACED ALL
WHOM HE COULD SERVE,
ALL IN WHOM HE FOUND RESPONSE
TO HIS OWN HEALTHY TASTES
AND GENEROUS SENTIMENTS.
HIS RELIGION CORRESPONDED TO HIS LIFE;
SEATED IN THE HEART,
IT FOUND EXPRESSION IN THE TRUEST
CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

NOTE.

Mr. Robinson, in the year 1858, placed, in the names of himself and two gentlemen whom he had chosen to be his executors, the sum of £2,000, which he designated "The Flaxman Fund," and he at the same time transferred into the same three names another sum of £2,000 (afterwards increased by him to £3,000), which he called "The University Hall Fund," and he executed a deed by which he declared that his object had been to create two permanent trust funds, which, directly and (through other institutions more or less connected therewith) indirectly, might enlarge the sphere of utility, and at the same time improve the character and advance the salutary influence, of University College.

Flaxman Fund.

With regard to "The Flaxman Fund," Mr. Robinson declared his intention and desire to be that the income should be applied, with the approbation of the Council of University College, towards the preservation, custody, more convenient and complete exhibition to the public, and augmentation of the Flaxman Gallery in University College; and should there be at any time a surplus of income remaining unapplied for the purposes before mentioned, such surplus might be applied in the decoration of the Flaxman Gallery, and in the purchase of books, engravings, drawings, and works of art, which might advance the study of the fine arts in the College, and promote any of the sciences connected therewith.

University Hall Fund.

With regard to "The University Hall Fund," Mr. Robinson declared his intention and desire to be that the income should be expended with the approbation of the Council of University Hall, in rendering the abode of the Students there more eligible, and in promoting their domestic comfort, rather than in lessening the necessary costs and charges of such abode.

Mr. Robinson added, that if it should at any time be deemed expedient by the Council of University Hall to unite more closely than at present their institution with Manchester New College (which Mr. Robinson observed was removed from Manchester to London, in order that the Students of that College might enjoy the advantage of attending the educational classes in University College, and whose principal Professors and Students availed themselves of University Hall for educational purposes), so that the two institutions might be brought under one head and government, he declared it to be his intention that his trustees should give their aid to any scheme of union of the two institutions, by applying "The University Hall Fund" to the Students of Manchester New College as well as those of University Hall, or to the Students of any institution composed of or springing out of the union.

Mr. Robinson felt a strong reluctance to any publicity being given during his life to these donations, and exacted a pledge from the two friends whom he had associated with himself, that the trusts should not be disclosed by them until after his death, and he therefore made provision that the income of both funds should during ten years be accumulated for the permanent augmentation of the funds. He, however, empowered the trustees, on any special occasion

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or emergency arising, to apply the income to any of the objects indicated by him, and a considerable portion of the income was so applied in his lifetime; but means were used to avoid disclosure of the source from which the money was derived.

Flaxman Fund.

After the death of Mr. Robinson, his two surviving friends and trustees informed the Council of University College that it would give them sincere pleasure, with the permission of the Council, to exercise a power conferred on them by their venerable friend, of transferring "The Flaxman Fund" to the College, in order that the trusts might thenceforward be executed by the Council. They, however, felt it to be their duty to mention that since the trust-deed was executed, the Flaxman Gallery had been dealt with in a manner which was not wholly satisfactory to their friend. He had expressed doubt of the taste and judgment evinced in the decorations and colouring of the Gallery; and the painting of the backgrounds of some of the bas-reliefs a year or two previously (which he was aware had been done without the permission of the Council) was extremely displeasing to him.

The trustees went on to say: "Mr. Robinson had misgivings, how far any public body like yours, the members of which change from year to year, and where the attendance at your meetings varies from day to day, could administer satisfactorily a fund dedicated to objects such as he had in view, without the aid of special artistic advice on all occasions where a knowledge of art was required. During Mr. Robinson's life, Mr. Foley, R.A., was, by his desire, consulted on every such occasion.

"We feel, therefore, that it would have been very agreeable to Mr. Robinson, and we venture to hope that it may be to the Council, that some regulation should be made to the effect that the Gallery may not be in any way interfered with, without the express sanction of the Council, or the Committee of Management, and that previous to any important expenditure of the income, or any operation of any kind on the works of art, the opinion and advice of some eminent sculptor should be from time to time obtained; such opinion and advice being for the consideration of the Council only, and of course by no means to control it in the free execution of the trust."

The Council of University College cheerfully concurred in the views expressed by the trustees, and the fund was transferred by them to the College; and the Council have since made arrangements for opening the Gallery to the public on Saturdays.

The University Hall or "Crabb Robinson" Fund.

Mr. Robinson empowered his trustees, if they should at any time deem it expedient so to do, to alter the name of "The University Hall Fund," and to give it any other name or designation they might consider preferable; and since his death they have changed the name to "The Crabb Robinson Fund."

Racket Court.

Mr. Robinson's genial sympathy with young men in their amusements, and in promoting healthy recreation, continued to the end of his life. A striking instance of this kindly feeling occurred shortly before his death, in a gift of nearly £1,000 towards the erection of a Racket Court for the Students of the

College and the Hall. In this case also, care was taken by him that the name of the donor should not be disclosed.

Though Mr. Robinson noted most trivial things about his own affairs in his diaries, there is an important class of actions entirely without mention there. He used often to say during the last year of his brother Thomas's life, and when the latter was not in a state to make a new will, how much he desired to survive his brother, for a reason which many might misconstrue, viz.: that he knew what his brother's will was, and that if he survived he should be his residuary legatee; and that he desired to survive, because if he did, he could deal with the large property which would come to him in the way he knew his brother would desire. Very shortly after his brother's death, he caused instruments to be prepared, by which he at once made important deeds of gift, taking immediate effect in possession to members of the family, &c. The particulars it would be unbecoming to mention, but the suppression of the fact would be equally unbecoming. In this way, he almost immediately dispossessed himself of what was really in itself, to one in his position, an important fortune. His gifts to strangers and to public objects, he confined to the surplus of his own income, from his own savings.

Family gifts inter vivos.

In his will, Mr. Robinson left to special friends pecuniary legacies (not forgetting Rydal James) and those art treasures which he had himself loved. To G. E. Street, the copy, by Mrs. Aders, of the "Worship of the Lamb." To E. W. Field, the pen-and-ink drawing, by Gotzenberger, of the characters in "Faust," the drawing of "A Cascade in Wales," by Palmer,* several engravings and casts, and the mould of the bust of Wieland. To W. S. Cookson, the casts from Flaxman, Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Flaxman's "Mercury." Mrs. Niven, Mrs. Bayne, Mrs. Fisher, Rev. J. J. Tayler, Miss Tayler, Miss Swanwick, Miss Anna Swanwick, Henry Rutt, J. P. Collier, Jacob Pattisson, were also recipients of specified articles of virtu. As has already been mentioned in a note, Mr. Robinson had a great dislike to the thought of anything being *sold* which had been his. In connection with the legacies to the Wordsworth family, he mentioned as a "mere suggestion, without meaning to raise a trust," that a portion of the money might be well invested in an edition of the prose-writings of the great poet, if this justice to his memory and to the public should not have already been rendered.* The following bequests should be stated in Mr. Robinson's own words (the will was in his own handwriting): "I desire my executors to offer to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery, as gifts from me, my portrait, by Breda, of my late friend Thomas Clarkson, the first great agitator of the abolition of the slave trade, and also my portrait, by Fisher, of Walter Savage Landor, poet and genial prose-writer. Having, at Weimar, in 1829, been requested by the poet Goethe to provide for the return to Weimar of my marble bust of Wieland, by Schadow, I now, in discharge of the promise I then made him, give the same to the Grand Duke of Weimar, for the time being, in trust, that he will cause the same to be placed in the public library there."

Bequests by will.

* The friend of Blake.

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Mr. Robinson's library was for the most part distributed among his friends after his death. In many instances the selection of books for particular friends was found to have been indicated by himself. A like disposition was made of such of his pictures and other works of art as he had not specified in his will.

In addition to the bust by Ewing, already mentioned, there is a bust made for Miss Coutts, by Adams, after Mr. Robinson's death. There are also two excellent photographs, by Maull and Polyblank, taken late in life, one of which has been made use of for the engraving at the beginning of these volumes.

Earl Stanhope on H. C. R.

At the Anniversary Meeting of the Society of Antiquaries of London, April 30th, 1867, the Address of the President, the Right Honourable Earl Stanhope, contains the following reference: "Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson was elected a Fellow of this Society in 1829, and in 1833 he laid before us a Memoir on 'The Etymology of the Mass,' which was subsequently published in the thirty-sixth volume of the 'Archæologia.' The object of this Memoir is to refute the generally received opinion that the word 'mass' in the Roman Catholic Church is derived from the words *Ite missa est*, and to identify it with the *mas* which terminates our word Christmas, and is found as an adjunct in the names of other ecclesiastical feasts. Of the merits of this etymology I shall not offer an opinion. No one, however, can read Mr. Robinson's Memoir, without being impressed with the writer's depth of research and felicity of expression. This Memoir, together with a pamphlet published in 1840, in reply to some misrepresentation about his friend Mr. Clarkson, constitute everything, as I believe,* that Mr. Robinson ever published. But his life, which extended to the venerable age of ninety-one, was, throughout its course, dignified and graced by his familiar intercourse with several of those among his contemporaries who have been most eminent for their genius and renown."

A considerable number of Mr. Robinson's surviving friends have arranged to erect a memorial to him in University Hall, Gordon Square, of which he was one of the most active founders, and which he had in his lifetime largely endowed. It is intended to put up the arms of Mr. Robinson and his brother in the centre compartments of the bay-window of the Dining Hall, and to prepare, by coloured borders or otherwise, all the windows of the room for receiving the arms of other founders; and as the chief memorial, and principal application of the funds, it is intended to decorate the ends and sides of the room, which are well suited for the purpose, with a Mural Painting, in monochrome, by Edward Armitage, Esqr., A.R.A., having for its subject Henry Crabb Robinson, surrounded by many of his most distinguished literary and artistic friends. The aim will be to represent these distinguished persons rather as they may have been graven on Mr. Robinson's memory, and have presented themselves to him in his happiest reveries, than with reference to any chronological or local arrangement.

* In his own name. Various other works by H. C. R. have been referred to in these volumes.—ED.

APPENDIX.

[The Editor has much pleasure in being able to add the following Recollections by Mr. De Morgan, late Professor of Mathematics in University College, London. He was one of Mr. Robinson's most intimate acquaintance during his later years, and a very highly valued friend.]

IN University College Crabb Robinson, a member of the Council, was in heart and feeling a Professor. He was a connecting link between the Managing Council and the Professorial Senate, of which last he was a Vice-President for a great many years together. His German associations always put a college before his mind as a band of teachers and pupils, and all other parts of the organization as only supplementary. He was more the companion of the Professors than any of the political and commercial members of the Council; naturally enough, for there was no gulf between his pursuits and theirs.

The use of a person of this kind in a metropolitan college can hardly be over-stated. In such a place, and in our time, there is no class except the teachers who know, as a body, what the wants of instruction are. A worthy mercantile man or public officer, hearty in the cause because he knows it is a good

cause, is often singularly unfit to form a judgment on what comes before him. For instance, he fancies every book—except a dictionary—is a thing to *read*, and has no idea of the wants of *reference*. Such a one said, on a proposal to get some books for the use of the Professors, "I think the Professors ought to get the books they want for themselves." That is, the Professor of Greek, for instance, should have all the texts, all the dictionaries of research, all the works on philology, all the historical and philosophical discussions, money to buy them, and rooms to hold them. The idea of the worthy objector was that the Professor wanted no books except the three or four which lay on the table in his class-room. A man like H. C. R. is wanted in every management of a metropolitan college, to give the only thing which may be lacking in the minds of some of the members, namely, what a college is. A school *ought to be* a place in which a teacher has the means of teaching himself, but a college *must be* such a place, or it is no college at all.

As a master of the art of conversation—that is, of power of conversation without art—H. C. R. was a man of few rivals. He could take up the part of his friend Coleridge, whom Madame de Staël described to him as tremendous at monologue but incapable of dialogue. If any one chose to be a listener only, H. C. R. was his man: he had always enough for two, and a bit over. And he appreciated a listener, and considered the faculty as positive, not negative, virtue. But this did not mean that he cared little whether he was talking to a man or a post, and only wanted some-

thing which either had no tongue to answer, or would not use it. Coleridge, or some one like him, is said to have held a friend by the button until the despairing listener cut it away, and finished his walk. On his way back he found his talking friend, holding up the button in his hand, and still in the middle of his discourse. This would not have happened to H. C. R., who took note of his auditor. "I consider ———," he said, "as one of the most sensible young men I ever knew."—"Why! he hardly says anything."—"Ah! but I do not judge him by what he says, but by *how* he listens." But H. C. R. could and did *converse*. When he paused—and he did pause—there was room for answer, and the answer suggested the rejoinder. What you said lighted up some consequence, no matter what he had been just saying. To use the whist phrase, he followed his partner's lead. This is true conversation: the class of persons who begin again with "Allow me to finish what I was saying," do not converse; they only expound, treat, dissert, &c. And no man alive knows to which class he himself belongs: and no man misses the difference in others. It should be remembered that conversation is to be distinguished from argument: there may, indeed, be conversational arguments, but there are no argumentative conversations. H. C. R. was one of those who keep alive the knowledge that there is such a thing as conversation, and what it is. In our day, what between the feuds of religion, politics, and social problems, and the writers who think that issuing a book is giving hostages to society never to be natural again, conversation is almost abandoned to children.

No person can converse without power of language, love of talking, and love of listening. The two first are necessary to the talker, the proser, and the disputant; the addition of the third is essential to the converser. Let him also be able to forget himself in his subject, and his character is made; he can converse on what he knows.

The elements of conversational power in H. C. R. were a quick and witty grasp of meaning, a wide knowledge of letters and of men of letters, a sufficient, but not too exacting, perception of the relevant, and an extraordinary power of memory. His early education was not of a very high order of the classical, nor did his tastes induce him to cultivate ancient literature: in truth, his German and Italian opportunities *used up* his love of letters, which was very decided. He was fond of the drama, and of ballad compositions. For his profession, the law, he had more turn than taste. With his memory, he got ample knowledge for a practitioner cheaper than most; and his mind was able to form and argue distinctions. So he was a successful barrister: he made the law a good horse, but never a hobby.

His intercourse with the school of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Charles Lamb, &c., and with the German school, from Goethe and Schiller downwards, to say nothing of others, gave him a wide range of anecdote and of comparison. By the time he died the tablet of his memory had more than sixty years of literary recollections painted upon it; and painted with singular clearness. He had a comical habit of self-depreciation, which, though jocose in expression, took its rise in a real feeling that his life had been thrown away.

It had, in fact, been of a miscellaneous character, and, save only in his legal career, had nothing to which a common and understood name could be attached. Accordingly it was, "I speak to you with the respect with which a person like myself ought to speak to a great ———." Here insert scholar, mathematician, physician, &c., as the case might be. Or, perhaps, "I am nothing, and never was anything, not even a lawyer." Sometimes, "Do not run away with the idea that I know that or anything else." But the climax was reached when, after giving an account of something which involved a chain of anecdotes, running back with singular connection and clearness through two generations, he came at last to a loss about some name. It would then be, "You see that my memory is quite gone; though that is an absurd way of talking, for I never had any."

His memory was very self-consistent. Those who watched his conversation would find that, though at different times the same anecdote would occur in very different illustrative duties, it was always the same. And this continued to the very last. He died on Tuesday, February 5, 1867; and up to the preceding Saturday his conversation and his memory continued in vigour. On the morning of the Saturday the writer was with him, and saw no change until after his luncheon, when he appeared somewhat lethargic. His medical attendant was summoned, and it was soon found that the end had begun.

He was, like most vigorous old men, apt to task his strength too much. A few weeks before his death he insisted on going out, attended by his usual servant, in

very bitter weather. This was imprudent; but no one can undertake to say that it accelerated his end. Much more force of suspicion attaches to a bad habit of many years—too long protraction of the interval between meals: a thing many old men will do because they have always done it, forgetting that they were not always on the wrong side of threescore and ten. At eighty-eight years of age he used to take nothing but a biscuit and a glass of wine—a sort of luncheon often forgotten—between a ten o'clock breakfast and a six o'clock dinner. At the remonstrance of the writer, and probably of other persons, he put a more nourishing luncheon into the interval, and found the benefit of it. But it may be suspected that his system was weakened by this abstinence; though it is not necessary to prove a cause of death when fourscore and ten is past.

He was eighty when he began to have that suspicion of personal attentions being a tribute to increasing years which susceptible men take up at sixty. He had completed the extra score when the writer proposed to help him on with his great-coat after a dinner. Waving him off, he said, "I look upon every man who offers to help me with my coat as my deadly enemy."—"Do you mean that a true joke is no joke?"—"That's just it."

The writer never had his full idea of the great bulk of the stock, and of the ready manner in which it was disposed for use, until the summer preceding the death of H. C. R., whom he then assisted in rearranging books, and advising in the disposition of some part of the library. H. C. R.'s share in the matter was to sit in his

chair, and tell a story about every book—or at least about four out of five—as it was named. It might be about the author, or the contents, or the former possessor, or some incident of the particular copy; but whatever it was, there it was, and out it came. Tumbling on each other's heels, these stories drove one another out of memory; but the writer was forcibly and repeatedly reminded of a story told him by a Fellow of Trinity College, more than forty years ago, about an old Senior Fellow of the same College, then alive. The suggestion sprang up on hearing accounts of book after book which H. C. R. had quite forgotten that he possessed, and had not thought of for a lifetime.

Mr. ———, the senior in question, had in his youth busied himself with the arrangement of the Cambridge library, to which he had attended until his mind suffered, and he was for some time under medical care. It seems that a faculty of exceeding keenness had been dangerously overwrought. A great many years after—those years having been passed in little more than a sluggish animal life, almost entirely without reading—a friend who met him in the street said, "Mr. ———, I have been all the morning in the library, looking for a tract," &c. &c., naming an obscure writing of the time of Charles I. "I know where it is," said ———. "Go to compartment E, shelf 12," or whatever it was; "but you must take care, for there are two copies, side by side, and they differ in contents—one has no writing, and the other has the initials, S. T."—"Bless me!" said the other, "how strange that you should have been after the very book!"—"I after the book?" was the

answer; "I have not seen nor heard of it for forty years!"

At the first hearing of this story, which the common friend told of one Fellow of Trinity to another, from whom the writer received it, he naturally suspected exaggeration, though his authority was very good. When he heard H. C. R. throw out circumstances as minute about books as long unseen, at the age of ninety-one and a quarter, he began to think his scepticism had been out of place. The story of the man of seventy, or thereabouts, is not one whit more exceptional than that of H. C. R. The writer hardly knows which of his stories is wanted to confirm the other. He will therefore add that his scepticism would have been much greater if it had not been for another anecdote of Mr. ———, told him by the same colleague, as having taken place in his own presence. As follows:—Dr. Parr dined at Trinity College. Mr. ———, when he heard who was present, obtained an introduction, placed himself next the Doctor, and roused himself to talk on literature. When Mr. ———, as was his custom, got up to go to his own rooms [N.B.—There was only port in the common room, and Mr. ——— thought his case required a little brandy], he took Dr. Parr by the hand and said, "Sir! I am glad to have met *you*, and I will take my leave with a few words which may not be strange to your ears." He then quoted more than an octavo page—during which Parr showed increasing astonishment—and walked off. When he was gone, Parr said, "Well, gentlemen! I must have heard that to have believed it. That quotation is from a review which I wrote when I was a very

young man, and quite unknown. I could not have supposed a soul alive would now have known I had written such a thing, and I do believe that Mr. ——— has quoted it word for word."

H. C. R. had also a remarkable power of close verbal quotation, orally given. The writer has verified this by books, and judges that the memory was equally good at repeating conversations. He also noticed that an anecdote, containing a retort or a *bon-mot,* was always given in the same words. There are men who are strong in recollection of the substance of what was said, but who synonymize, not merely words, but idioms and proverbs. You end with, "It was six of one and half a dozen of the other," and are reported as pronouncing, "It was all of a piece." You say, "He will come to the gallows," and "He will die in his shoes" is carried away. Of such paronomasia H. C. R. was incapable.

Such powers of memory do exist, and it may be suspected that, when they exist, they often determine the bent towards conversation rather than writing. We may almost think, whimsical as it may appear, that the slowness of writing would be an insufferable bore to a person who combined so rapidly, and remembered so fully. H. C. R. should have been a shorthand writer, and should have had a transcriber at his service. But so far from having this quality, his ordinary handwriting was slow and deliberate: it continued full-formed and legible to the last. This appears in the letter, written to the Secretary of University College, on his retirement from the Senate.*

* *Vide* page 510.

The depreciation of himself shows that the habit was not merely a joke, but that the feeling interfered on grave and even saddening occasions. It should be remembered, that for nearly thirty years he had, with his sound judgment and genial feeling, taken a most intimate part in the management. And yet he seems to remember nothing but the advantage—not small—which had been derived from his living near the College, and being obtainable for a quorum at any notice, and with most cheerful acquiescence.

Those who have breakfasted and dined with H. C. R. will find it impossible to describe the charm of those social meetings. We have heard of a difficult host, whose parties were celebrated for unrestrained association, which was accounted for by a saturnine guest as follows:—"Oh! any two persons who can get on with him are sure to be able to get on with one another!" In this case, however, assimilation was powerfully aided by the genial good-humour of the host, and effectually prepared by his choice of associates. For there was nothing like *general society* at his table; the guests were a cluster of persons whose minds had affinities with his own. We all know that an English convivial meeting will, about as often as not, have its barricades erected by one set and another against those of the wrong set. It is not quite the majority of cases in which all the guests unfeignedly believe in the power of the host to choose the proper collection. But at the house of H. C. R. (that all who frequented it knew the secret is more than the writer will undertake to say) each man felt the assurance that every guest would be—in the

opinion of a discerning and experienced host, who cultivated acquaintance only according to liking—a man whose society was personally agreeable to that host. Hence what may be called a prejudice in favour of the lot, which is a great step towards easy association. And so it happened that these meetings were pleasant and social, *ab ovo usque ad mala:* free of that annoyance which, though well enough accustomed to it, we never could name by an English word, but characterized as *tedium, gêne,* or *ennui,* until some master of language invented the word *bore,* which takes in all the others in agreements and differences both. As to H. C. R. himself, at the head of his table, he managed to secure attention to his guests without the guests themselves feeling that they were on his mind. It is a great drawback on many pleasant parties, that one unfortunate individual—the one whom every other would wish to feel at ease—seems to be but a director of the servants, indulged with a seat at the table. It would sometimes have been a comfort to the writer if he could have been made sure that his host had had, before dinner, what the tale calls a "snack by way of a damper." But this uneasiness never arose with respect to H. C. R., who made his meal and carried on his conversation, while, somehow or other,—the most satisfactory way in which many things can happen,—his guests were perfectly well served, as he knew and saw. And so these parties were too pleasant in all details to allow any remembrance of one part by its contrast with another. The writer would find great difficulty in any attempt at closer description: he was far too agreeably engaged to

take note of particulars. To be inserted between two conversible fellow-guests is destructive of the power and the will to watch many other details: that can only be done with effect by a person who is seated between his foe and his bore.

It has been noticed that H. C. R. had not much of a classical education in his school-days. Perhaps no person alive can authenticate this better than the writer; if, as stated in the *Inquirer*, and, indeed, as remembered by the writer from his own lips, his only classical instructor was his uncle, the Rev. John Ludd Fenner. The writer used to astonish various persons by stating that he was an old school-fellow of H. C. R.; but he omitted the trifling addition that more than thirty years elapsed between their dates of pupilage. The writer was, in truth, a pupil of the Rev. J. L. F., who had subsided from his school at Devizes into a petty day-school in a different part of the country; and from him the writer learnt his first—fortunately not his last—notions of Latin and of Greek, with some writing, summing, how to mend a pen, and the first four verses of Gray's "Elegy," with a wonderful emphasis upon the "moping owl." He thinks, too, that he pitied the sorrows of a poor old man; but on this his memory is not so clear. H. C. R. could hardly believe this coincidence; the well-remembered names of J. L. F., and his being a Unitarian minister, were not enough; though *Ludd* is scarce. At last the writer remembered that Mrs. F. was called by her husband *Uty*, or *Utie*. "That *was* her name," said he: which was more than the writer knew; for the boys had settled among themselves

that it was a corruption of *Beauty*, and had circulated the account in their homes, to the great amusement of many. Poor lady! the only amends the writer can make to her memory is to declare his full conviction that, let what may be said about her husband's Latin and Greek, there was no lack of good feeding and motherly care. And it is much to the purpose; for such a pinch-commons as was often found in the schools of 1790 might have made H. C. R. sure enough not to live past ninety-one years of age. But Mrs. F., who was as good a soul as ever took snuff—and not a little of it—was very much impressed with the idea that boys must eat, and men too. Mr. F., who was as worthy as his wife, was a painstaking scholar of the humblest class of acquirement, and of solemn and somewhat pompous utterance. When the writer had picked up a trifle of Latin, he was promoted to Greek. He asked for a dictionary, and was assured that there were no such things as Greek dictionaries, but that he must have a *lexicon*. So he was soon put to easy sentences out of the Testament: one was 1 Jo. v. 7. He got on fairly until he had mastered πατηρ, and then, taking the rest for granted, concluded that λογος must be the *Son*. When he came up to his lesson, he was set right thus, "No! learned men translate λωγος by the *Word*." H. C. R. used to tell how he accidentally found the translation from which his teacher used to prepare to hear him construe. He accordingly used it himself; and by *knowing his master's crib* was never taken for an ass. The worthy minister had, in Greek, a kind of scholarship not at all uncommon even among the established

clergy of the end of the last century: the New Testament was picked up word for word and phrase for phrase, without any knowledge of the grammatical forms; νεος οἶνος was *new wine*; but which word meant *new* and which *wine* was often an open question. There was a dictionary—no! lexicon: it was the one above-mentioned—for those readers, in which every inflexion of every word was entered; thus λογος, λογου, &c., so far as they occur, were separately set down, translated, and described. The writer forgets the name of the lexicographer: it was the Hamiltonian system, interspersed with exercise in turning over leaves. The book went through several editions. But its very existence was unknown in the higher regions. When the writer afterwards came under a teacher who had been a Fellow of Oriel, his master one day took up this lexicon from his desk, and after turning it over, as if he hardly believed his eyes, threw it down with—"Well! I could not have supposed it; but it will not do *you* much harm." There was little chance of H. C. R. picking up a taste for the classics under such teaching: it would be surprising if he learnt as much as that such a taste existed. The boy who was to be the associate of Goethe, Schiller, Coleridge, Wordsworth, &c., must have had an innate power of appreciating the beautiful and the imaginative, or must have grown it in some way which no account of him distinctly states.

If there were two subjects upon which he was apt to be *huffed*, they were German literature generally, and Wordsworth. And yet he certainly showed no striking adhesion to German doctrines in philosophy,

and no remarkable—certainly no exclusive—adoption of German tone of thought. These things had opened his mind, for his first real studies were in Germany, and in German: but they did not block up the gateway. Real business, that of a reporter from the scene of a campaign, of a newspaper writer, of a well-employed lawyer, probably shaped modes of thought which prevented the speculative from usurping the whole field, and even from entire occupation of any part of it.

As to Wordsworth and his poetical comrades, it is certain that the soul of H. C. R. was not that of a Lake-poet. Had he written verse, the writer feels sure, without pronouncing upon the exact place, that he would have come nearer to Hudibras than to the "Excursion." He admired and appreciated, and saw all that was to be seen: whether, in the meaning of the enthusiasts, he felt all that was to be felt, may be hung up for further inquiry. It may be suspected that, both as to the German and the English schools, his admiration was for the writings, and his affection for his friends: *fiat mixtura* was the prescription. It is worth noting, that both his great objects of enthusiasm, both the points on which his temper was occasionally assailable, were connected with deep personal regards and long friendships. If, then, it be true which was whispered, namely, that under irritation at an assault on Wordsworth, he in former time told a literary lady that she was an "impertinent old maid,"—no doubt in that joco-serious tone in which he often launched a hard word; it was followed by a letter of apology,—it

must have been for his friends he spoke, and not for their doctrines.*

The writer, who knows little of the German language, and has little sympathy either with their recent philosophy or their historical criticism, *exceptis excipiendis*, and who is not capable of more than a per-centage of Wordsworth, did not abstain from either subject, and spoke his mind with freedom on both. There was never any appearance of annoyance; the worst was:—"You're a mathematician, and have no right to talk about poetry. I wonder whether I could ever have been a mathematician; I think not: to be sure, I never tried. I have often thought whether it would have been possible for a creature like myself, without a head to put anything into, to have a notion given to him of a mathematical process." Such a sparring-match one day ended in the writer undertaking to give an idea of the way in which arithmetic acts in problems of chance. The attempt was very successful; and H. C. R. made several references on future occasions to his having obtained one idea on mathematics.

As to German, the writer one day ventured to bring forward what he has long called the seven deadly sins of excess of that language; 1. Too many volumes in the language; 2. Too many sentences in a volume; 3. Too many words in a sentence; 4. Too many syllables in a word; 5. Too many letters in a syllable;

* The story is that H. C. R. rushed down stairs, and when he got to the door, heard the lady calling after him, "You had better take your hat, Mr. Robinson."—ED.

6. Too many strokes in a letter; 7. Too much black in a stroke. It was all frankly admitted, as it would probably be by most of the Germans themselves. The serious truth is, that the German mind has this kind of tendency to excess, entirely independent of the language. Free, strong, and earnest thought desires to get to the bottom of everything; and what it cannot find it makes. It asks, What is the universe? but this is poor measure for a transcendental intellect. It then inquires how it is to be proved, *à priori*, that a universe is possible. And it is much to be feared that it will come at last to a serious attempt to find out what, if existence had been impossible, we should have had in its place. This, and more, was brought forward by the writer to vex the spirit of the German scholar. He even ventured to ask the like of whether if *Werden*, while transmuting *Nichts* into *Seyn*, had been brought before the Absolute for coining spurious Existence, he would have been able, with Hegel's help, to prove that Existence and Non-existence are all one. Things like these were brought forward when there appeared any languor. It would be—"Well! how are you to-day, Mr. R.?"—"Oh! a poor creature; my head's not fit for anything; it never *was* good for much!" If a discussion was thereupon brought about, the head would be roused, all the power would be wakened in five minutes, and a small course of anecdote, beginning with Wieland, and ending with yesterday's visit from ———, or perhaps *vice versâ*, would send all megrim to the rightabout.

The last of the Lake School—for, though H. C. R.

did not serve at the altar, he was free of the Inner Court—was, strange to say, not a poet, not apparently enthusiastic about poetry, more interested in the real life than in the ideal, tolerably satirical in thought and phrase, and a man whose very last wish would have been for the "peaceful hermitage" to end his days in. This is the report of one: how was it with others? Did the mind of H. C. R. take colour from that of the person with whom he conversed? Would he have been other things to other men? Such a power, or tendency, or what you please, may go a little in aid of the writer's impression that he was fit for success in anything—in different degrees for different things, but with sufficient for utility and note. In whatever he tried, he gained opinion, whether in what he liked, or in what he disliked. It is much to be regretted that he had not an absorbing literary pursuit; but there are instances enough in which the peculiar talents which are best displayed in conversation have turned the others to their own purpose.

H. C. R. talked about everything but his own good deeds. But even here he was not always able to prevent a hint from slipping out. A lady applied to him about the truth of a story told by an unfortunate person who, though greatly reduced, claimed to have known H. C. R. in better days. He remembered all about it, and determined to give some relief. Expressing this determination, it came out in half-soliloquy—"I have £500 a year to devote to charity, but I am nearly at the end. I cannot do much this year."

If it were required to illustrate the peculiar parts of

H. C. R.'s mind, it could be best done, not by his reverential talk about Goethe and Wordsworth, but by the humorous appreciation, mixed with respect, with which he spoke of Robert Robinson of Cambridge, the author of the "History of Baptism," and of George Dyer, the "G. D." of "Elia's Essays." H. C. R. did not personally know Robinson (ob. 1790), but several common friends of his, and of the Cambridge Nonconformist, had furnished him with materials for a small collection of *Anecdotes*, which he published in the *Christian Reformer* for 1845. Among these friends was Dyer, who was himself the first biographer of Robinson. This Life (1796), though the Memoir in the "Bunyan," *i.e.*, Baptist Library (1861), which may be called the *official* account, pronounces it "not satisfactory," was declared by Samuel Parr, and also by Wordsworth (*teste* H. C. R.), to be one of the best biographies in the language. Perhaps the charm of the book is that Robert Robinson's peculiar humour was wholly unappreciated by the simple-minded biographer, who enters gems of satire which will be, as they have been, reprinted again and again, with remarks of the most *impercipient* tameness. It is a resemblance, on a small scale, of what had happened a few years before, but without imitation. Dyer was to Robert Robinson very like what Boswell was to Johnson, with several important differences. Now, Robert Robinson had a faculty of satirical* humour, such as made a part of the

* Over and above what H. C. R. has collected, a little crop might be raised out of the different works and correspondence. Writing to Toulmin, Robert Robinson gives the following :—"Says a grave brother, 'Friend, I never heard

furniture of the mind of H. C. R.: and the friend of both, George Dyer, was a man in whom want of humour amounted to a positive endowment. The juxtaposition of the two, with H. C. R. as the approximator, was a treat. Charles Lamb would have given the subject an essay: and it is to be regretted that H. C. R. did not imitate his friend; that is to say, we may suppose it to be regretted; but we may be wrong: it may be that he could not have written *much* which would have reminded us of the manner in which he *always* talked.

And to this point there goes another word. The elements of his power of conversation have been enumerated, but all put together will not explain the charm of his society. For this, we must refer to other points of character which, unassisted, are compatible with dulness and taciturnity. A wide range of sympathies, and sympathies which were instantaneously awake when occasion arose, formed a great part of the whole. This easily excited interest led to that feeling of communion which draws out others.

Nothing can better illustrate this than reference to the old meaning of *conversation.* Up to the middle of the last century, or near it, the word never meant *colloquy* alone; it was a perfect synonym for *companionship.* So it was with Crabb Robinson; his conversation was companionship, and his companionship was conversation.

you preach on the Trinity.' I replied, 'Oh, I intend to do so as soon as ever I understand it!'" Dyer would have recorded the intention, perhaps with solemn remarks on the propriety of the delay for the reason given.

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